AN ESSAY ON Pope's *ODYSSEY*:

IN WHICH

Some particular *Beauties* and *Blemiſhes* of that Work are conſider'd.

——— ——— Each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and ſomething to commend.
Pope's Miſcel. Vol. I.

Le choix des grans mots *donne aux choſes une eſpece d'ame & de vie ; les* beaux mots *ſont la lumiere propre et naturelle de nos penſées : mais un diſcours* tout ſimple *exprimera quelquefois mieux la choſe, que toute la pompe & tout l'ornement.* Boileau.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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THE PREFACE.

THERE is no Perſon more Odious than the Man who makes himſelf greatly Eminent. It is a ſort of tacit Reproach on the reſt of the Species: and every one feels his own meanneſs the more ſenſibly, when he looks toward thoſe exalted Genius's, who have gain'd a Superiority over the reſt of mankind. This may make it obvious to imagine, that the following Dialogues are partly deſign'd as Invectives; and produc'd chiefly from that Blind-ſide in Self-love, which makes Men willing to derogate from every one, who has *merit* enough, to provoke; and *fame* enough, to make others think themſelves leſſen'd by the overgrowth of his Character.

Tho' this reaſoning be exceedingly true in general, it ought to be con-

ſider'd, at the ſame time, that any diſlike to the Eminence of others naturally ariſes, only among ſuch perſons, as are got into the ſame paths of Fame. The Gentlemen of the Sword cannot bear to have others riſe over their head; the Men of Genius look maliciouſly on a prevailing Poet: But *Pope*, I preſume, never envied *Marlborough* the Battle of *Blenheim*, any more than that Hero envied him his Tranſlation of the *Iliad*.

'Tis for this Reaſon I might almoſt ſay, that I *cannot* envy Mr. *Pope*. So far at leaſt I am unbiaſs'd; I can hear the Applauſes, which are given that Great Man; I can admire the Paſſages, which contribute to the deſerving them; but I cannot be uneaſy at thoſe, or detract from theſe, out of any prejudices ariſing from this Paſſion. Give me leave to ſay farther, that in reading that Work of his, which occaſion'd this Eſſay, no one cou'd be more delighted, than I was, in ſeveral parts of it. Many Beauties I ſaw in it; and I imagin'd I ſaw ſome

Faults:

Faults: In ſome particular Converſations on this Head, I have found my ſelf indifferent in the Caſe: and now I have here flung the Thoughts on both together, I hope, with ſome degree of Impartiality. But if ſome things ſhou'd be blamed without ſufficient Reaſon, or others commended too highly, and in a manner diſproportion'd to what they deſerve, I ſubmit each to the many better judges, who may happen to meet with theſe ſheets. I ask pardon for any Errors in them: I beg to be ſet right.

Prefaces, I think, are the only places in which a Man may be allow'd to talk freely of that worſt of ſubjects, *Himſelf*: I hope no body will deny one the uſe of ſo *aukward a Privilege*; and ſhall therefore go on without any farther Apologies.

To many it may perhaps ſeem arrogant to find fault at all with ſo diſtinguiſh'd and ſo noble a Poet as Mr. *Pope*. Indeed here are ſome things propoſed as faulty from his Tranſlation; but they are only propoſed: the

World is to judge of them. Where I have been miſtaken in any of theſe Points, it is not for want of a due deference to the merits of this Writer; but from the ſhortneſs of my own ſight. On the contrary, if any ſuch Criticiſms happen ſometimes to be right, the Eminence of the Poet will be ſo far from being a reaſon againſt them, that it makes any true Cautions the more proper, and in ſome ſenſe perfectly neceſſary.

Beſides: The learned World, as I take it, have ever allow'd a Liberty of thinking and of ſpeaking one's ſentiments. That *ſereneRepublick* knows none of the diſtance and diſtinctions which cuſtom has introduced into all others. There is a decent familiarity to be admitted between the Greateſt and the Meaneſt Perſon in it. This has often raiſed a Thought in me, which has ſomething wild and agreeable in it, when indulged to any degree: 'Tis in Relation to the peculiar happineſs of Men of Letters; in that they can ſit down in their cloſets

and converſe with the greateſt Writers of every Age, or of any Nation; and that in as much freedom and intimacy, as their neareſt Friends cou'd ever uſe toward any of them, when living. What an illuſtrious Aſſembly is there on thoſe Shelves? The Courts of *Auguſtus*, *Lewis* the Fourteenth, or *Charles* the Second, never beheld ſuch a frequency of great Genius's, as ſtand round a Man in his own private Study. How large an Happineſs is it for a Perſon to have it in his Power to ſay at any time, That he is going to ſpend the Afternoon with the moſt agreeable and moſt improving Company, he will chuſe out of all Ages? If he is in a gay Humour, perhaps with *Horace* and *Anacreon*, and Ld *Dorſet*; or if more ſolid, either with *Plato*, Mr. *Locke*, or Sir *Iſaac Newton*.

'Tis this eaſe of acceſs, 'tis the liberty ariſing from it, which conſtitutes and preſerves the felicity of the *Republick* of Letters. The meaner ſort, which compoſe it, are all Free-

voters;

voters; and may ſpeak their real Opinion without reſerve: at the ſame time the Characters too, even of the greateſt and firſt Men in it, muſt be form'd and eſtabliſh'd on this openneſs of Judging, and that freedom of Obſervation.

But waving whatever has been ſaid of this Liberty in the Learned World, moſt people will be apt to help one to an Excuſe of another kind: for moſt, I think, are very ready to agree, that Mr. *Pope* is only the Maſter-hand in this Tranſlation; and that he has been obliged with the aſſiſtance of ſome other Gentlemen in ſeveral parts of it. Tho', I believe, I am acquainted with this affair more than many who ſpeak of it with a great deal of Confidence and Aſſurance, any mention of it in the Piece is purpoſely avoided. Mr. *Pope* has recommended the whole with his Name; He gives the finiſhing ſtroke to every thing: and the Dialogues ſpeak of him, as if he were really the Author of the whole. It

wou'd

wou'd have been a confuſed thing, and often not practicable, to have ſpoken at every turn to the right Perſon. This has occaſion'd ſeveral applauſes of the Poet, which may ſeem too high for a ſtranger: But as I have ſince had the greateſt reaſon to be perſwaded, that Mr. *Pope* is not the ſole Tranſlator; I have at the ſame time equal reaſon to think, that the other Gentlemen engaged are perſons of eſtabliſh'd Characters in the Poetick World. —After this, perhaps, thoſe Compliments may ſtill be allow'd to ſtand, as they are: I hope they are never wrought too high for Mr. *Pope* himſelf; and I believe they may generally be ſpoken very juſtly of his *Seconds* in the Work.

One word more, and I have done. As to the manner of theſe Dialogues; 'Tis the old *Platonick* way, which *Cicero* brought from *Greece*, and uſed ſo happily in the *Latin* Tongue. It has had its Succeſſes too among the Moderns: *Fontenelle* will always be read with the greateſt Pleaſure, where he

he has follow'd it; That Writer is peculiarly happy in all his Dialogues, of whatever ſort; and, in general, may be ſaid *to talk as well with Pen and Ink*, as any Man in the World. Mr. *Dryden* and Mr. *Addiſon* have recommended it among us by their Example. Indeed the method it ſelf is more capable of variety, and (which makes it particularly proper for the preſent Caſe) it hath ſomething of Action and Reality in it. Beſides that the common way among us of merely keeping up a Diſcourſe between two blind Names, is perhaps not very Commendable: the Perſons of the Dialogue in ſuch Caſes are generally like thoſe Actors, who have no Character in the Play; and who only come in *to talk* upon the Stage. They have no more diſtinction, no other marks by which you may know one from another, than the two *Capital Letters*, which uſually ſtand for them. It is much otherwiſe, and and much better, among the Perſons introduced by the Writers in the other method:

method: their Great Names I uſe only to authorize this *manner* of Dialogue, as that is all which I can pretend to imitate in them.

As I ought to beg pardon of the Reader, for troubling him with ſo long a Preface; I ſhall at the ſame time take the opportunity of begging Pardon of *Antiphaus* and *Philypſus*, (the two Gentlemen who are diſguiſed under the Perſons of theſe Dialogues) for giving to the World, what was chiefly their Thoughts, in a manner ſo much inferiour to what either of them might have done themſelves. I wiſh I might have leave to mention their real Names in this place: That would add a weight to every thing they ſay. Tho' indeed the Sentiments of thoſe Gentlemen, were they fully repreſented, would not want the luſtre of any Authorities to ſet them off; except that of the the Reaſonableneſs with which they both *think* and *ſpeak*; and for both which they have made themſelves ſo remarkable in the World.

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An ESSAY &c.

EVENING the FIRST.

ANTIPHAUS manag'd his Affairs ſo as to get this Winter ſooner than uſual to the Country-ſeat of his Friend *Philypſus*. It is there that he paſſes his time, when ever he can clear himſelf from the hurry of Buſineſs, in a retirement every way agreeable; and in a full enjoyment of thoſe Pleaſures, which attend on a particular Friendſhip, in an open and improving Converſation. The Converſation there does not run in the preſent polite way of *ſaying and ſaying nothing*; when alone, they uſually fall into ſome Points of Learning; and as both of them are particularly fond of Poetry,

their Diſputes turn more frequently on that Subject, than any other. Indeed their differing in Sentiment can ſcarce be call'd *Diſputes*; for whenever their Thoughts do not meet, each of them ſhews a diffidence in his own Opinion, and a willingneſs to ſubmit to the Judgment of his Friend.

It is by this means that they fall into each others Sentiments, more than cou'd well be expected from Men of ſo different a Turn. The enlarged Genius of *Philypſus* always led him to dwell upon the moſt beautified Parts of a Poem with the greateſt Pleaſure; while *Antiphaüs*, who has a very clear Head, and has given much into a ſtrict way of thinking, is taken moſt with juſt Deſcriptions, and plain natural Ideas: The one was ſo poſſeſt with the Pleaſure which he felt from fine Thoughts and warm Expreſſions, that He did not take a full Satisfaction in low Beauty, and ſimple Repreſentations of Nature; the other, on the contrary, had ſuch an averſion to *glitterings* and *elevation*, that he was diſtaſted at any the leaſt appearance of either. If the latter was prejudiced for the Ancients, from the Purity and Juſtneſs, which we find in moſt of their Works; *Philypſus* had his *foible* too, and

was

was ſometimes caught by the Flouriſh and Colouring of the Moderns. In a word, if *Philypſus* wou'd ſometimes contemn a Point as low and mean, tho' in reality proper enough, and naturally expreſs'd; *Antiphaus*, in his turn, might happen now and then to blame a Paſſage which requir'd a good degree of Ornament, as being too glaring and artificial.

Among ſeveral other Topicks, one Evening, they happen'd to fall into a diſcourſe on Mr. *Pope*'s new Tranſlation of the *Odyſſey*. As they both found Beauties in that Piece agreeable to their particular Taſtes, they had read it over with a great deal of Pleaſure: however *Philypſus* was the Perſon who admired it the moſt. "There are ſome Lines, ſays he to *Antiphaus* (pointing to the *Odyſſey* which lay before them) there are ſome Favourites of mine in that Poem, which you muſt not look upon with your uſual ſeverity: Prithee *Antiphaus*, be more ſenſible to the Flame and Spirit of a Writer, who is evidently Our preſent *Laureate in Genius*, and the moſt enliven'd Tranſlator of the Age. "I will very readily allow what you ſay of that Great Man, return'd *Antiphaus*; and ſhall always pay a deference to your more lively taſte of the Fine and Sublime in Poe-

try; but you muſt give me leave to diſſent from you in ſome Particulars: if I do not agree with your Sentiments, in relation to ſeveral Lines and Paſſages of that Tranſlation, 'tis perhaps becauſe I fall ſo much ſhort of you, in your *inward ſenſe* of the high and elevated Beauties of Language. As I cannot imagine that to be the reaſon, ſays *Philypſus*, I beg to hear thoſe Particulars you talk'd of; I am perſwaded, ſeveral of the Paſſages, which I have obſerv'd you to be leſs taken with in reading the Tranſlation, will upon a cloſer view appear to be really Beauties; to tell you the truth, I long to make a Convert of you; and beg you wou'd be full and large in communicating whatever Remarks you have made on this Performance. The Evenings are long; we have ſufficient time upon our Hands; and I know not how we can paſs it away more agreeably.

Antiphaus paus'd for ſome time, and ſeem'd to be taken up in recollecting his Thoughts on this Point: at laſt taking a Tablet out of his Pocket, "Since you "deſire it (ſays he) I will ſhew you what "Obſervations I made as I went over the "Work; they are the Thoughts which "ſtruck me *en paſſant*, and many of them "will perhaps appear little and trifling.

You

You will allow me, I believe, in the firſt place, That Lines very good in themſelves, may be bad when conſider'd as a Tranſlation. The aim of a Tranſlator is to give us the *Spirit* of the Original; and where the Original is juſt, the very *manner* is to be obſerv'd. By the Manner, I would not intend the expreſs words, or the meer turn of a Period; but that the Imitation ought to be eaſy, ſimple, and unadorn'd, wherever the firſt Writer uſes either of thoſe Styles with Judgment. You are well acquainted with that plain humble manner of *Homer*, which is more particularly kept up by him in the *Odyſſey*. And as much as I admire ſeveral parts in this Tranſlation, I cannot but think there are places in it, which differ from the Manner of *Homer*, without ſufficient reaſon for a Change. The Poet, in ſeveral parts of that Work, ſeems to me to have let fall ſome Lines that are forc'd; ſome of too much flouriſh, and ornament; and a few, even ſwelling, and unnatural; where the Original is with good reaſon plain, and natural, and unadorn'd.

Where we admire the Simplicity of *Homer* with Juſtice, we cannot avoid blaming the want of it in his Tranſlator. Mr. *Pope* intimates in one of his (*a*) Notes,

(*a*) B. 14. 1.

That no Reproach has ever fall'n upon *Homer*, in relation to his ſinking too Low, or being too Familiar; That as to theſe Particulars he preſerves an Univerſal Juſtneſs: and that there is not any one place in his Poem, which can be juſtly cenſur'd upon this account. If ſo, a Tranſlator of *Homer* has no occaſion for raiſing any thing, beyond what it is in the Original; If he follows his Maſter it is ſufficient: All additional Flouriſh and Glitterings, where we ſhould meet with the plain and the familiar, are at beſt ſo many beautiful Excreſcencies.

There is one Caſe, which ſeems more particularly to lead Mr. *Pope* into a glaring Stile: 'tis almoſt ever to be found in his Deſcriptions of *Day*, of *Light*, and of the *Morning*. 'Tis true, theſe are ſubjects which in themſelves may require ſome brightneſs in the language; but there is a great difference between giving one Light, and dazling ones Eyes. Beſide the conformity to the Original, there is another certain and eaſy way of judging, whether the Brightning in theſe or any other Points, be proper or not: that Light, we may be ſure, falls in a wrong manner, or an undue proportion, which does not make the thing more viſible.

There

There are of theſe Deſcriptions, *Philypſus*, which ſeem both to refine too much upon the Original, and to err according to this Rule. Did you ever obſerve thoſe lines on one of the moſt agreeable Images in the World, The break of Day? they are in the beginning of the third Book: If you will give me leave, I will read them to you.

The *ſacred* Sun, above the Waters rais'd,
Thro' Heaven's *eternal, brazen Portals blaz'd*;
And wide o'er Earth diffus'd his *chearing* Ray,
To Gods and Men, to *give the golden Day*.

Several of theſe Expreſſions ſeemed to me at firſt ſight to take from the Nature and Simplicity of the Deſcription; and when I turn'd to the Greek, I found thoſe very Expreſſions to have no Foundation there. 'Tis the ſame Caſe in the following Lines:

(*a*) Soon as the Morn, in *orient Purple dreſt*,
Unbarr'd the Portal of the roſeate Eaſt *&c.*
(*b*) — When the Morning-Star with early Ray
Flam'd in the front of Heaven, &c. ———

You will find theſe ſhort Sketches in *Homer* to be much more ſimple and natu-

(*a*) Tranſlat. Book 4, V. 411. Orig. p. 306.
(*b*) B. 13, 112. p. 93.

ral;

ral: I leave it to your Judgment, whether they appear better with theſe Colourings, or not. To add one Inſtance more of the ſame thing. Is it more proper for *Circe* to tell *Ulyſſes*, That he ſhould ſtay that Night with her, and *ſet ſail the next Morning*? or to hear her giving him leave, to

(a) Spread his broad Sails, and *plough the liquid way*,
Soon as the Morn *unveils her Saffron Ray*.

I muſt own, ſays *Philypſus*, this would have been more fit for the Deſcription of a Voyage, than for a Speech: in a Place too, where we only find Orders given for ſetting Sail at ſuch a time.

To me, proceeded *Antiphaus*, Mr. *Pope* ſeems to Beautify too much in ſeveral other Points, beſide thoſe Topicks we have been talking of: as where he calls the Nobles of *Phœacia*, (b) *A radiant Band* of Noblemen; and where he introduces *Helen* with (c) *a Gale of rich Perfume breathing before her*. If *Homer* mentions *Cups of ſolid Gold*; in Mr. *Pope*,

(d) The Gold gives *luſtre* to the *purple* Draught:
(e) And in the *dazling* Goblet *laughs* the Wine.

(a) B. 12, 35 μ' 24. —ἅμα δ' ἠοῖ φαινομένῃφι
Πλεύσεαι——

(b) B. 6, 306. ζ' 257. (c) B. 4, 158. δ' 121.
(d) B. 1, 188. α' 142. (e) B. 3, 601. γ' 472.

You

You cannot but obſerve, by the way, that the Original here is deſigned to ſignify the *real* intrinſick Value; while only the *outſide* and more glittering Circumſtances are what the *Engliſh* dwells upon entirely: but to go on. ——— The Horns of a Bullock are in this new Language, (*a*) *Budding Honours*; and thoſe of a Ram (if I am not much miſtaken) (*b*) *tranſlucent Creſcents*. *Pallas* is well known to have had *Blue Eyes* given her by the Ancients; now it is

(*c*) Celeſtial Azure brightning in her Eyes.

This heightning of things, by a ſevere Critick might be thought blameable; and indeed whenever it interferes, where the Paſſions ought to be touch'd, it certainly is ſo in an higher degree. The Reader is delighted when, after a melancholly Scene, he ſees *Penelope* reviv'd by a Meſſage from the Gods; and (*d*) ſecretly enjoying the Satisfaction of her Soul: but what Paſſion, what Idea has he, when inſtead of this he is told of her (*d*) *Hearts dilating and glowing with florid Joy?* ——— Paint to him that unhappy

(*a*) B. 3, 493. γ' 384. (*b*) B. 4, 107. δ' 85. (*c*) B. 1, 408. δ' 314. (*d*) B. 4, 1096. α' 840.

Princeſs

Princeſs in her Diſtreſs, retiring *ſilently*, and crying herſelf to Sleep; only ſhew the Circumſtances, and the Reader muſt be moved: Does her Behaviour and her Sufferings ſtrike him ſo forcibly, when he finds it embelliſh'd into

(a) ——*Echoing Grief, and Silver-ſtreaming Eyes?*

But however theſe Paſſages may ſeem to be weaken'd by the finery and luxuriance of the Language, this certainly is not ſo much the fault of *Pope*, as of the Age: We give much into an airy way: If a Verſe runs off ſmooth, 'tis no matter for depth or clearneſs; and as the Ancients valued Thoughts more than Sound, we ſeem to be taken with Sounds more than Thought. To ſpeak out, we are got into an idle manner of Verſifying; and if Mr. *Pope* ſometimes falls into it, we are not ſo much to blame him for thoſe Particulars, as to wonder, that he does not do it more frequently, in ſo general a debauch of Taſte among us.

Hold (interrupted *Philypſus*) if You go on at this rate, You will ſeem only to be got into the old Cant of running down our own Times: I do not believe, but that I cou'd name ſome Poet among us,

(a) B. 1, 462. & 363.

to

to anſwer any of thoſe who flouriſh'd in the *Auguſtan* Age. As to the preſent Point, we rarely hear of any ſuch thing as *Tranſlation* among them: In *Satyr*, we have the great Names of *Rocheſter*, *Dryden*, and *Oldham*: (not to mention the new kind of Satyr, introduc'd among us by *Butler*.) In *Critical Poems*, there are (You know) two or three very good, beſide that incomparable Piece by Mr. *Pope*, all to weigh againſt poor *Horace*. As for *miſcellaneous* Subjects; think of *Cowley*, *Pope*, *Waller* and *Pryor*, to mention no more of them. In the *Epick*, *Milton* may diſpute the Laurel with either *Virgil*, or *Homer*; and in *Dramatick* Pieces, of either kind, we have Writers that indiſputably exceed any of the Ancients.

Antiphaus was not inclin'd to enter into a diſpute of this nature. "I was only ſpeaking, ſays he, of our preſent Taſte in Poetry, and the prevailing manner of thoſe writers who are now upon the Stage. As to this, *Philypſus*, give me leave to ſay, that the language of our Writers, and the practice of the World, is much infected with the *Fineſſe*. I think 'tis Mr. *Locke* obſerves, *that the humours of a People, may be learnt from their uſage of words.* This ſymptom of the diſeaſe is very ſtrong in the preſent Caſe: thus to ſay that a verſe

is

is *bien tourné* is the higheſt commendation among the French Criticks: in general, the *Beau Monde* is the only name now, for what was call'd by a very different one formerly; as a *fine* Scholar, *polite* Literature, and the *Belles Lettres* are the leading expreſſions, when we would ſpeak of Learning in the beſt ſenſe. And I appeal to you, who are ſo well acquainted with all our Poets, whether their practiſe, in particular, does not fall more and more into the *Fineſſes*, we have been complaining of. We may partly judge of this from ſome Lines in the Beſt of them, the Writer whoſe Works lye before us: I was juſt going to give you a few more inſtances of it, from the *Odyſſey*.

Is there any Figure ſo much abus'd by the Moderns, as what they call the *Antitheſis?* they run it into a down right playing upon Words. *Cowley*'s Poetry cou'd not *live* without it: *Dryden* uſes it almoſt perpetually, in his Tranſlation of *Virgil*; and was ridicul'd, You know, on that head by the late Duke of *Buckingham*. I have obſerv'd with pleaſure, that Mr. *Pope*, in his Tranſlation, very much avoids this little beauty, which the other affected ſo exceſſively; yet I have a place before me, where one of this kind has ſlipt from his Pen: It runs thus. (He

as

is ſpeaking of a Stranger's Arrival at the Court of *Penelope*, diſorder'd ſo much by the riot of the Suitors.)

—When, to taſte her hoſpitable board,
Some Gueſt arrives, with rumours of her Lord;
(a) And theſe *indulge their want*, and *thoſe their woe*;
And *here the tears*, *and there the goblets flow*.

Pardon me, ſays *Philypſus*, there you do not ſeem to do the Tranſlator Juſtice; the Figure is countenanc'd by *Homer* himſelf: You ſee here is an *Antitheſis* in the Original. "That (anſwer'd *Antiphaus*) ſeems rather to be a Contraſt, to ſet the riot of the Suitors in a ſtronger light: But call it what you pleaſe, it is only ſingle there, whereas you ſee it multiplied, and worn to Rags in the Tranſlation. This over-doing a Point is obſervable in many other Caſes, as much as in the former; and in ſome, is carried on to a degree which borders upon the *Forc'd*, and *Unnatural*.

Telemachus, burſting into Tears at the Name of his Father, endeavours to hide his Sorrow from *Menelaus*, who was then talking with him. *Homer* ſays only, that (b) *Menelaus obſerv'd him*;

(a) B. 14, 416. ξ', 376. (b) B. 4, 154. δ, 116. —νόησε δέ μιν Μενέλαος.

which words Mr. *Pope* draws out into this Couplet:

The Conſcious Monarch pierc'd the coy diſguiſe,
And view'd his filial love with vaſt ſurprize.

For an humble natural Deſcription of a Tripod (or Caldron) ſet upon the Fire, I wou'd recommend you to the following lines:

The Flames *climb* round it with a *fierce embrace*;
(*a*) The fuming Waters *bubble o'er the Blaze.*

But above all, in my Opinion, are theſe on a Perſon tired and quite ſpent:

——*Loſt in laſſitude lay all the Man,*
(*b*) Depriv'd of Voice, of Motion, and of Breath;
The Soul ſcarce waking, in the Arms of Death.

Or theſe:

(*c*) Ye Gods! ſince this *worn frame refection knew,*
What ſcenes have I ſurvey'd of dreadful view?

Wou'd you Imagine, that all which countenances this in the Original, is a Paſſage in *Ulyſſes*'s Speech after his Ship-

(*a*) B. 8, 474. θ', 437. Γάστρην μὲν τρίποδος πῦρ ἄμφεπε, θέρμετο δ' ὕδωρ. (*b*) B. 5. 585. ε, 456. (*c*) B. 6, 262. ζ', 220. ——δηρὸν ἀπὸ χροὸς ἐστὶν ἀλοιφή·

wreck,

wreck, in which he intimates, *That he had not bath'd for a conſiderable time?*

I find it ſo, (ſays *Philypſus*) and own the Lines to be ſomewhat forc'd and unnatural; indeed thoſe you have repeated ſeem generally to draw too near to that Character. But I cannot conceive by what means they ſound ſo harſh to me at preſent: when I read the Piece, there was ſcarce a Line of them which gave me any offence. —— Yes; it muſt be by your tearing them from the Body of the work, that they now ſeem not ſo agreeable. Really, *Antiphaus*, this is not fair uſage of an Author; You rob them of their Order and Connection; and 'tis thence that they perfectly loſe the Beauty, which they had in the Whole. Very true, reply'd *Antiphaus*; the warmth of Reading, the thread of the Story, and a general tunableneſs in the Verſe, will carry a Man on ſtrangely; and may ſometimes cheat him into a falſe Pleaſure. But then it is for this very reaſon, that I ſhou'd think, the juſteſt method of forming a judgment on Particulars is, to conſider them apart. However, let us try it for once in a more entire Paſſage, than any of the former. Let me ſee; The place I have dipt upon, is where *Minerva* tells *Ulyſſes* that ſhe will transform

him into the figure of an Old Man; that he may view the poſture of his Affairs unſuſpected and unknown: The Lines in *Homer* may be thus read into Engliſh.

Od. ν', 397, to 403.

"I will make you (ſays that Goddeſs "to the Hero) entirely unknown to all "Men; the beauty and ſmoothneſs of "your Skin ſhall be taken away, your "Limbs bent, and the Hair of your Head "turn'd grey. I will then fling a Garb "over you that ſhall make you frightful "and odious to thoſe that ſee you. All "that flame and life in your Eyes ſhall "be loſt; I will ſo far deform them that "you ſhall look contemptible to all the "Suitors, to your own *Penelope*, and to "your Son, whom You left yet an In-"fant in your Palace.

You know that Mr. *Pope*, in comparing ſome Paſſages in the Propheſies of *Iſaiah* with the famous Eclogue of *Virgil*, turns the latter into Proſe; If we follow that Example in the preſent caſe, his Tranſlation of theſe Lines runs thus:

Od. 13. V. 453, to 464.

It fits thee at preſent, to wear a dark diſguiſe, and walk ſecret, unknown to the Eyes of Mortals: For this my Hand ſhall wither every Beauty, and every elegance

of

of Form and Face, *Spread* a bark of Wrinkles *over thy ſmooth Skin, turn* the auburn honours of thy Head *hoar, diſfigure with coarſe attire every Limb, and extinguiſh all the Fire in thy Eyes; add all the decays of Life, and all the wants of it, eſtrange thee from thy Own, thy Son and thy Wife;* every ſight *ſhall turn from the loath'd object, and the blind ſuitors* ſcorn their deſtruction.

Give me leave to go out of my way a little, to try the ſame Experiment on a ſingle Paſſage from the *Iliad*, which is flouriſh'd, and ſet off in an extraordinary manner. It is in the Nineteenth Book, where we have a poetical account of a fine Breed of Horſes; The Original runs thus:

IX. 6, 221. 225.

"Three Thouſand Mares graz'd theſe "Meads, with their young Foals run-"ning by them; *Boreas* was enamour'd "of them as they fed there, and turn-"ing himſelf into the ſhape of a fine "black Horſe, accompliſh'd his deſires: "Of this breed, were twelve of the Colts.

Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation, (only allowing equivalent Expreſſions to blind the Rhimes) runs thus:

Iliad, B. 20. V. 262. 270.

His ſpacious Paſtures bred three Thouſand Mares, and three Thouſand *Foals fed*

beſide their Mothers: *Boreas enamour'd of the* ſprightly train, *conceal'd his* Godhead in the Locks of Hair *that flow'd over his Shoulders*; *he* neigh'd *to his* Loves with diſſembled Voice, *and* cours'd the dapple Beauties *o'er the Meadow*: *Twelve others of* unrival'd ſort *ſprung hence*, ſwift as their Mother *Mares* and Father *Wind*.

This, if over-wrought, is the more blameable, becauſe the matter is carried very far even in the Original, and ſo is the leſs capable of being ſtretch'd any farther. Mr. *Pope*, in his note upon the Place obſerves, *That Homer has the happineſs of making the leaſt Circumſtance conſiderable*; *and that the plaineſt matter* ſhines *in his dreſs of Poetry*. It is true, it ſhines ſufficiently in that. Some brightning is neceſſary in Poetry: but an exceſs of it, *Philypſus*, may dazle, or may blind our Eyes; it can never aſſiſt, or delight them.

By comparing theſe Paſſages, You will ſee that which I intend; the difference of Manner in the Ancient and Modern Poetry: In the latter we find Expreſſions added, which ſeem to be added for beauties, and which in reality perhaps only turn the Plainneſs and Strength of the Original, into the *Fine* and the *Artificial*.

Upon

Upon *Philypſus*'s acknowledging that he thought the Point too much labour'd, and the Tranſlation unequal; Yes, ſays *Antiphaus*, the Tranſlator himſelf ſeems to be ſenſible of it in the preſent Caſe; for ſoon after, when the former Paſſage is repeated in the (*a*) Original, he gives an entirely new (*b*) Turn to it; And I believe, upon hearing the Lines, you will be of opinion that (excepting a word or two) it is render'd with a better grace and with more Juſtice, than we find in the former.

[Wand:

She ſpake, then touch'd him with her powerful
The Skin ſhrunk up, and wither'd at her Hand:
A ſwift Old-Age o'er all his Members ſpread,
A ſudden Froſt was ſprinkled on his Head.
Nor longer in the heavy Eye-ball ſhin'd
The glance Divine, forth beaming from the Mind;
His Robe with Spots indelible beſmear,
In Rags diſhoneſt flutters with the Air.

Mr. *Pope* without queſtion is happy in a great ſhare of Judgment, as well as Vivacity and Spirit in Writing: but it is next to impoſſible, in ſo long a Tranſlation, eſpecially as it is in *Rhime*, not to give ſometimes into Sound and Ornament; when to crown all, the Vogue of the World goes ſo ſtrong for both. Do not ask, whether I ſhould deſire to ſee

(*a*) *v.* 430. (*b*) B. 13. 497.

both

both of them baniſht out of Poetry; far from it: Expreſſive Sounds are of uſe in the moſt natural, and Variety in the management of them, is neceſſary to keep up Attention in the Reader: That, and Ornament, is what ſets Poetry above Proſe. All I wou'd ſay is this, that Sound is not ſufficient where we might expect Senſe; and that in *humble* Paſſages, in *natural* Deſcriptions, or in moving moſt of the *Paſſions*, additional ornaments are ſo many blemiſhes. Dreſſing up the expreſſiveneſs of *Homer*, in ſuch fineries, is much the ſame as if one ſhou'd throw a very gay modern dreſs over the *Hercules* of *Farneſe*, or any of the moſt Nervous Statues of the Ancients.

But You will allow Ornament, where the ſubject will bear it, and where the Original leads the Way?--In a tranſlation (anſwer'd *Antiphaus*) it is proper perhaps, only in the latter Caſe; but allowing it in both, it ſhou'd never be over-wrought in either. Too much Finery is always Affectation: and I wiſh our Writers at preſent were not ſo generally given *to elevate and ſurprize, and all that*, as Mr. *Bayes* calls it.

The running into this exceſs ſo much, is what has unſinew'd our Poetry. 'Tis with Poetry, as it is in Buildings; the being

being vaſtly Studious of Ornament does not only take away from the Strength of the Work, but is a ſure token of a vitiated taſte in the Deſigner.

You are always blaming the Modern Refinements, ſays *Philypſus*; but will you not allow that this taſte of the Age is a ſufficient juſtification at leaſt of Mr. *Pope*, in thoſe caſes where he complies with it? —We muſt *write* ſo as to pleaſe the World, and *ſpeak* ſo as to be moſt eaſily underſtood: Cuſtom will often wear away the propriety of things of this Nature; and as for the propriety of language, that depends upon it entirely. I allow, to uſe your own thought, that a profuſion of Lace and Embroidery wou'd be a diſguiſe upon an Old Hero; but they are ſo far from being improper, that they are becoming on the Heroes of our Age.——

They may become the Heroes of our Age (replied *Antiphaus* ſmiling) perhaps on a far different account: there is another Character now wove into and blended with that of a Soldier, to which theſe things are very agreeable: How many are there of theſe Heroes, as you call them, whoſe Courage reaches no farther than their Sword-knot, and whoſe Conduct is taken up wholly in their Dreſs? But conſider a Man barely as a Soldier; think

think of him in the midſt of ſome warm Action, and theſe little Ideas of him will diſappear: Then it is *that* poſture, *that* preſſing on the foe, *that* graſping of his Sword, *that* fierceneſs in his Eyes, *that* ſerenity and *that* eagerneſs on his countenance, which ſtrike us wholly, and take up all our attention. Yes, *Philyſius*, if you view a real modern Hero in a true light, thoſe fineries do not ſet well upon him: and I think, I never ſaw any thing more truly ridiculous, than the Piece we were laughing at the other Day, in your Picture-Gallery. ---Good Heaven! The Duke of *Marlbrough* in the heat of an Engagement, with a full-bottom'd Wigg very carefully ſpread over his Shoulders!

But to return to the preſent taſte in Poetry.---If this Corruption of the Age cou'd excuſe a Writer for what he compoſes now, muſt it be carried down as far as *Homer's* Days? muſt his Heroes love, and talk, and fight *a-la-mode?* muſt his ſtrong, ſententious lines, be ſet to the new polite airs of *Handel* and *Bononcini?* Yet, were what you wou'd alledge of any force, it wou'd carry the matter thusfar; and the whole *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* ought to be enervated down to the preſent taſte. No, whatever may be allow'd to any of the proper genuine productions of this Age,

Age, it ought not to make an inrode upon all others: let *Homer's energy* and *pathos* be violated as little as is possible; Nature ought to rule in his Works, and those of the Antients: as ornament, and surprize, and elevation, have in their turn the Empire of the Modern World.

You see I beg into shew the old heat, that this subject (I think) always betrays me into.——I beg pardon, *Philypsus*; and will attend more to what I am about for the future.—I shou'd have given you some instances of this *Elevation* from the translation before us. *A-propos*, What a glaring description of a Sword have we in the Eighth *Odyssey*?

—Whose blade of Brass *displays*
A ruddy gleam; whose hilt *a Silver blaze*;
(*a*) Whose ivory sheath *inwrought* with *curious pride*,
Adds *graceful terror to the wearer's side*.

Homer says, that *Hermione* was *as beautiful as Venus*: this is low and humble in comparison of Mr. *Pope's Hermione*,

(*b*) On whom *a radiant Pomp of Graces* wait,
Resembling *Venus* in *attractive state*.

Where a prodigy is sent to the *Ithacensians* in Council, *Homer* says that *they*

(*a*) B. 8, 437. ϑ' 403. (*b*) B. 4, 19. δ' 14.

were

were ſtruck at the ſight of it, and revolv'd in their Minds what it might preſage to them: this Mr. *Pope* renders after the following manner,

(a) The wondring rivals gaze with cares oppreſt,
And chilling horrors freeze in every Breaſt.

How mean is it, and how much like proſe, to tell us, that *Penelope heard the mirth of the Suitors?* to elevate this ſufficiently, You muſt ſay

(b) *The ſhrilling Airs the vaulted Roof rebounds,*
Reflecting to the Queen the Silver Sounds.

This falſe way of *animating* Poetry, as no doubt many will be pleas'd to call it, grows particularly prejudicial and abſurd in any caſe, where the *Paſſions* are to be raiſ'd in the Reader, or deſcrib'd in the Perſons of the Poem. Where we wou'd move Pity, in particular, nothing is (c) *more odious than a ſhew of Eloquence.* Nature has provided a Sympathy in our Souls; She has put a biaſs into our Temper, that inclines us forcibly to Compaſ-

(a) B. 2, 183. β' 156. (b) B. 1, 425. β' 321.
(c) Odi reum cui eſſe diſerto vacet. *Quintil.* Lib. 11, c. 1.

ſion;

ſion; and we ſhou'd (*a*) leave her to her own work in ſuch points, without any of the impertinent aſſiſtances of Art.

The lines You have juſt repeated, interrupted *Philypſus*, are ſuch as I cannot admire: but I think you carry the point too far againſt Art in general. Is there not the greateſt Art required in moving the paſſions? why then have *Cicero*, and all the Criticks of old, given us ſo numerous rules in this Caſe? Yes, reply'd *Antiphaus*, great Art, or rather a great Genius, is very neceſſary toward any excellence this way. But what I have ſaid was intended not ſo much againſt the *Uſe* of Art, as the *Appearances* of it. 'Tis the greateſt of Arts, to conceal the Art you uſe; and to have it very evident, is the greateſt of Blemiſhes. The Criticks, and *Cicero* in particular, ſpeak with the greateſt plainneſs againſt any thing of that kind. Where the paſſions are to be touch'd, apparent art is apparent fraud; ſo that here particular care ſhould be taken, that nothing be over-wrought.

'Tis on this account, that when You compare the following lines to the Ori-

(*a*) Quicquid meris adjicietur affectibus, omnes eorum diluet vires, & miſerationem ſecuritate laxabit. *Quintil.* Inſtit. L. II. c. 1.

ginal, You will not, I dare say, be over fond of them:

The *Soul of Friendship* to my hope is lost,
(a) Fated to wander from his natal coast.
He said: *chill horrors* shook my *shivering Soul*,
(b) *Rack'd with Convulsive pangs in dust I roll.*

And that entire passage of *Penelope*.

Rolling Convulsive on the Floor, is seen
The piteous object of a prostrate Queen,
Words to her dumb Complaint a pause supplies,
And breath, to waste in unavailing Cries:
Around their Sovereign wept the *menial Fair*,
(c) To whom she thus *address'd her deep despair* &c.

I wish this false elevation and profusion of Ornament does not carry Mr. *Pope*, in some few Cases, into down right *Fustian*. (d) *A Man's being lost in Lassitude*, and a *Soul scarce waking, in the Arms of Death*, look'd very much that way. Do You remember where he talks of (e) *Princes on Princes roll'd*, and (f) *Gods being heap'd on Gods?* Or how in another place we are told, that

(g) ——— ——— *The Pharian Isle*
Fronts the deep Roar of disemboguing Nile?

You know the Character of some of Sir *John Falstaff*'s Attendants, in the *Merry*

(a) B. 4, 248. *Il.* 182. (b) B. 4, 726. *Il.* 539.
(c) B. 4, 957. *Il.* 721. (d) See p. 14.
(e) B. 11, 151. (f) Obs. 27. on B. 11, Ver. 38.
(g) B. 4, 480.

Wives

Wives of Windsor; a sort of Men, who are industrious in talking hard Words; and whose *Humour*, is to be *unintelligible*. One wou'd almost Imagine, the humble Account of shutting a Door, in the end of the First *Odyssey*, to be copied from those illustrious Originals.

——— ——— ——— The Door *reclos'd*;
The Bolt, *obedient* to the silken Cord,
(a) To the *strong Staple's inmost depth restor'd*,
Secur'd the Valves. ———

I own (says *Philypsus*) I cannot but give up those lines to you, and several of the other You mention'd before. The first lines, when You repeated them, I took tobe the very worst, You could pick out of the *Odyssey*: But I know not how it comes about, You rise gradually in your demands upon me; and are got insensibly from lines in that piece, which were forc'd and too much beautified, to things unnatural, and shocking. When I thought of making a Convert of You to an entire admiration of Mr. *Pope*, I fancy, I was much mistaken; at this rate, you will turn the Tables upon me: and to tell You the truth, I cannot but confess, that

(a) B. 1, 555. ά, 441.—Θύρην ἐπέρυσε κορώνῃ Ἀργυρέῃ, ———

the Poet has, in ſome Caſes, fallen into each of the faults You mention.

In ſome Caſes doubtleſs (reply'd *Antiphaus*) that Gentleman is not to be commended: I take his Tranſlation to be as good, as any Tranſlation of *Homer*, into *Engliſh*, and in *Rhime*, cou'd be expected to be; In all probability, we might ſafely add, that no other Writers of the Age cou'd, in the whole, have perform'd ſuch a task ſo well. But a perfect Piece of this kind cannot be expected: If *Homer* himſelf is allow'd to Sleep a little, his Tranſlator certainly may Nod ſometimes.——

One thing I obſerv'd (interrupted *Philypſus*) in the lines you have repeated; that the faultineſs of ſeveral of them was owing to an Exceſs in one of the greateſt Beauties of Poetry, I mean, the *Metaphors* too frequent in them. I obſerv'd the ſame (ſays *Antiphaus*) as I was collecting theſe little Remarks: it occaſion'd my uſing a particular Paper for that ſingle point: If it did not grow ſo late, I wou'd ſhew it to You; but——No, let us have it now, cry'd *Philypſus*: I never knew any thing of yours too long, and if it be that Paper in your Hand, I ſhou'd think it much too ſhort; were it not for my concern for the Poet, and the deſire

I have of finding as few Faults in his Writings as possible.

Metaphor, says *Philypsus*, is certainly the most universal enlivener of Poetry. At the same time that it adds to the dignity of Verse, it gives it an agreeable variety; together with a power of Painting out all its Images, in the boldest and strongest manner in the World. 'Tis this which animates those objects, which must otherwise be still and unaffecting: it flings every thing into Motion, Life, and Action: By this the Arrow is *eager* and on the Wing, by this the Sword *thirsts* for Blood, and the Spear *rages* in the Hands of the Warriour. *Metaphor* raises each subject out of the heavy narrative way: it creates new Beings; it represents the passions of Men, and even meer *Names*, as animated and imbodied; and shews them in the posture and attitudes of Agents. Thus when the Battles are going to join, You see *Rage stalk* amidst the Combatants; pointing with one *Hand* to the Enemy, and in the other, shaking the *Torch of War*. By this, the Valleys and Mountains *rejoice*, when *Peace* once more *spreads* her downy Wings, and *Plenty* descends from Heaven upon the *happy* climate. 'Tis *Metaphor* which makes the Woods and Caves *answer* to the

voice of the Poet, and the murmuring Stream *compaſſionate* his complaints: 'Tis this which makes the *Nile know Cæſar*; and *the Sea*, its preſent *Monarch*.

If Mr. *Pope* manages this powerful Figure frequently to the beſt advantage, ſometimes he happens not to be ſo happy in the uſe of it. The force of *Metaphor* is to make things ſtrong, clear, and ſenſible: any confuſion deſtroys the very end of it; and yet a little inaccuracy may occaſion groſs errors this way. Sometimes what is juſt with the *Figurative*, may diſagree with the *Proper*: ſometimes again, an idea which might ſtand with the *proper* expreſſion, will be inconſiſtent with the *figurative*. A miſapplication either way is very obvious, and yet it gives a jar to the Ideas, and makes the ſenſe of a line to be perplexed and in confuſion.

It ſounds but oddly to talk of a Perſon, and of his Picture, without any manner of diſtinction: To ſay, that *the piece, drawn by Sir Godfrey Kneller for Mr. Pope, is an excellent Poet and Writes with the greateſt Command imaginable*; Or, that *Mr. Pope is a very good piece, and his face very well colour'd, tho' he is but juſt recover'd from a fit of Sickneſs*; either of them wou'd carry a mixt incoherent ſenſe with them:

them: This I take to be partly the Caſe in the following Lines,

(a) Now from my *fond embrace* by Tempeſts torn,
Our other *Column of the State* is born;
Nor took a *kind adieu.*——
(b) They *ſweep* Neptunes ſmooth *Face.*
(c) Declining, with his *ſloping Wheels*
Down *ſunk* the *Sun.*——

To ſay *the God of Light was driving his Car, down the Steep of Heaven* (as Mr. *Pope* ſomewhere expreſſes it) is metaphorical; To ſay *the Sun is ſetting*, is proper: but ſhou'd one ſay, *The Sun is ſetting with ſloping Wheels*, This would be neither Metaphorical, nor Proper; nor cou'd it raiſe any thing in the Mind, but a confuſion of Ideas.

Again: [ſtood,

(d) As ſome lone Mountain's monſtrous growth he
Crown'd with rough thickets and a nodding wood.

Again:

(e) Hear me, Oh *Neptune!* thou whoſe *Arms* are *hurl'd*
From Shore to Shore, and *gird* the ſolid World.

I think, *Neptune* has the luck of it; for 'tis the ſame Deity, that in another

(a) B 4, 962. Δ', 727. Παῖδ' ἀγαπητὴν——
(b) B. 9, 210. Ι, 180. Πολιὴν ἅλα πόντου ἐρετμοῖς.
(c) B. 2, 437. Β', 388. Δύσετο Ἠέλιος.
(d) B. 9, 224. Ι, 192.——ῥίῳ ὑλήεντι
(e) B. 9, 618. Ι, 528. Κλῦθι, Ποσειδάων γαιήοχε——

place

place makes just such a Figure, as I have seen him in some *Mortlock-Hangings*:

(*a*) The raging Monarch shook his *azure Head*,
And thus in secret to his Soul he said. &c.
(*b*) This said, his *Sea-green Steeds* divide the Foam.

Such confusions of the *Metaphor* and the *Proper* have a great resemblance to that absurdity (of mixing *Fable* and *Reality* together) which appears so grosly in Mr. *Dryden's Hind and Panther*; and which was the very thing, that provoked Lord *Halifax* to ridicule that Piece, with such infinite humour and good sense. The Noble Author's Words on that subject, may give a Side-light to what I mean in the present Case. Speaking of the Ancient Fabulists, "They wrote (says he (*c*) "in Signs, and spoke in Parables: all "their Fables carry a double meaning: "The Story is one and entire; The Cha- "racters the same throughout; not bro- "ken, or chang'd, and always conforma- "ble to the nature of the Creatures they "introduce. They never tell you that "*the Dog*, which *snapt* at a shadow, lost "his *Troop of Horse*; that wou'd be un- "intelligible.—This is his (*Dryden's*)

(*a*) B. 5, 365. 6, 285. (*b*) B. 5, 480. 6, 380.
(*c*) Preface to the *Hind and Panther Transvers'd*.

new

"new way of telling a Story, and con-
"founding the *Moral* and the *Fable* to-
"gether. After inſtancing from the *Hind and Panther*, he goes on thus. "What
"relation has the *Hind* to our *Saviour?*
"or what notion have we of a *Panther's*
"*Bible?* if you ſay, he means the *Church*,
"how does the *Church feed on Lawns*, *or*
"*range in the Foreſt?* Let it be always a
"Church, or always the Cloven-footed
"Beaſt, for we cannot bear his ſhifting
"the Scene every Line.

I had almoſt forgot to tell You, that upon conſulting the Original there was no *Metaphor* at all to be found, for either of the Lines, I laſt repeated from the *Odyſſey*. We have now *Metaphors* perpetually; the Tranſlator is vaſtly fond of them. I need not ſay that an Exceſs this way is very blameable; You know the Criticks ſpeak againſt it in a high ſtrain, and one of them goes ſo far as to ſay, that this (*a*) *Figure, when frequent, obſcures the Piece, and fatigues the Reader; when continual, 'tis no longer a Poem, 'tis all Allegory and Enigma.*

As a falſe Mixture of the proper and the figurative confuſes the ſenſe; The

(*a*) Frequens (*Metaphoræ uſus*) & obſcurat, & tædio complet: continuus vero in allegoriam & ænigma exit. *Quintil.* Inſtit. L. 8. c. 6.

joining

joining *Metaphors* together, which do not agree, makes it ſtill more dark and perplexed. Theſe are like (what they call) *Medley-Pieces*, a huddled kind of Pictures, which ſhew a Variety of Objects, flung together without any order or deſign: As that in the beginning of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, they join the Limbs of one Creature to the Body of another; and confuſe all the properties and circumſtances of an Action.

If the Poet be not very careful he may by theſe means tye not only things improper, but even contrarieties, together. Do not the following Lines border on this? to me the *Metaphors* in them ſeem to be improperly united.

From *Elaveus*'s ſtrong Arm the *Diſcus* flies,
And *Sings with unmatch'd Force* along the *Skies*:
And *Laodame whirls High*, with dreadful ſway,
(*a*) *The Gloves of Death.* ——

At the ſame Time, nothing can be more *Proper* and *Narrative* than the Original in that place. *Again:*

(*b*) From his Eyes *pour'd down* the *tender Dew.*

(*a*) B. 8, 140. ϑ', 130.
Δίσκω δ' αὖ πάντων προφερέστατος ἦεν Ελατρεύς,
Πύξ δ' αὖ Λαοδάμας ——

(*b*) B. 11, 486. λ', 390.
—— Θαλερὸν χαμάδις βάλεν ὄμβρον.

But

(a) But *Anticlus* unable to controul,
Spoke *loud* the *languish* of his yearning Soul.

In these the Action is describ'd in words, that import a *violence*; while the Act to be express'd, is plainly something *still* and *gentle*.

Nothing is more known in relation to the *Metaphor*, than that rule of *Cicero*'s; (b) *That it shou'd be so modest, as to seem to have been* handed *into the place of the proper Word, not to have forced its Way thither: it shou'd fall into it in a free*, voluntary *manner*. Otherwise it will make the sense dark and intricate; and that absolutely destroys all the use of it: for as *Metaphor* shou'd be the (b) *greatest Light and Ornament of Language, Obscurity is the most absurd thing, and the most to be avoided in Metaphor*.

If so, I wou'd ask whether it be very natural to talk of (c) *the Womb of a Vessel?* What congruity is there? What Idea have You of the *Forehead* of *Night*, of a *Star*, or of the *Heavens?* yet in the Tran-

(a) B. 4, 388. N°, 286.

(b) Verecunda debet esse Translatio, ut deducta esse in alienum locum, non irruisse; atque ut precario, non vi veniſſe videatur. —— Est hoc magnum ornamentum orationis, in quo obscuritas fugienda est. *Cicero* de Oratore, Lib. 3.

(c) B. 2, 439.

slation

ſlation we meet with *Metaphors* of this kind: and tho' it may be tolerable to talk of *the* (*a*) *Front of Heaven*; the other two, (*b*) *The blazing Forehead of a Star*, and (*c*) *the Matron Brow of Night*, are ſcarce to be born with. For my part, I ſhou'd not have expected theſe Expreſſions from Mr. *Pope*: They rather put me in mind of another Gentleman, who in a Poem of his ſpeaking of the Church of *England*, ſays that

(*d*) Divinely bright her *Frontlet-Stars* appear'd,
While up towards Heaven her raviſh'd Eyes ſhe [rear'd.

I deſire you would give me your Sentiments on another paſſage: what do you think of the Images in the following Line?

They cuff, they tear, their Cheeks, and Necks they [rend.

Do You remember whom 'tis ſpoken of? Really, ſays *Philypſus*, I cannot well determine, whether it is ſpoken of *Men*, or of a couple of *Beaſts* fighting. ---Of neither, anſwer'd *Antiphaus*: 'tis uſed of *Eagles* in the (*e*) *Odyſſey*; and in the (*f*) *Iliad*, of a couple of *Vultures*.

(*a*) B 13, 113. (*b*) B. 5, 352. (*c*) B. 1, 534.
(*d*) *Tate*'s Mauſolæum. (*e*) B. 2, 179.
(*f*) *Iliad* 16, 524.

There's

There is an Obſervation ariſing from this, which ought to be conſider'd, in transferring *Metaphors*: it may be ſaid, that the word *Cheeks* in this Verſe, is juſtified by the Original. Cuſtom, *Philypſus*, is the great Rule of Words: and what is eaſy in one Language, will not bear in another; becauſe uſage may have ſoften'd in one, what in the other is yet harſh and unwarrantable. This is evident from the very Word in debate. Thus we uſe *Cheeks* in Engliſh of ſome Creatures beſide Men; the Term is ſo far familiarized, and ſounds very well: Yet to talk of the Cheeks of a *Pheaſant*, or the Cheeks of a *Vulture*, will by no means ſound the ſofter for it's prevailing in thoſe other particulars.

However, this is agreed on all hands; that a *Metaphor* is not to be uſed, unleſs it gives a greater light, and makes the thing more ſenſible to us. Are the Borrow'd terms, in this Caſe, *more* expreſſive than the Native? Nay, do they give you *as clear* Ideas, as the Native would? Do they give you as clear, where the Poet talks of (*a*) *aſſwaging Thirſt with a generous Vintage*, or of *Polypheme*'s doing the ſame thing with a (*b*) *Milky deluge*? What do

(*a*) B. 6, 298. (*b*) B. 9, 353.

you think of an (a) *Ozier-fringed Bank*, of a *Voice* (juſt heard) (b) *wounding the Ear*, or of the Seas being call'd *the* (c) *howling deſart of the Main?* Mr. *Pope* (d) *queſtions whether the nodding of a Mountain be a natural Image*; ſhou'd not You be apt to think too, that *a Mountain* (e) *ſhaking the Foreſts on his ſides*, is fitter for an Earthquake, than a *Metaphor?* What ſort of Idea have You of a (f) *well-fought Wall*, or a (g) *thrice-ear'd Field?* in a Word, have You any Idea at all, when he tells us of *Jove*'s (h) *rearing a Tempeſt*, or of *the* (i) *whiſtling Winds waking the Sky?*

Philypſus conſulted his own Mind all along as theſe points were offer'd; and endeavour'd very fairly to diſcover, whether the Images were as clear and evident, as they ought to be: He knew that the great uſe and (k) *beauty of Metaphor, was to give Light and Perſpicuity to a deſcription*; to cloath Words (as he us'd to ſay) with Subſtance; and to make *Language viſible*: But as, upon this View, he cou'd not anſwer fully what had been

(a) B. 14, 533. (b) B. 5, 515. (c) B. 4, 748.
(d) B. 14, 510, Notes. (e) B. 13, 400. (f) B. 5, 395.
(g) B. 5, 159. (h) B. 5, 391. (i) B. 3, 213.
(k) Modus nullus eſt *florentior*; nec qui plus luminis afferat Orationi. *Cicero* de Oratore, Lib. 3.

pro-

produc'd, he was willing to evade it as much as he cou'd. Theſe Inſtances, ſays he (turning to *Antiphaus*) tho' few for ſo large a Piece, when laid together, are apt to incline ones judgment to the prejudice of the Tranſlator: it will not be fair to look only on the worſt ſide of him; We owe it to Juſtice, and to the Excellencies of that great Man, to give one Evening to his Beauties, as well as this to his Defects.---Be ſo good then (interrupted *Antiphaus*) as to undertake that part for the next: You know me ſo well I need not aſſure you, that I ſhall be as much pleas'd with hearing the Beauties, as I am uneaſy in repeating the Faults of this Writer.

After ſome other diſcourſe, *Antiphaus*, going for his own apartment, and reflecting upon what had paſs'd between him and his friend, took occaſion to obſerve; "How impoſſible almoſt it is for "thegreateſt Genius not to fail ſome-"times, in an undertaking of this Na-"ture: and how unavoidable it will be "for the Reader, (in a Poem generally "well wrote) not to be led away from "obſerving thoſe faults, by the vaſt Pow-"er of Ornament, the eaſy Fluency of "the Verſe, and his Engagements to "the Beauties of a favourite Piece.

The best qualified (added he) *will thus err, when ever they* write *for Fame; and the most judicious will be thus deceiv'd, when they* read *for Pleasure.*

An ESSAY &c.

EVENING the SECOND.

BETWEEN company and buſineſs, it was ſome time before *Philypſus* and *Antiphaus* cou'd get an Evening to themſelves; the latter had waited for it with ſome impatience; and did not fail, pretty early in it, to remind *Philypſus* of his promiſe. I long, ſays he, to ſee your Remarks: ſuch a method of viewing a Poem, is ſomething like the way of our favourite *Vertot* in writing Hiſtory: we have the material Parts of it, without paſſing thro' the dead Lines, which go toward the Narrative; or the leſs ſignificant Paſſages, which are to fill up the Chain of Events. You muſt not expect

any great Matters, anſwer'd *Philypſus*: Tho' I have had longer time than we talk'd of at firſt, it has been ſufficient only for collecting ſome of the ſcatter'd Beauties of this excellent Tranſlation.

Some of the Lines which you repeated the former Evening, ſhew'd that the Greatneſs of his Genius, had led Mr. *Pope* ſometimes into an Exceſs: if things can be too much beautified, that fault does certainly belong to him. In a few lines, I confeſs, he diſcovers a greater love of Ornament, than is becoming. This is the fountain of all the ſeveral Peccadillo's which you obſerv'd from his writings; whatever there is to be found in them either too *glaring*, or *forc'd*, or *figurative*, or too much *elevated*, may fairly be accounted for this way. You, Sir, produc'd ſome Paſſages, as I remember, under each of theſe Characters: But how pardonable is it, for ſo exalted a Genius, to run ſometimes into an exceſs of Ornament? And how admirable for ſuch, to excell often in the juſt, handſome, natural *Manner*? As Mr. *Pope*, in the former, may poſſibly want ſome favourable Allowances; He muſt certainly command the higheſt Eſteem in the latter.

Is not almoſt the entire (a) *Epiſode* of

(a) B. 4, 493. to Verſe, 776.

Me-

Menelaus and *Proteus* particularly juſt, and beautiful? What can have a greater ſhare of Nature, without any exceſſes, than the Adventure with (*a*) *Nauſicaa*? How juſtly are the Paſſions preſerv'd in (*b*) *The Deſcent into Hell*; and before, in all the Speeches (*c*) of *Circe* and *Calypſo*?

Tho' theſe Paſſages are generally of too great a length to bear repeating in a ſingle Evening, you will indulge me with the reading ſome of the moſt finiſh'd Parts of them.

The whole *Epiſode* is particularly well wrote; but the things chiefly to be admir'd in it are, the *Metamorphoſis* of *Proteus*;——His Speech on the unhappy Curioſity of Men;—— the account immediately after, of the Deaths of *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*; and, above all that enliven'd Concluſion, in Relation to *Elyſium*, and, the future Happineſs of *Menelaus*. You remember the various Transformations of *Proteus*; and, I believe, will allow them to be exceedingly well expreſs'd:

A Lion now, he curls a ſurgy mane;
Sudden, our hands a ſpotted Pard reſtrain;
Then arm'd with tuſks, and lightning in his eyes,
A Boar's obſcener ſhape the God belies:
On ſpiry volumes there a Dragon rides;
Here, from our ſtrict embrace a Stream he glides:

(*a*) B. 6. (*b*) B. 11. (*c*) Books 5, and 10.

Here

And laſt, ſublime his ſtately growth he rears
(a) A Tree, and well-diſſembled foliage wears.

The Lines are extremely good, ſays *Antyphaus*; but I had a Thought came into my Head, that poſſeſs'd me, all the time, you were reading them: I cou'd not forbear thinking, what an happy Contrivance it wou'd be in the Managers of the *Old Houſe*, to bring this Deity upon the Stage, in the ſame manner, that he appears in theſe Verſes. Such a Performance wou'd ſet their Character in the moſt eminent Light: They wou'd infallibly get the ſtart of their ingenious Rivals; and poor *Doctor Fauſtus*, and his *Dragon*, wou'd no longer be the higheſt Entertainment of the *Beaux Eſprits* of this Age.

I am got into another Part of the Poem (ſays *Philypſus*) which might ſerve, in ſome meaſure, to arm their Rivals of *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, againſt ſo formidable an Undertaking. There are Paſſages in the *Deſcent into Hell*, capable of furniſhing out a great deal of the *Wonderful*, and *Surprizing*, in this way. But to return: can any thing be more Pathetick, than this whole Book? eſpecially, the laſt

(a) B. 4, 615. to 622.

ter

ter part, when *the Heroes* come to make their Appearance. Tho' I am always loſt in the Variety of Beauties, which we find in it; I muſt ſingle out the Speech of *Agamemnon*, and read (at leaſt) the Concluſion of it to you:

When War has thunder'd with its loudeſt Storms,
Death thou haſt ſeen in all her ghaſtly forms;
In duel met her, on the liſted Ground,
When hand to hand they wound return for wound:
But never have thy Eyes aſtoniſh'd view'd
So vile a deed, ſo dire a Scene of Blood,
Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
Glows in our Veins, and opens ev'ry Soul,
We groan, we faint; with Blood the dome is dy'd,
And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tyde—
Her breaſt all gore, with lamentable cries,
The bleeding innocent *Caſſandra* dies!
Then, tho' pale death froze cold in ev'ry vein,
(a) My Sword I ſtrive to wield, ——but ſtrive in vain.

Surely nothing in Nature can be conceived of greater Strength and Emotion, than this Circumſtance. We ſee the Hero weltring on the Floor, all cover'd with Blood, and in the laſt agonies of Death. It was then, that he heard the Cries and Shrieks of the Daughter of *Priam*, purſued by the Traytors, and ſtab'd to the Heart by the barbarous

(a) B. 11, 528. λ', 423.

Cly-

Clytemneſtra: expiring as he was, he endeavours to raiſe up his Arm, and at laſt gets his Hand upon the hilt of his Sword; which he had ſtrength only to graſp, with a look full of Rage, Compaſſion, and Revenge. Methinks, *Antiphaus*, I ſee him now expired, and dropt upon the Floor: but tho' expired, there is ſtill that Rage and Paſſion in his Countenance; he ſtill graſps his Sword, and ſeems to threaten the Traytors and the Adultereſs with his looks.

I know nothing finer (ſays *Antiphaus*) than theſe laſt Efforts of dying Heroes. They affect the Soul wonderfully: And the weakneſs of their Body, which will not permit their acting at ſuch times, in my Opinion ſets off their Courage, and their Deſire of Action, in the ſtrongeſt Light imaginable. There is nothing unnatural in this; tho' indeed it follows Nature to its laſt Pitch: The beſt Hiſtorians, as well as the firſt Poets, make uſe of ſuch Circumſtances very finely; and I remember Inſtances of it (*a*) in *Livy* and (*b*) *Salluſt*, that carry this

(*a*) Etiam quos vires ſanguiſque deſereret, ut intra vallum hoſtium *caderent*, nitebantur. *Liv.* vol. 3. p. 145. per *Hearne*.

(*b*) Catilina vero longe a ſuis inter hoſtium cadavera repertus eſt, paullulum etiam ſpirans, ferociamque animi quam habuerat vivus, in vultu retinens. *Sall. Bell. Cat.* juxta finem.

Matter

Matter as far as (a) *Virgil* or *Homer*. But ſome Moderns, as uſual, ſtretch it ſo immoderately, that they go beyond nature; and the Moment it is ſo, it muſt be ridiculous. How often have we laugh'd at thoſe Rants of *Taſſo*, and *Arioſto*? It wou'd be very well if their Heroes only *threaten'd in Death*, but they muſt *die* (b) *away, without being at all the Weaker*: ſome of them (in the heat of Battle, you may be ſure) *forget that they are* (c) *kill'd*, and ſo *keep on fighting*: like *Strada's Soldiers*, who after *they are cut in Two*, (d) *ſurvive themſelves; and fight on with that half of their Bodies, that is left them; to revenge the other, which was knock'd on the Head, an hour or two before.*

Such things as thoſe (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) are not *Blemiſhes* in a piece; they are downright *falſities*; meer *outrages* againſt Truth, as well as common Senſe. Nothing can be invented more ridiculous: they are like the *incomprehenſible Lies* of Sir *John Falſtaff*; and put one in mind of his *fighting with* Blount, *an hour by* Shrews-

(a) G. 4, 526. Æn. 9, 444.

(b) Minacciava morendo, e non languia. *Taſ.*

(c) Il pover' huomo, che non ſen' era accorto
Andava combattendo, ed era morto. *Arioſt.*

(d) Dimidiato corpore pugnabant ſibi *ſuperſtites*, ac *peremptæ* partis ultores. *Strad.* Dec. 2. Lib 2.

bury

bury *Clock*, after that Gentleman had been kill'd before very heartily by *Prince Henry*.

On the contrary; *Homer* is as great a friend to Truth and Nature, as he is to Poetry: He knows how to raiſe, every thing, as far as it will bear; he has always a Command of whatever is proper to be ſaid; and, which is yet greater, always underſtands when he has ſaid enough.

But we forget our ſelves, *Antiphaus*: this Digreſſion has carried us ſo far, that if we do not ſoon go on with this Speech of *Agamemnon*'s which occaſion'd it, we ſhall not know where it left off: After that pathetick account of his Death and the barbarity of his Queen, he proceeds:

Nor did my traitreſs Wife theſe Eye-lids cloſe
Or decently in Death my Limbs compoſe.
O Woman, Woman! when to ill thy Mind
Is bent, all Hell contains no fouler Fiend.
And ſuch was mine! who baſely plung'd her ſword
Thro' the fond Boſom, where ſhe reign'd ador'd!
Alas! I hop'd, the toils of War o'ercome,
To meet ſoft quiet and repoſe at home;
Deluſive hope!—O Wife, thy deeds diſgrace,
The perjur'd Sex, and blacken all the race;
And ſhou'd poſterity one virtuous find,
(*a*) Name *Clytemneſtra*, they will curſe the kind.

(*a*) B. 11, 540. λ', 433.

The

The turn of Expreſſion in this, is much more lively and paſſionate, than the language of *Homer* himſelf. As you cannot value any delays, where we meet with ſuch Improvements; I am ſure you will give me leave to read you the Speech of *Ulyſſes* juſt after: That I mean, in which he gives *Achilles* an account of his Son *Pyrrhus*'s behaviour in the War.

——Hear with pleas'd Attention the renown,
The wars and wiſdom of thy gallant Son:
With me from *Scyros* to the Field of Fame,
Radiant in Arms the blooming Heroe came.
When *Greece* aſſembled all her Hundred States,
To ripen Counſels, and decide Debates,
Heavens! how he charm'd us with a flow of ſenſe,
And won the heart with manly Eloquence!
He firſt was ſeen of all the Peers to riſe,
(*a*) The third in wiſdom, where they all were wiſe.——

Give me leave (ſays *Antiphaus*, interrupting him)——that very Verſe I have formerly taken notice of; the Tranſlator ſeems to me to have uſed an unneceſſary Caution in it: He is tender of making *Ulyſſes* commend himſelf *by Name*, where *Homer* does it with the greateſt bluntneſs.——

I know it, ſays *Philypſus*; but that I ſhould have put to the account of his

(*a*) B. 11, 626. λ', 511.

Improvements on this Speech. Cou'd any thing have been more groſs, than to have imitated that line in its own *coarſe, ruſtick* Dialect? Is it not better on all Hands for ſuch a Sentiment to be *imply'd*, than to be *expreſs'd*?

Cuſtom and Prejudice (anſwered *Antiphaus*) have now render'd it unpolite, and even ſhocking, for a Man almoſt in any Caſe to commend himſelf: But it was not thus anciently. It is certain, that it was not thus in the times of thoſe Heroes, whom *Homer* deſcribes; and *Homer* therefore acts with Propriety, in making *Ulyſſes* ſay, that *Neſtor and Himſelf were the wiſeſt of all the Grecians*. Now, is the Tranſlator in this Caſe to follow his Author, or not? Is he to preſerve *the Manners* of the Ancients in the characters of his Heroes? or is he to modernize them, and to make *Ulyſſes* and *Achilles* appear the moſt accompliſh'd, fineſt Gentlemen in the World?

That will be carrying the Matter too far, replied *Philypſus*; I ſpeak it only as to this particular; and I own I am yet to be convinc'd, that this Humour of commending themſelves, was really ſo prevalent among the Ancients. Perhaps this is one of the Places where *Homer nods*: it might be a ſlip of haſte or inattention.——

No,

No, interrupted *Antiphaus*, nothing can be more certain, than the freedom and honeſty of Speech us'd among the Ancients, in this particular; not only before *Homer*, but very long after his time.——If *Homer's Ulyſſes* here calls himſelf the wiſeſt of the *Grecians*, his *Achilles* does not ſtick at calling himſelf *the Beſt and moſt Valiant of them*; and that too, in a Council of all the *Princes*: *Virgil* has given us his Approbation of both the one and the other, in making *Æneas* talk frequently of his own piety and valour. I cou'd tire you with Quotations of this kind: *Socrates*, in *Plato*, is always brought in to his advantage; and yet there he does juſt the ſame thing with *Ulyſſes* in the preſent caſe: he himſelf quotes the Oracle, which pronounc'd him to be *the Wiſeſt of Men*. *Xenophon* repreſents *Cyrus*, upon his Death-bed, as taking notice of the greateſt Beauty of his own Character, his Humanity; in a Piece which, every one knows, was deſigned for the Character of a *perfect Prince*. In a word, whole Treatiſes have been wrote of this very thing, and in this very ſtrain. *Cæſar*, and the great *Jewiſh* writer of his own Life, frequently commend themſelves: the greateſt Critick, as well as the greateſt Orator, a-

mong the *Romans*, who ſo often reckons *Modeſty* among the things which are moſt neceſſary toward rendering a Man great in his Profeſſion; how open and frequent is he in praiſing himſelf, and in ſetting his own Merit in a true Light? But what puts this beyond diſpute (and ſhews at the ſame time, that a juſt Commendation of one ſelf, may by very conſiſtent with the *greateſt Modeſty*) is to be found in the *ſacred Writings*, in which *Moſes* ſays of himſelf, *that he was the Meekeſt Man upon Earth.*

Thus free were the Ancients in commending themſelves; and not to conſider here, whether we, or they were in the right; (whether their *Behaviour* may not be thought to have had more of *Veracity* in it; and our Method to have been grounded, in a great degree, on a *falſe Eſtimate* of things: however that be) I think enough has been ſaid, to ſhew that *Homer* was not *drowſy*, when he wrote this line; and that *Ulyſſes* might uſe it, without any thing of a vitious Arrogance.

To confeſs the Truth (ſays *Philypſus*) I was really ignorant in this point of the Uſage of the Ancients, and had modelled their *Manners* too much by our own. I now ſee my error; and think the Tranſlator

ſlator might have ſpared the excuſe, which he (*a*) makes for this Indecency in *Ulyſſes* behaviour: 'tis plain, it wou'd not have been ſo improper, before a People, leſs noted for Vain-glory, than the *Phæacians*. I thank you, *Antiphaus*, for this new Light; and ſhall go on with the Heroe's Character of *Pyrrhus*, without thinking him ſo aſſuming, as he formerly appear'd to have been. After placing the Son of *Achilles* next to *Neſtor* and *Himſelf* in Wiſdom, he proceeds to give an account of his Courage; and in that, ſets him above all the *Grecians*, without Exception.

But when to try the fortune of the day
Hoſt mov'd tow'rd hoſt in terrible array,
Before the van, impatient for the fight,
With martial port he ſtrode, and ſtern delight.—
When *Ilion* in the horſe receiv'd her doom,
And unſeen armies ambuſh'd in its womb;
Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
'Twas mine on *Troy* to pour the impriſon'd war:
Then, when the boldeſt boſom beat with fear,
When the ſtern eyes of Heroes dropp'd a tear;
Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd,
Fluſh'd in his Cheek, or ſally'd in his Blood:
Indignant in the dark receſs he ſtands,
Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
His voice breath'd death; and with a martial air
(*b*) He graſp'd his Sword and ſhook his glittering [Spear.

(*a*) Note on Ver. 626, B. 11. (*b*) B. 11, 650. 2d, 531.

How well is the earneſt Spirit of a young Heroe deſcribed throughout this whole Paſſage? How does the impetuouſneſs of his Soul appear, in theſe previous Actions of the warrior? Had one the poetical Liberty of making compariſons, I ſhou'd not ſtick at ſaying, that this has a great reſemblance to that admirable deſcription of a *War-horſe*, in the moſt finiſht Poem in the World.

——(a) *Tum, ſiqua ſonum procul arma dederi;*
Stare loco neſcit, *micat auribus, & tremit artu,*
Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem.

I am apt to believe, that Mr. *Pope* had this behaviour of *Pyrrhus* in his Eye, when he gave thoſe lively Strokes in the entrance of his *Ode for Muſick*. We ſee the Heroes there in the ſame Poſtures, when animated by the martial ſtrains of *Orpheus*.

(b) Each chief his ſevenfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade;
And Seas, and Rocks, and Skies reſound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

By the ſudden flow of their Spirits, and the rapidity of their Imagination, they prevent the War: They ſhew a

(a) *Virgils* Georgicks. 3, 83. (b) Stanza. 3.

noble

noble forgetfulneſs of the Place and Circumſtances of things about them, and think themſelves already engaging with the abſent Enemy.

There is one Speech more of thoſe I mention'd at firſt, which I cannot forbear repeating to you; tho' I am ſenſible, that I have been too long upon this Head already. It is that of *Circe* to *Ulyſſes*, in the *tenth Odyſſey*:

Then wav'd the wand, and then the word was [given:
Hence to thy fellows! (dreadful ſhe began)
Go, be a Beaſt! —— I heard and yet was Man.
Then ſudden whirling like a waving Flame
My beamy faulchion, I aſſault the Dame:
Struck with unuſual fear, ſhe trembling cries,
She faints, ſhe falls; ſhe lifts her weeping eyes.

[whom you came?
What art thou? ſay! from whence, from
O more than human! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing ſtrength theſe poiſons to ſuſtain!
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy Brain.
Or art thou he? the Man to come (foretold
By *Hermes* powerful with the Wand of Gold)
The Man from *Troy*, who wander'd Ocean round,
The Man, for Wiſdom's various Arts renown'd:
(a) *Ulyſſes*? —— Oh! thy threatning fury ceaſe. ——

What ſtarts? what terror, and amazement? What paſſionate breaks are there in theſe lines? How ſolemn is the

(a) B. 10, 395. κ', 330.

begin-

beginning? how emphatical the account of the action? and how lively the ſurprize and confuſion of the Inchantreſs, upon finding the inefficacy of her Charms? Nature here appears in every Word that ſhe ſays; if the Diſappointment is great and ſhocking, the lines too are all impetuous and abrupt: if the paſſions ſtrong and various, the Expreſſions in the Tranſlation are inſtant and preſſing, and the ſtile often chang'd: How great and ſwift is the Alteration, from an imperious cruel Tyrant, to a poor weak helpleſs Woman? And how is it equal'd by that judicious ſhifting of the ſcene in this piece? There the change is as ſudden and immediate; and nothing can be greater than the fall from the haughtineſs of

Go, be a Beaſt! ——— ———

to the meanneſs of the line, juſt after,

She faints, ſhe falls; ſhe lifts her weeping Eyes.

You cannot but obſerve farther, my *Antiphaus*, that the lines in this deſcription, are every where improv'd with thoſe Figures, which the Ancient *Criticks* have always look'd upon as the moſt proper to expreſs an hurry of Paſſion. The *Tranſpoſition*, the *Omiſſion* of Words, the preſſing uſe of *Exclaiming* and *Interrogation*,

rogation, and the general *Inconnection* which runs through it, are all apply'd in the moſt natural and poetical Manner. There is a Note of the Tranſlator on a Paſſage not long before this, which gives us in one view ſeveral excellent Obſervations of this kind, and which no doubt he had in his Eye here; for the rules of it are exactly follow'd in the preſent caſe. This Poet is the beſt Commentator on himſelf; give me leave therefore juſt to look back for his (*a*) Note on the Speech of *Eurylocus*; that you may ſee how exactly thoſe Obſervations tally with his performance here, in every particular Article.

"We have here (ſays he) a very lively "picture of a Perſon in a great fright:— "the very manner of ſpeaking, repre- "ſents the diſorder of the ſpeaker; he is "in too great an Emotion to introduce "his Speech by any Preface, he breaks "at once into it, without preparation, "as if he could not ſoon enough deliver "his tho ughts.——*Again*:

"There is nothing, which gives more "life to a Diſcourſe, than the taking "away (*b*) the Connections and Con- "junctions; when the diſcourſe is not

(*a*) Note on B. 10, Ver. 295. (*b*) from *Longinus* de Subl. c, 17.

bound

"bound together and embaraſs'd, it "walks and ſlides along of it ſelf. *Pe-* "*riods* thus cut off, and yet pronounc'd "with Precipitation, are ſigns of a lively "Sorrow; which at the ſame time hin- "ders, yet forces him to ſpeak.—— *Again* (in a like caſe)

"He ſpeaks ſhort, and in broken and "interrupted Periods, which excellently "repreſent the agony of his thoughts.— "Afterwards we ſee he breaks out into "Interrogations, which, as (*a*) *Longinus* "obſerves, give great motion, ſtrength, "and action to Diſcourſe. If the Poet had "proceeded ſimply, the Expreſſion had "not been equal to the occaſion; but "by theſe ſhort Queſtions, he gives "ſtrength to it, and ſhews the diſorder "of the ſpeaker, by the ſudden ſtarts "and vehemence of the Periods.

All theſe animated Figures, all thoſe Arts of expreſſing the Paſſions, are beautifully wove into this ſingle piece of Poetry: But there is one peculiar Excellence in it yet behind, which I admire beyond all the reſt. It is a power almoſt unknown even to Poetry before, and the Criticks have not as yet found out any Name for it. The extraordinary Beauty

(*a*) De *Subl.* c, 17.

I mean, is that *Inſight* which the Poet gives his Readers into *Circe's Mind*: We look into her Soul, and ſee the Ideas paſs there in Train. At firſt ſhe is ignorant, then dubious, and at laſt diſcovers gradually in her Thoughts the Character, and very Name of the Heroe. *Circe*, skill'd as ſhe was in all the arts of Magick, is limited in her Knowledge and Diſcovery of things: and in the preſent Diſcovery of the Perſon of *Ulyſſes*, her Mind acts with Tumult and Rapidity, but at the ſame time with a ſeries and gradual Collection of Truths, at firſt unknown. Every one may perceive the Tumult, and the *ſucceſſive Enlightnings* of her Mind. We are led into a full View of the ſhifting of her thoughts; and behold the various openings of them in her Soul.

What art thou? ſay! from whence, from whom [you came.
Or art thou He? *the Man to come* foretold ——
The Man, from Troy? ————
The Man, for *wiſdom's* various arts renown'd,
Ulyſſes? ———— ————

I never read any thing which ſets the actings of another's Mind ſo diſtinctly to the view. *Circe's* very Thoughts are made viſible to us; they are ſet full in our Eyes; and we ſee the different degrees

grees, as it were of Light, breaking in upon her Soul.——'Tis a moſt charming piece of Poetry! and upon turning it every way, and conſidering all its ſeveral perfections, I believe one might venture to pronounce it, the moſt finiſht Piece, the moſt *compleat Beauty* in the whole Tranſlation.

Theſe are the productions of a Sublime Genius, and ſpeak an uncommon Spirit, together with a firm extenſive Judgment, and an exact Senſe of things. But you *Antiphaus* chiefly complain of this Writer for his Refinements and Elevation: there is too much of the *Enflure* (as the *French* call it) in his Works; and you cannot bear with ſuch a profuſion of Glitter and Embroidery in the Language. I do not deny, that the Paſſages you repeated, are generally blameable on theſe accounts; but beg leave to produce ſome inſtances, which may ſhew the Tranſlator, to be a maſter in the juſt and proper ſtile; as the former convince us of his Excellence in the poliſh'd, and enliven'd, and pathetick.

How humble are the lines in particular, (*a*) where *Ulyſſes* meets with *Minerva* in *Ithaca*, and how rural the (*b*)

(*a*) B. 13. (*b*) B. 14.

Scene

(*a*) Scene between him and *Eumæus* in that Iſland? So far, that for my own Part I muſt confeſs, I ſhou'd be more apt to imagine, that Mr. *Pope* on theſe Occaſions ſinks now and then into *Lowneſſes*, beneath the dignity of the Epick; than that he ſoars too high, or uſes any falſe Elevation.

As for the juſt and chaſte *Manner* of expreſſing things, it is very frequent in theſe Paſſages: There is a place juſt come into my Head, in which this very way of ſpeaking is deſcrib'd; the lines are cloſe and expreſſive; and, according to Mr. *Pope*'s Method in his *incomparable Eſſay*, are themſelves the beſt example of the thing they treat of; they are (*b*) in the Eighth Book:

With partial hands, the Gods their gifts diſpenſe;
Some greatly think, ſome ſpeak with manly ſenſe.
Here Heaven an elegance of form denies,
But Wiſdom the defect of form ſupplies:
This Man with energy of thought controuls,
And ſteals with modeſt violence our Souls;
He ſpeaks reſerv'dly, but he ſpeaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worſe.

The Concluſion of *Tireſias*'s Speech to *Ulyſſes* (proceeded *Philypſus*) I dare anſwer for it, you will think excellent in this way:

(*a*) B. 14. (*b*) Verſe, 185. & 170.

——— Peaceful ſhalt thou end thy bliſsful days,
And ſteal thy ſelf from life, by ſlow decays:
Unknown to pain, in age reſign thy breath,
When late ſtern *Neptune* points the ſhaft with death;
To the dark grave retiring as to Reſt,
(*a*) Thy people bleſſing, by thy people bleſt.

By this we ſee, how Mr. *Pope* can enliven any thing of this kind with the greateſt Juſtice and Beauty: Such (to mention but one more) is that ſingle Paſſage, as I take it, in all *Homer*'s Works, which deſcribes the Regions of the Bleſt. The Lines are very beautiful in the Original; and the Tranſlation has expreſs'd all the beauties of it, in a lively proper fluency of Verſe:

Elyſium ſhall be thine; the bliſsful plains
Of utmoſt Earth, where *Rhadamanthus* reigns:
Joys ever-young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' Eternal Year.
Stern Winter ſmiles on that auſpicious clime;
The Fields are florid with unfading prime:
From the bleak pole no Winds inclement blow,
Mould the round Hail, or flake the fleecy Snow:
But from the breezy deep, the bleſt inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the Weſtern gale.
This grace peculiar will the Gods afford
(*a*) To thee, the Son of *Jove*, and beauteous *Helen*'s Lord.

What can be more Juſt and Beautiful? The Thought proper and *adequate*; the

(*a*) B. 4, 776. &c. 564 to 569.

Words

Words *glowing*; and the Language *alive*: To me, the Verſes themſelves ſeem to run on with joy, and pleaſure. The delightful Softneſs of thoſe lines in *Homer*

'Αλλ' ἀιεὶ ζεφύροιο λιγυπνείοντας ἀήτας
'Ωκεανὸς ἀνίησιν, ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους

is diffus'd thro' the whole Deſcription by Mr. *Pope*; and the latter has the advantage of the Original, in concluding with a full elaſtick line, that carries a Spring with it, inſtead of the heavineſs of—Καί σφιν γαμβρὸς Διός ἐσσι.

I entirely agree with you (ſays *Antiphaus*) as to the turn of the Lines; 'Tis very fine and vigorous: but methinks even in theſe, what anſwers the two particular Greek Verſes you have repeated, are too much flouriſh'd, and more remarkable for their Sound, than for any other Idea they may give the Mind. The Senſe ſeems to be almoſt overlaid by the *Fineſſe* of them.

I ſhall not ſtand with you for that Couplet, anſwer'd *Philypſus*: what I chiefly admire is the general flow of the lines in the whole Paſſage.

This manner of writing, *Antiphaus*, is very aſſiſtant in expreſſing the nature of the Subject: and indeed, tho' Mr. *Pope* does ſometimes go too far in the Florid and Artificial, we may ſay in general,

that he is a very *natural* Writer. His Imagination is lively, his Colours ſtrong, and his Hand maſterly in moſt of his ſtrokes. We ſhou'd loſe our ſelves in endeavouring to obſerve all that variety of Beauties of this kind, which are to be found in his Tranſlation: one Point I have particularly admir'd in it; The Poet's peculiar Air, and Happineſs in drawing Landſcapes; eſpecially hanging Woods, Slopes, and Precipices: Thus,

——High *Ithaca* o'er-looks the Floods,
(*a*) Brown with o'er-arching Shades, and pendent [Woods.

What Reader will be ſo unconcern'd, and ſo little taken with this Proſpect, as *Ulyſſes* is repreſented to be in another Part of the Poem? For 'tis the ſame place, that we have a deſcription of afterwards, when we are told, *That he*

——Deep-muſing, o'er the Mountains ſtray'd,
Thro' mazy thickets of the woodland ſhade,
And cavern'd ways, the ſhaggy coaſt along,
(*b*) With cliffs, and nodding foreſts over-hung.

In *Ulyſſes*'s firſt adventures on *Phæacia*, we are led on *ſucceſſively*, thro' ſeveral very beautiful Deſcriptions. Firſt we

(*a*) B. 3, 96. *v*ſ 81. (*b*) B. 14, 4.

have

have a (*a*) rocky Coaſt, excellently pictur'd in two lines only: thence we are carried into a (*b*) thick dark Wood, for that Night. The next Morning, we have a (*c*) View of the City; The firſt things which offer to the Eye are the Caſtle, and the Senate-houſe, riſing above the other Buildings; at a diſtance, acroſs the great Road, appears the Port with the Ships at Anchor, and their Sails fluttering in the Air: on the Shore, juſt by the Temple of *Neptune*, you ſee the *Phæacians* buſied in the Dock, all in their ſeveral Employments. After this View, you paſs thro' a (*d*) delicious Range of Groves, and Meadow-ground, up to the Walls; while on this ſide, (*e*) appear the Gardens all in bloom; and the Vineyards of *Alcinous* cloſe the Scene on the other.

There can be nothing better imag'd, and more natural, than theſe Deſcriptions are in Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation: they exceed even the Original it ſelf.

I beg leave to repeat another Deſcription to you, which lies not ſo diffus'd as the former; 'tis one ſingle View of *Ca-*

(*a*) B. 5, 520, 521. ε, 402. (*b*) B. 5, 613, to 622. ε, 480. (*c*) B. 6, 310, to 320. ζ', 262, 269. (*d*) B. 6, 350. ζ', 291. (*e*) B. 6, 355. ζ', 293.

lypso's Grotto; and what an exact and beautiful Draught of it does it give us?

——— A various Sylvan scene
Appears around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and Alders ever quivering play'd,
And nodding Cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The Birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
(The Chough, the Sea-mew, the loquacious Crow)
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending Vines the shelving Cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing thro' the green:
Four limpid fountains from the Cliff distill,
And every fountain pours a sev'ral rill,
(*a*) In mazy windings wandring down the Hill.

Nothing can be more beautiful to the Eye, than these Landscapes are in the Poem: they make every thing present to us; and agreeably deceive us into an Imagination, that we (*b*) *actually See, what we only Hear*: As the Poet may improve all his Circumstances at pleasure, what the Criticks have observ'd in this Case, is not so extravagant, as one wou'd imagine; we really see things more fully and with greater delight in the Poem, than we shou'd in the reality; The Picture improves upon Nature: and we might look

(*a*) B. 5, 92. ἑ, 71.
(*b*) Τὸ ἀκοὴν ὄψιν ποιεῖ. *Longin.* περὶ Ὕψους. κς'.

on

on the Proſpect it ſelf with (a) *leſs pleaſure, than we hear it deſcrib'd.*

Whoever is ſhock'd at this, may be pleas'd to conſider *the Cave of the Nymphs*, in the Thirteenth Book: That alone may ſerve to ſhew, how largely Circumſtances may be added, in deſcribing the works of Nature; or in drawing poetical Proſpects.

Mr. *Pope* ſhews an excellent Hand in ſeveral other Places; as in the firſt View of *Circe*'s Palace at a diſtance, and conſtantly in the appearance of Land off at Sea.

Ulyſſes gives us an account of the former at his landing upon the Iſland of that Goddeſs.

(b) From the high Point I mark'd in diſtant view
A ſtream of curling Smoke aſcending blue,
And ſpiry tops, the tufted Trees above,
Of *Circe*'s Palace boſom'd in the Grove.

The other is very frequent: take a Deſcription or two of it, that come into my Mind at preſent.

(c) Like diſtant Clouds the Mariner deſcries,
Fair *Ithaca*'s emerging Hills ariſe.

(a) Κρεῖττον γάρ ἐστιν ἀκουσθῆναι λεγόμενον, ἢ ὀφθῆναι γινόμενον. *Dionyſius Hal.* Περὶ Συνθέσεως. γ'.
(b) B. 10, 173, κ', 150. (c) B. 13, 115, ν', 95.

Again;

Again;

(a) The diſtant Land appear'd ——— ———
Then ſwell'd to ſight *Phæacia*'s dusky coaſt,
And woody Mountains half in vapours loſt;
That lay before him, indiſtinct and vaſt,
Like a broad Shield amid the watry waſte.

Nothing hath furniſh'd *Homer* (as well as *Virgil*) with ſuch a variety of natural Images, as this Element; and in nothing has Mr. *Pope* more finely copied his Original. But all theſe Beautiful Pictures, are only Pictures of *ſtill Life*; this Gentleman's Excellency reaches farther; he is as maſterly in all his Motions, and Actions; he can teach his Pencil to expreſs Ideas yet in the Mind; and to paint out the Paſſions of the Soul.

Sometimes we have all the *Imagery* in Motion: If a Ship is to ſet ſail, the Canvas ſwells to the Eye, the Streamers float in the Air, and the Sailors are all full of Noiſe and Buſineſs: (b) We ſee the Veſſel move on, and here the ruſhing ſound of the Water.

——— ——— The attending train
Load the tall bark, and launch into the main.
The Prince and Goddeſs to the ſtern aſcend;
(c) To the ſtrong ſtroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the Weſt ſhe bids freſh breezes blow;
The ſable billows foam and roar below. ——— ———

(a) B. 5, 356, &, 279. (b) B. 2, 459. β', 419.

With

With ſpeed the Maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the Wind.
High o'er the roaring Waves the ſpreading Sails
Bow the tall Maſt, and ſwell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting ſurge divides,
And to the ſtern retreating roll the tides.

At another time, you behold the Rowers, drawing (*a*) *the Oar to their broad Breaſts*; and the different attitudes of them, as they (*b*) *bend*, or (*c*) *ſtretch* to the ſtroke.

(*d*) At once they bend and ſtrike their equal oars,
And leave the ſinking hills and leſſ'ning ſhores.

This Idea of the Land ſeeming to ſink and recede, is very beautifully added, in another Place, where we have the Deſcription of a Perſon driving, very ſwiftly, in a Chariot: I believe you will hear the entire Paſſage with Pleaſure, as it is all very Juſt and Natural:

With haſty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He laſh'd the courſers, and the courſers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and ſmoak'd along the field:
The Tow'rs of *Pylos* ſink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, till cloſe of Day;
(*e*) Then ſunk the Sun, and darken'd all the way.

(*a*) B. 12, 183. μ', 147. (*b*) B. 12. 216. (*c*) B. 12. 265. (*d*) B. 13, 94, ν', 78. (*e*) B. 3, 618. γ', 435.

Again;

Again;

Along the waving fields their way they hold,
(a) The fields receding as the Chariot roll'd.

Give me leave (interpos'd *Antiphaus*) to obſerve one thing, by the way. Mr. *Pope* (poſſibly, to make this the more ſenſible to us at preſent) deviates a little from the Truth; and chuſes rather to ſhew the *Poet*, than the *Antiquary*. As I take it, the Horſes in the Chariots of the Ancients were not *beneath the Yoke*. Do not their Medals, and all the Pictures of them repreſent it otherwiſe? And does not the Verſe, here in the Original, ſhew its Poſition in reſpect of the Horſes, very particularly and diſtinctly?

However, this is a ſlip of a ſmall Nature: and had the thing been expreſs'd in exact Conformity to the *Grecian* faſhion in this particular, it might not have ſtruck the Reader ſo ſtrongly, as it does now, by its Agreement with the preſent Idea of the ſame thing.

I am not concern'd, ſays *Philypſus*, either in defending, or giving up that particular: I only inſtance this Paſſage, in general, for its expreſſiveneſs of ſuch an Action; and of the Ideas, ariſing in

(a) B. 3. 628. γ. 495.

the

the Mind upon it: As to that *End*, I believe it will hold very well. The Deſcription and Sentiment is very Natural, (reply'd *Antiphaus*) I beg you to go on without obſerving any little breaks for the future, which may be occaſion'd by ſuch Circumſtances, as do not affect the chief Aim and Deſign of a Quotation.

If the *Poet*, proceeded *Philypſus*, can paint out the *Ideas* in the Mind with ſo much Juſtice, as he appears to do by this inſtance; and more particularly by another mention'd before (of the ſucceſſive *openings* and *unfolding* of an unknown Truth, in the Mind of *Circe*) we ſhall find him to have been equally Happy in expreſſing the *Paſſions* of the Soul. Something of this has been mention'd already, and almoſt an infinite variety of Beauties of the ſame kind might be added. They abound every where in the Tranſlation, and are generally well touched. But there is the Deſcription of one Paſſion in particular, which is perſerv'd throughout the whole Piece: It is *Ulyſſes* his Love for his Country. Give me leave to repeat ſome of the firſt, and laſt Paſſages, in which it is expreſt. How ſtrongly does *Minerva* repreſent this, even in the very entrance of the Poem? She ſays the

Hero

Hero is detain'd from *Ithaca*, by a Goddeſs (nothing human cou'd have forced him into ſo tedious an abſence: by a Goddeſs)

Who ſooths to dear delight his anxious mind—
Succeſsleſs all her ſoft careſſes prove,
To baniſh from his breaſt his Country's love;
To ſee the *Smoke* from his lov'd palace riſe;
While the dear Iſle in *diſtant* proſpect lies,
(*a*) With what *contentment wou'd he cloſe his eyes?*

The firſt Appearance of the Hero is moſt excellently imagined. *Calypſo* has juſt receiv'd orders to detain *Ulyſſes* no longer from his Country; ſhe finds him ſitting alone upon the Rocks, the Tears trickling down his Cheeks, and his Eyes fixt upon the Sea. It was thus that he paſs'd his Hours, in the Iſland of that Goddeſs: He conſtantly,

In ſlumber wore the heavy Night away;
On Rocks and Shores conſum'd the tedious Day:
There ſate all deſolate, and ſigh'd alone,
With echoing ſorrows made the mountains groan,
And roll'd his eyes o'er all the reſtleſs main,
(*b*) Till dim'd with riſing grief, they ſtream'd again.

Pardon me, ſays *Antiphaus*; even here (tho' the Paſſion be ſtrongly ſet out; yet) the Language of the two Paſſages, which you repeated laſt, is not entirely

(*a*) B. 1, 77. *d*, 59. (*b*) B. 5, 204. *e*, 154.

free

free from the old Fault: the *Enflure* is ſtill diſcernible. That *ſoothing an anxious Mind to dear delight*, falls ſhort of the plainneſs, and energy of the Original: —To make the *Mountains groan with echoing Sorrow*, is yet more over-wrought. —And *the ſtreaming again of his Eyes*, is not exactly right in the Tranſlation, which does not mention, his *weeping before*; at the ſame time, that it varies from the Original, which ſays that he *never ceas'd from weeping*.

We meet with another Image of this (reply'd *Philypſus*) in the Evening before *Ulyſſes* ſets ſail for *Ithaca*; which, I believe, you will allow to be better expreſs'd. He was then in ſo delightful a Place, as the Court of *Alcinous*. They had a multitude of Diverſions there: the *Phæacians* were the happieſt People in the World; Races and Entertainments, Mirth, Wine, and Muſick were the chief Buſineſs of their Lives. *Ulyſſes* appears among them with a quite different face: he looks like a Creature of an higher Make, of an Order above them; and his Mind is taken up with farther Views, and other Deſires.

All, but *Ulyſſes*, heard with fixt delight:
He ſate, and ey'd the Sun, and wiſh'd the Night;

Slow seem'd the Sun to move, the hours to roll,
(a) His native Home deep-imag'd in his Soul.

We are continually put in mind of this fondness of the Hero for his Country: and in the last Case, it is particularly fixt upon the Reader by a very expressive (b) Simile. We may imagine the ardency of *Ulysses*'s Love for his *Ithaca*, his own *proper* Country, when we consider his Affection for his Country-men, the *Grecians* in general. Upon an occasional revival in his Thoughts of the Destructions and Misery they underwent before *Troy*, the Hero's Dissimulation (great as it was) is overcome; his Passion breaks through every restraint: we immediately see him all in Tears. This tenderness of his, is painted in another Simile, the most pathetick that can be conceiv'd, and the most expressive of his Affection for his Country-men.

——— ——— *Ulysses*'s griefs renew;
Tears bath his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew:
As some fond Matron views in mortal fight
Her Husband falling in his Country's right;
Frantick thro' clashing Swords she runs, she flies,
As ghastly pale he groans, and faints, and dies;
Close to his Breast she grovels on the ground,
And bathes with floods of tears the gaping wound;

(a) B. 13, 38. 1', 30. (b) See Mr. *Pope*'s Note on the Place.

She

She cries, ſhe ſhrieks: the fierce inſulting foe
Relentleſs mocks her violence of woe,
To chains condemn'd as wildly ſhe deplores,
(a) A widow, and a ſlave on foreign ſhores.

It wou'd be endleſs to repeat every thing of this Nature; There are a Thouſand ſketches of it in the *Odyſſey*. 'Tis ſufficient at preſent to obſerve, that Mr. *Pope* generally gives them to us in very lively Colours; and excells almoſt every where in the *Pathetick*. 'Tis certain (ſays *Antiphaus*) that he has an excellent Hand; his Images, which you have ſet before me, are as ſtrong as any of the Works of the Pencil. They are ſo, anſwered *Philypſus*; and, on that account, you will Pardon me for borrowing ſo many Metaphors from Painting in this Caſe; 'Tis unavoidable. The deſigns of Painting and Poetry are ſo united, that to me the Poet and the Painter ſeem ſcarcely to differ in any thing, except the *Mean* they make uſe of, to arrive at one and the ſame end. Both are to expreſs Nature: but the Materials of the one are Words, and Sound; of the other, Figure and Colours. *Poetry* can paint more particularly, more largely, and with greater coherence: *Painting* is

(a) B. 8, 580. θ, 530.

the more conciſe, and emphatical. If *This* may excell in ſhewing one View diſtinctly, *That* can ſhew ſeveral in ſucceſſion, without any manner of Confuſion. Any figure in *Painting* is confin'd to one Attitude; but *Poetry* can give as great a variety of Motion and Poſtures, as the reality it ſelf. What ſeems a Paradox of Art in either, is their Power of expreſſing two *oppoſite Paſſions* in the ſame face. Of this ſort (among a Multitude of like inſtances) is the Mother of *Lewis* the Thirteenth, in the Gallery of *Luxembourg*; and every Piece in that fine Epiſode, which concludes the ſixth *Iliad*. In that *Picture*, the Queens Face ſtrongly expreſſes the Pain and Anguiſh of her Condition, mix'd with a regard toward her Son, full of the greateſt Pleaſure and Complacence. In the *Poem* we have the greater variety, and each piece is perfectly juſt and finiſh'd: *Hector* ſhews a fierceneſs for the War, and a tenderneſs that inclines him to ſtay for a laſt interview; little *Aſtyanax* has a Fondneſs and a Terror in his Eyes, at the ſight of his Father; while *Andromache*'s Face is all ſoften'd into a tender Smile; and at the ſame time, wet with the Tears, that fall for her *Hector*.

I remember (ſays *Antiphaus*) it was to you that I was oblig'd for the firſt Obſervation, I ever met with, on theſe *Double Paſſions*. I have ſince read ſeveral things, (in the *Æneid*, as well as in the Works of *Homer*) with a pleaſure perfectly new, on account of the light, you then gave me, into this particular: And out of a Thouſand Places, that I have obſerv'd it in ſince, I know none ſo beautiful as that of *Achæmenides* in *Virgil*; which you mention'd to me, the firſt time we ever talk'd of this Subject.

That you know (reply'd *Philypſus*) to have been always my Favourite: I have read it over in *Dryden* ſo frequently, that I believe I can now repeat you his Tranſlation of it:

—From the Woods there bolts, before our ſight,
Somewhat betwixt a Mortal and a Spright;
So thin, ſo ghaſtly meager, and ſo wan,
So bare of Fleſh, he ſcarce reſembled Man:
This thing, all tatter'd, ſeem'd from far t'implore
Our pious Aid and pointed to the Shore;
We look behind; then view his ſhaggy Beard;
His cloaths were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs beſmear'd:
The reſt in mein, in habit, and in face
Appear'd a *Greek*; and ſuch indeed he was:
He caſt on us from far a frightful view,
Whom ſoon for *Trojans* and for foes he knew;
Stood ſtill, and paus'd; then, all at once, began
To ſtretch his Limbs, and trembled as he ran;

Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls:
"Now by the Pow'rs above, and what we share
"From Natures common gift, this vital Air,
"(a) O *Trojans*, take me hence.———

'Tis but too evident (continu'd *Philypsus*) that Mr. *Dryden* falls as much short of (b) *Virgil* in the chief turn, that relates to our present purpose; as *Virgil* has exceeded that (c) Passage in the *Iliad*, which seems to have given him the hint for drawing this admirable Image.

This Distraction of *Achæmenides* between several Passions at once, puts me in mind of the dubiousness and shifting of thoughts, which is illustrated by *Homer* by a very apt and expressive Simile; than which (says Mr. *Pope*) "There (d)
"is scarce any thing, in the whole com-
"pass of Nature, that can more exactly
"represent the State of an irresolute
"mind, wavering between two different
"Designs; sometimes inclining to the

(a) Dryd. Transl. Æn. 3, 788. (b) Æn. 3, 590.
——— Subito è sylvis macie confecta suprema,
Ignoti nova forma viri, miserandaque cultu
Procedit, supplexque manus ad litora tendit ———
——— Ubi Dardanios habitus & Troia vidit
Arma procul; paullum aspectu conterritus *hæsit*,
Continuitque gradum: mox *sese ad litora præceps*
Cum fletu precibusque *tulit*. ———
(c) Ιλ. κ. 358. (d) Note on Il. 14, 21.

"one,

"one, ſometimes to the other, and then "moving to that Point to which its Re-"ſolution is at laſt determin'd:

As when old Ocean's ſilent ſurface Sleeps,
The Waves juſt heaving on the purple Deeps;
While yet th' expected Tempeſt hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the ſky,
The maſs of waters will no wind obey:
Jove ſends one guſt, and bids them roll away.
While wavering counſels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the *Pylian* ſage;
To join the hoſt, or to the General haſte
(*a*) Debating long, he fixes on the laſt.

There is ſomething of this *Mélange of Paſſions*, (and thoſe too, the moſt beautiful in this Caſe, I mean of oppoſite *Paſſions*) in that line of *Milton*, where he ſays that Death

Grin'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile ——

One wou'd almoſt be perſwaded, that *Homer* is the *dernier Reſſort* of all the fineſt Thoughts in Poetry; for this likewiſe is copied from him, tho' it fails very much (as to the Point in hand) both of the Original, and of Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation of it.—*Juno* makes a very mutinous Speech in an aſſembly of the Deities: The Infection took, as much as ſhe cou'd deſire: and that ſucceſs,

(*a*) Iliad 14, 30.

provok'd

provok'd and inflamed as ſhe was, forced her to be ſomewhat pleaſed, in ſpite of her ſelf: Upon this ſhe ſhews a ſort of (*a*) uneaſy ſatisfaction, and ſuch a Smile, as *Ovid* (*b*) gives to his *Envy* in the *Metamorphoſis*.

To ſee the gath'ring grudge in every breaſt,
Smiles on her lips a ſpleenful joy expreſt;
While on her wrinkled front, and eye-brow bent,
(*c*) Sate ſtedfaſt care and lowring diſcontent.

This ſtruggle of Paſſions has been imitated by ſome Moderns: The firſt of the *French* Writers in Tragedy has a fine Occaſion for it in the Wife of one of the *Horatij*; ſhe was Siſter at the ſame time to the *Curiatij*; ſo that you may imagine, how ſhe muſt be diſtracted between the Intereſt of the two Cities, and that eminent conteſt which ſo particularly involv'd the two Families: She is introduc'd upon that Occaſion, ſpeaking to this purpoſe (*d*):

(*a*) Il. 6, 103.

(*b*) Riſus abeſt; niſi quem viſi movere dolores: B. 2, 778. (*c*) *Pope*'s Iliad, B. 15, 113.

(*d*) Albe où j'ay commencè de reſpirer le jour,
Albe, mon cher pais, & mon premier amour,
Lors qu' entre-nous & toy je voi la guerre ouverte,
Je crains noſtre victoire autant que noſtre perte.
[*Corneille.*

Albe

Alba! my deareſt Country! Why cou'd fate
Mark out no other foe for *Rome*, but *Alba*?
From our Defeat what Terror muſt I feel?
And yet——I dread our Victory.——

There are many things in *Virgil*'s fourth *Æneid*, which might be produc'd on this Occaſion: but 'tis more to our preſent Subject to conſider that part of the *Odyſſey*, from which ſome of its fineſt ſtrokes are borrow'd. *Calypſo*, when ſhe acquaints our Hero with the deſign of his departure from her Iſland; upon his doubting her ſincerity, ſwears very ſolemnly, that her Reſolutions are real: the next moment, ſhe falls into a Speech full of Inſinuations and Arguments to detain him: both theſe ſpeeches may rather be ſaid to be *enliven'd* and *improv'd*, than to be *well tranſlated* by Mr. *Pope*; this only wou'd be too narrow a Commendation of them:---The firſt runs thus:

How prone to doubt, how cautious are the wiſe?
But hear, Oh Earth, and hear, Ye ſacred Skies!
And thou, Oh *Styx*! whoſe formidable floods
Glide thro' the ſhades, and bind th' atteſting Gods;
No form'd deſign, no meditated end
Lurks in the counſel of thy faithful friend;
Kind the perſwaſion, and ſincere my aim;
The ſame my practiſe, were my fate the ſame.
Heaven has not curſt me with a heart of ſteel,
(a) But giv'n the ſenſe to pity and to feel.

(a) B. 5, 246. &, 191.

One

One wou'd think now that the Goddeſs was to do nothing but to adviſe about his Voyage, and the Conveniencies for it: but her Paſſions immediately veer about; and the very next Page, the very next time ſhe ſpeaks, is all in a ſtrain entirely oppoſite to what ſhe has been ſaying in this:

Ulyſſes! (with a ſigh ſhe thus began)
O ſprung from Gods! in wiſdom more than Man!
Is then thy home the paſſion of thy heart?
Thus wilt thou leave me? are we thus to part?
Farewel! and ever joyful may'ſt thou be;
Nor break the tranſport with one thought of me.
But ah *Ulyſſes!* wert thou giv'n to know
What fate yet dooms thee, yet, to undergo,
(*a*) Thy heart might ſettle in this ſcene of eaſe &c.

I muſt not forget here, that the fineſt of the modern *Italian* Poets has expreſs'd this *Mélange*, on an occaſion which is attended with ſuch a Circumſtance, as exceeds any of the other: The particular in which he ſhews it, ſhews at the ſame time the *ſwiftneſs* of the intervening paſſion; and expreſſes the ſtrongeſt of any how immediately one flow of Spirits ſucceeds upon a former and quite contrary emotion. *Armida*, deſerted by her *Rinaldo*, breaths nothing but fury and re-

(*a*) B. 5, 265. &c. 208.

venge;

venge; ſhe purſues him in the heat of the battle; forgetful of her former paſſion, ſhe aims an arrow at his heart: but ſee, while it is yet in its flight, how the paſſions vary on her face! her rage and fury ſoften into tenderneſs and apprehenſions of his danger! in an inſtant her Love is too ſtrong for her Reſentment: in an inſtant, ſhe dreads leaſt her Deſign ſhou'd be effectual, and longs to be diſappointed in her aim:

(a)Swift flies the ſhaft: as ſwiftly flies her pray'r,
That all its vehemence be ſpent in air.

How finely are the Paſſions blended in this piece? the Tranſition from the extremity of fury to an exceſs of love, is manag'd in ſuch a manner, as to be wholly inſenſible: as when two Colours are loſt in the Shades of each other, the Eye is agreeably deceived; and we are delighted with the delicacy of their Union, tho' unable to diſcover where one commences, or the other ends.

In this particular there is not any thing that can equal Poetry, or bear to be compared with it, except its ſiſter-art of Painting; that might copy every

(a) Lo ſtral *volo*; ma *con lo ſtrale* un voto
Subito uſci, che vada il colpo a voto. *Taſſo.*

inſtance

inſtance, I have mention'd here: And certainly what makes ſo beautiful a Figure in the fineſt Poets, might deſerve the imitation of the beſt Painters. Was not the *Dolon* and *Calypſo* of *Homer* worthy the hand of a *Zeuxis* or *Parrhaſius*, a *Protogenes* or *Apelles*? Wou'd not the *Aruns* or *Achæmenides* of *Virgil* have been a fine deſign even for *Raphael* and *Angelo* to have work'd upon? If our *Shakſpear* can give us the ſtruggle of Paſſions in the Breaſt of *Coriolanus*, *Thornhill* might trace the ſame, and ſpeak them as well with his Pencil: And if *Corneille* expreſſes the contrary deſires of the ſiſter of the *Curiatij*, his Country-man *Le Brun* might have had a much finer Subject in the various Paſſions of the *Sabines*, ruſhing in amidſt the two contending Armies; to prevent thoſe fatal Conſequences, in which the Victory of either party muſt neceſſarily involve them.

But what I have often thought of as the fineſt Subject of this kind, either for Poetry or Painting, is the firſt *Brutus* on the Judicial ſeat; juſt before the act of giving Sentence on his *own Sons*, for their treachery to the *Common-wealth*. What a noble ſtrife was there between natural Affection, and the Love of one's Country? between Duty, and Deſire, be-

between common Humanity, and the Spirit (perhaps the Pride) of a *Roman*? What a fine Groupe of Figures wou'd the Suppliants for the Criminals compoſe in ſuch a Piece? On one ſide of the Tribunal, the *Wife* of the Judge and *Mother* of the Offenders; and all the Relations divided in the ſame manner, between a deſire of moving Pity, and an abhorrence of the very Crime, for the Pardon of which they wou'd intercede: The People of *Rome*, on the other ſide, with looks full of mixt Paſſions; ſome ſtruck with Pity amidſt all their ſeverity, ſome almoſt condemning and yet approving at the ſame time, the rigid juſtice of the Father; while others commiſerate the Youth of the Sons, and ſeem incens'd at the *unnatural impartiality* of the Judge.

'Tis a Misfortune, that *Virgil*'s Hand was withheld from launching farther, (*a*)where he has touch'd upon thisSubject: but it wou'd be well made up to us, if any eminent Perſon, in the other Art, wou'd undertake it: It might certainly make a finiſht Piece: and Painting in this particular wou'd have the advantage of Poetry; as it could expreſs this *Mélange* of paſſions directly, and wou'd ſtrike the mind with them in their proper Union, all at once: whereas, when taken from

(*a*) Æn. 6. 821.

the *Poetical Picture*, the combination is not ſo eaſy; and we ſcarce ever conceive it, ſo cloſely as we ought.

Were you to give me full ſcope, I ſhou'd carry the reſemblance between theſe Arts much farther than it has ever yet been carried: There is ſcarce a *Figure* or *Manner* in Poetry which I ſhou'd not imagine to have its tally in the Schools of the Painters: I cou'd find it even in the very next point, which comes in my way, in the *Emphatical*. Natural Deſcriptions, as they are Pictures which take in the various Circumſtances of a place or action, give us generally ſeveral Groupes of finiſht Figures: This, on the contrary, is a way of expreſſing Nature in Poetry, not unlike Out-lines and Sketches in Painting: and as the lines in Sketches are *fewer*, but the more *diſtinct*; this muſt be always *conciſe*, and very *expreſſive*.

There are ſeveral maſterly ſtrokes of the *Emphatical* kind in the *Odyſſey*: Such is that Speech of *Telemachus*, where he ſays

Prepar'd I ſtand. He was but born to try
(*a*) The *lot* of Man: *To ſuffer, and to die.*

Such is *Circe*'s whole ſpeech (*b*) which

(*a*) B. 3, 119. γ', 96, 95. (*b*) B. 10, 387, to 392.

I repeated to you before, on account of its *Pathos*. Such, in an high degree, is the firſt rencounter of the Hero with that Goddeſs,

Hence to thy Fellows (Dreadful ſhe began)
(a) Go, be a Beaſt.——I heard; and yet was Man.

This *Manner* is neceſſary in all *Sententious* paſſages, and *moral* reflections; 'tis often ſtrong in expreſſing the *paſſions*: and peculiarly uſeful in the *Sublime*. Take an inſtance of each, from Mr. *Pope*.

(b)——Pyrates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
The foes of peace, and ſcourges of mankind,
To whom offending Men are made a prey
When *Jove* in vengeance gives a land away;
Ev'n theſe, when of their ill-got ſpoils poſſeſs'd,
Find ſure tormentors in the guilty breaſt:
Some voice of God cloſe whiſpering from within,
"Wretch! this is Villany, and this is Sin."

The reflection upon ſeeing *Agamemnon* in *Ades*, is of this kind.

(c) Now all *Atrides* is an empty ſhade!

Juſt after *Atrides* ſpeaks thus paſſionately in the account of his own Death, by the treachery of *Ægiſthus*:

(a) B. 10, 382. κ', 321. (b) B. 14, 110. ξ', 88.
(c) B. 11, 490. λ', 392.

(a) But not with me the direful Murther ends;
These, These expir'd! — Their crime, they were [my friends.

In the *Sublime*, nothing can be higher than the language of his Gods, *Neptune* and *Jupiter*:

(b) If such thy Will — We will it, *Jove* replies,

This latter is that short full way of Expression, so frequent in (c) *Virgil* and (d) *Homer*, copied perhaps by both from the admired Example of it in (e) *Moses*, and grown since into an (f) *Axiom* among the Criticks. It is the more to be commended in Mr. *Pope*, because the turn, he gives the Line, is perfectly his own: Indeed in every one of these instances, as I take it, the Chief of their strength and emphasis, is owing to the Improvements in the Translation.

Antiphaus cou'd scarce imagine, that these were all clear improvements upon *Homer*: He immediately consulted the passages in the Original; and was surpriz'd to find, how far they fell short of the Translation; especially, in the lines

(a) B. 11, 512. λ', 412. (b) B. 13, 177. ν', 154. (c) Naviget. Æn. 4, 237. (d) Ἀπόπεμπε. Οδ. ε', 146. (e) The great *Fiat*. (f) Πᾶς ὁ δεσπότης δούλω μονοσύλλαβος. *Dem. Phal.* ζ'.

that

that anſwer *Circe's threat*, and the *complaint of Agamemnon*. I am pleas'd (ſays he) beyond meaſure, in conſulting theſe parts of the Poem, to ſee how much ſtrength and force there is added to them; have you not obſerv'd more inſtances of this kind? impart them to me, good *Philypſus*: 'Tis no matter for method or regularity; Give them to me immediately. —Had I time (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) I cou'd find out ſeveral other places which have all their proper improvements; at preſent, I ſhall refer you to the beginning of *Menelaus* his ſpeech to *Telemachus* in the Fourth *Odyſſey*, *Neſtor*'s (*a*) in the Third; and in the Tenth, the ſpeeches between *Ulyſſes* and *Circe*. --- I was going to point out ſome paſſages in the (*b*) *Deſcent into Hell*: but 'tis difficult to ſingle out particular beauties from that book; The whole of it is ſo excellently Tranſlated, and (I believe I may ſay) ſo generally improv'd.

The mentioning *Circe* juſt now, puts me in mind of another paſſage: 'Tis where *Homer* deſcribes the Metamorphoſis of the companions of *Ulyſſes*. They had (ſays he) the Shape and the Voice of

(*a*) V. 125, γ', 103. (*b*) Book 11.

Beasts, (a) *but their Mind remain'd firm and unalter'd*: this Mr. *Pope* improves into the following lines.

(b) Still curst with sense, their mind remains alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they [groan.

The addition here is very Natural, and full of Beauty; in such changes, particularities of this kind strike us very much: *Virgil* touches them on this Occasion (c) with his usual happiness; and (d) *Ovid*, who has shown a particular talent for such subjects, has left us the very same thought with this of Mr. *Pope*.

I remember that Mr. *Pope* appear'd to me, upon my first reading his Translation, to have improv'd much upon the Original in his *Poetical Repetitions* of the same word, the Figure in which he is most frequent. Thus is it us'd in the following lines:

A Scene, where if a God shou'd cast his sight,
(e) A God might gaze, and wander with delight.

(a) κ', 240. Αὐτὰρ νοῦς ἦν ἔμπεδος ὡς τὸ πάρος περ.
(b) B. 10, 281.
(c) ——— Quamvis collo timuisset aratrum,
Et sæpe in lævi quæsisset cornua fronte. *Ecl.* 6, 51.
(d) ——— Conata queri, mugitus edidit ore,
Pertimuitque sonos, *propriaque exterrita voce est.*
Met. 1, 638. (e) B. 5, 96. ξ, 73.

Never

(a) Never, *Never* wicked man was wiſe.
(b) Here, or in *Pyle*.——In *Pyle* or here, your foe.

And in theſe other very Pathetical,

[rolls the Main,
(c) Then ſtay, my Child!——Storms beat, and
Oh beat thoſe Storms, and roll the Seas in vain!

'Tis yet more beautiful, when the Repetition holds farther; as in this Paſſage:

(d) Tranſported with the ſong, the liſtning train
Again with loud applauſe demand the ſtrain:
Again Ulyſſes veil'd his penſive head,
Again unman'd, a ſhow'r of Sorrow ſhed.

This ſometimes gives an additional ſolemnity, and riſes ſtronger and ſtronger each Line:

Celeſtial as thou art, yet ſtand deny'd:
Or ſwear that oath, by which the Gods are ty'd,
Swear, in thy ſoul no latent frauds remain,
(e) *Swear*, by the vow which never can be vain.

This is ſometimes carried yet farther; and in *Virgil* particularly there is a fine Inſtance of this ſort of Repetition (f) being doubled.

(a) B. 2, 320. β', 282. (b) B. 2, 356. β', 316.
(c) B. 2, 415. β', 370. (d) B. 8, 90. θ', 92.
(e) B. 10, 410. κ', 343. μέγαν ὅρκον ὀμοῦμαι.
(f) Sævus amor docuit natorum ſanguine *matrem*
Commaculare manus; *Crudelis* tu quoque, mater:
Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer; crudelis tu quoque, mater.
Ecl. 8. v. 50.

But

But in nothing is this figure more beautiful, than in the (*a*) *Siren's Song*: That Piece of antient Muſick, is greatly enliven'd in the Tranſlation; the whole flows on in a peculiar Harmony, and the Chorus is very happily added in the Concluſion of it:

Celeſtial muſick warbles from their tongue,
And *thus* the ſweet deluders tune the ſong.
O *ſtay*, *oh Pride of* Greece! Ulyſſes, *ſtay*!
O ceaſe thy courſe, and liſten to our lay!
Bleſt is the Man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The ſong inſtructs the ſoul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy ſoul ſhall into raptures riſe!
Approach! and learn new wiſdom from the wiſe.
We know whate'er the Kings of mighty name
Atchiev'd at *Ilion* in the field of fame;
Whate'er beneath the ſun's bright journey lies.
O *ſtay*, *and learn new wiſdom from the wiſe!*

The peculiar juſtice and propriety of this, is the manner in which theſe Goddeſſes apply to *Ulyſſes*; (*a*) by offering him knowledge; a thing the moſt oppoſite to their own Complexion; and a motive, the moſt likely to obtain upon that Hero. Mr. *Pope* has ſhewn his taſte, and his judgment, very much in improving ſo finely upon this Circumſtance: but what runs through the whole, is that muſical enliven'd turn of the Verſes. This is

(*a*) B. 12. 220. μ', 184. (*b*) See *Pope's* Note on the Place.

the

the happineſs, which of all things I admire in this writer: either in proſe, or verſe, he has the fineſt flow that can be imagin'd. I have often heard a very good Critick ſay, That *whenever he is reading any Proſe of Mr.* Pope's, *he cannot help thinking that he ſhould never have wrote any thing elſe: and whenever he reads his Verſes, he is angry with him, for loſing any time from them, for Proſe.* How often has the ſame Gentleman apply'd to this writer thoſe Lines in *Milton*, in which he ſpeaks of the firſt Poet, as well as the firſt of Men?

——— (a) Such prompt Eloquence
Flows from his lips: In Proſe or numerous Verſe
More tuneable, than needed Lute or Harp
To add more ſweetneſs. ———

Among ſo many excellencies, the repeating thoſe Lines, which make the Chorus of this *Song of the Sirens* is not the leaſt beautiful Circumſtance: there are a Multitude of other paſſages, which deſerve to be mention'd on account of the fine *Repetitions* in them: theſe are what fell into my thoughts at preſent; and you have them in the ſame ſcatter'd manner, that they appear there: But one method of Improvement in this Tranſlation, I took

(a) Paradiſe loſt. B. 5, 152.

par-

particular notice of, and in that, I can be a little more full and distinct.

Mr. *Pope* has a very great happineſs in *Transferring Beauties*. He often guides his Tranſlation of *Homer* by ſome fine thought, or good expreſſion in any other eminent writer; and this has been the occaſion of ſeveral improvements in that work.

Have you never obſerv'd how he introduces the Elegance of *Virgil*, into the Majeſty of *Homer*? There are two (*a*) ſpeeches of *Circe*, which have much of the air of that of *Proteus*, in the fourth *Georgick*; and that of the *Sybill*'s in the ſixth *Æneid*. The ſpeech of (*b*) *Tireſias* is improv'd, from another of the *Sybill*; ſo alſo is the Prophetical ſpeech, in the (*c*) ſecond *Odyſſey*.

There are ſeveral Imitations (in a ſhorter compaſs) of natural Images, and the like, introduc'd into *Homer* from the ſame treaſury: Thus the following Lines

(*d*) Down-ſunk the Heavy beaſt.
(*e*) *Læſtrigonia*'s gates ariſe diſtinct in air.
(*f*) —— The ſhores like miſts ariſe.
(*g*) And all above is Sky and Ocean all around. &c.

(*a*) B. 10, 385. (*b*) B. 11, 130. Æn. 6, 87 &c.
(*c*) V. 203. (*d*) B. 14, 572. (*e*) B. 10, 93. Æn. 3, 206.
(*f*) B. 12, 201. (*g*) B. 12, 474. Æn. 3, 193.

Although

Although the Tranſlator adds theſe fine ſtrokes from other Hands, they are brought in ſo naturally, that they ſeem to ſpring out of *Homer*'s ſentiment: And if an Inſtance or two ſhou'd be found among them which may vary a little from the Original, it is only to add ſome apoſite Thought, that is not only finer, but at the ſame time perfectly agreeable to the Subject. In ſuch caſes a Tranſlator may demand the greater liberty of enlarging: as a *Flattering Reſemblance* is always allow'd to Painters. I like that very ingenious Friend of yours, who calls the *French* Tranſlation of *Tacitus*, *La belle Infidelle:* That piece, you know, tho' not very preciſe and conſtant to its Author, is the more beautiful, and the more engaging.

However 'tis ſeldom that Mr. *Pope* varies much in theſe additional Beauties; his Tranſlation is generally faithful, even where it improves upon *Homer:* And he keeps the chief mark ſteadily in his Eye, tho' at the ſame Time it admits the ſide glances of Light, from other objects. Thus you will ſcarce ever find him deviating from his Author in ſuch caſes: tho' this manner of improving him by imitation from others is vaſtly frequent; and often ſo plain, that one may trace it thro'

thro' whole ſcenes together: In particular, I cou'd almoſt be poſitive that Mr. *Pope* read over the *Eclogues* of *Virgil*, before he ſet about that Part of the Story, which lies between *Ulyſſes* and *Eumæus*; and indeed I ſhould be apt to conjecture that he uſually read thoſe Paſtorals, before he ſat down to any rural Scene in this Piece: If I am miſtaken in this, 'tis the (*a*) reſemblance of their beauties, which has deceiv'd me.

Sometimes we find the *Diction* beautified by ſuch Reſemblances, or the Sentiment improv'd from other hands. From the (*b*) *Sacred Writings* frequently; from parallel places in (*c*) *Homer* himſelf: From *Ovid*, *Seneca*, *Horace*, &c. among the Ancients; And from (*d*) *Dryden*, *Addiſon*,

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(*a*) From *Virgil* B. 14, 76. B. 5, 96. See alſo B. 2, 26. Æn. 3, 627. B. 2, 55. B. 3, 126. B. 4, 509. B. 6, 197, B. 10, 569. B. 11, 433, 434 &c.
(*b*) *Scripture*. B. 1, 483. B. 3, 424. 451. B. 4, 145. 438. B. 5, 288. B 6, 235. B. 10, 591. B. 11, 239. B. 14, 109. And frequently in other places.
(*c*) *Iliad*. B. 11, 415. Ιλ', ε', 41. &c.
Ovid B. 4, 808. B. 10, 282. B. 13, 193. B. 14, 224.
Seneca. B. 5, 573.
Horace. B. 10, 556, 557. B. 14, 519.
(*d*) *Dryden*. B. 5, 80. B. 11, 531, &c.
Addiſon. B. 4, 371. B. 11, 684.

Milton,

Milton, and ſeveral others of the moſt celebrated Moderns. In his *Speeches*, we meet with improvements from the Examples and Rules of the Orators of old; and many, from our own Dramatick pieces. It wou'd not be difficult, for a Man of a good Taſte, to diſcern the Air ſometimes of *Dryden*, ſometimes of (*a*) *Shakeſpear*, and at others of *Otway*, among the ſpeeches in the *Odyſſey*. I ſhall only point out to you thoſe of *Agamemnon*, which are ſo very pathetick, in the (*b*) Eleventh Book: You will eaſily ſee that they have a new manner, which exceedingly reſembles the hand of the moſt moving of all our Tragick Writers, ſince *Shakeſpear*.

Antiphaus, upon conſulting the paſſages, immediately perceiv'd the ſpirit of *Otway* in them; He then deſired *Philyphus* to direct him to the other imitations he had mention'd: at firſt he did not think they deſerv'd ſo much commendation; but when he came to Compare the originalLines from the *Odyſſey*, with thoſe of Mr. *Pope*, he was convinc'd of their

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Milton. B. 11, 725. And frequently in other places.
(*a*) *Shakeſpear*. B. 9, 420. B. 10, 410. &c.
(*b*) See Book 11. V. 531. And 537. to 544.

beauty: It delighted him to ſee, what Foundation the Original gave for ſuch a turn, and yet how new that turn was in the Tranſlation; he found almoſt in every one of them ſome addition for the better, and ſcarce in any a deviation from the ſenſe of *Homer*: It was *Homer*'s ſenſe, but the Expreſſion of it was improv'd. I thank you, (ſays he turning to *Philypſus*) I thank you for this clearer view you have given me of the beauties of this Tranſlation: beſide theſe laſt, how many things have you repeated to me that are extremely juſt, pure, cloſe, and *emphatical?* how many perfectly true, and *natural?* how many handſomly beautified, and *enliven'd?* what *Pictures* of Things? what *Deſcriptions* of Actions? and what beautiful Expreſſions, both of the *thoughts*, and of the *paſſions* of the ſoul? in a word, what *improvements*, in ſome ſtrokes, upon the greateſt Genius of the World?——Yes, added *Philypſus*, upon the greateſt Genius of the World, aſſiſted by the native uſe of the moſt Noble, and moſt Poetical of all Languages. Then were we to conſider the inconveniences on the other ſide; the general difficulties of Tranſlation, and the difficulty of this in particular: How hard is it for a Poet to keep up his ſpirit and flame in another's

another's Work? and how natural to flag in repreſenting Thoughts not our own? To maintain the vigour of Language and the poetick warmth thorough ſo long a work, and to expreſs the Soul of *Homer*, what a Genius does it require? what Spirit wou'd not ſink under ſo large an undertaking? Yet does Mr. *Pope* hitherto ſuſtain his Character in an handſome equal manner: and we may ſafely promiſe ourſelves the ſame of the remaining part of this work: As he enter'd upon this ſtage with the greateſt expectations of all Men, I doubt not but he will leave it with an Univerſal *Plaudite*.

But however great and handſome his performance is in the whole, I own with you that it has its faults, the common marks of Humanity: Yes, my *Antiphaus*, you convinc'd me the former Evening, that it is unavoidable for the greateſt Genius not to fail ſometimes. For my part (ſays *Antiphaus*,) I ſhall make no Apologies for the freedoms with which I then us'd this excellent writer: Any thing of that kind might look odd to you from one, whoſe conſtant Sentiment you know to be this; *that* the kindeſt way of commending a writer, is to find fault with him now and then, at proper intervals. Does not this evince an Impartiality in

your views, and add an air of Sincerity and Juſtice to thoſe Commendations, which you give him? Your Criticks, who extol a Man Univerſally, and will not be ſatisfied with any thing under a perfect Character, without any the leaſt defect, are a kind of *Romantick Criticks*; they are rather making an Hero, than deſcribing a Man: They give you a Picture of ſomething, which exiſts no where but in their own Minds: and a compleat Poet, according to their repreſentations of ſuch, will after all be only (what the Earl of *Mulgrave* calls it;)

A Faultleſs Monſter which the world ne'er ſaw.

Very true, ſays *Philypſus*; that ſort of Criticks fail as much on one hand, as our more Modern Criticks have exceeded uſually on the other: Indeed the former err on the good-natur'd ſide; yet both of them are very much to blame: For as it ſhews a *miſchievous* ſort of *Frenzy* to ſtart errors, where there are really none; ſo an Obſtinacy not to ſee faults, where they are very evident, requires either a good degree of *Ignorance*, or a moſt *inveterate Fondneſs*.

I am entirely of your opinion, ſays *Antiphaus*, and ſince I find you in ſuch a temper

temper for it, I cou'd almoſt offer to ſhew you ſome farther remarks on that ſide of the Queſtion,—Have you any other then? (ſays *Philypſus.*) A Few, anſwer'd *Antiphaus*; but I beg one Evening more on this Topick. At preſent I ſhall only add my wiſhes, that we may conſtantly uſe thisfair method, in reading all the celebrated Pieces, which come out among us: Let us keep up the true ballance; and not ſuffer ourſelves to be prejudic'd either by too great fondneſs, or too violent diſlike. This is the great Rule of Antient Criticiſm: *Always to keep our Hearts open to the beauties of a Poem; and never to ſhut our Eyes againſt the defects of it.*

An ESSAY &c.

EVENING the THIRD.

ALMOST all the next day *Philypſus* was taken up in reflecting on what had been ſaid at the cloſe of their laſt meeting: he began to be not ſo uneaſy, as uſual, in thinking that the faults of a favourite Poet were to be lookt into that Evening; he did not value Mr. *Pope* leſs than formerly, but he was throughly convinc'd that there was not ſo much of ſeverity in this Method, as he had once imagin'd. "No: (ſays he to himſelf) Let us view impartially, that we may rationally admire: Where before I was immediately in love with his Beauties and fond of the Work, I now

feel

feel an equal Pleaſure and an equal Eſteem; but it is in a different manner: I now ſeem to ſee the cauſes that move me to be pleas'd with thoſe fine Paſſages, and feel a more juſt and manly Satisfaction in them: 'Tis true, the Soul is not hurried away with that vehemence of delight, as formerly; but the agreeable Senſe I now have from them, is both more refin'd, and more laſting. How much is this *rational* way of admiring to be prefer'd to the common, vulgar *paſſionate* one? This is as a flaſh of Lightning; but the other is like the Light of the Day: 'Tis a ſerene, diffus'd, ſteady light, which at the ſame time that it diſcovers all Objects to us, is it ſelf the moſt beautiful of any.

But then (continued he) how blind was I to the defects of this Poet. Has not *Antiphaus* ſhown me ſeveral, which before I had no ſenſe of, and which now appear evidently to be ſuch? Indeed that over-ſight was more excuſable in reading the Works of this celebrated Writer, than it wou'd have been in any other: Reaſon may well loſe ſomething of her Liberty, when ſhe is taken up with an Object every way ſo agreeable and engaging: However, for the future, I reſolve to keep my ſelf obſtinately from being

being over-pleas'd with any thing; and to read his, as all other the beſt Pieces, in ſpight of all their Beauty, by that Rule which *Antiphaus* has laid down.

With theſe Thoughts he open'd the Tranſlation which lay on his desk; and was very buſy in conſidering it, when Company came in, and interrupted him for that Night: The next Day he employ'd himſelf in the ſame manner; This ſort of view was new to him, and of courſe the more agreeable: Sometimes he met with a line or two, that diſguſted him a little; but much more frequently was he ſtruck with the Beauties of the Poem; and thoſe he enjoy'd with a full Delight, as he found that Delight to be rational and juſt. This ſearch drew him on ſtrangely; he did not know how to leave off: And tho' *Antiphaus* ſtay'd for the Evening before he wou'd diſturb him, he found him ſtill cloſely employ'd at it: "My *Philypſus*, (ſays he) I'm glad to ſee you engag'd thus in the *Odyſſey*: What new light ſhall we have into the excellencies of this writer? Have not you been collecting other Beauties out of the Tranſlation?——I have met with ſeveral other, reply'd *Philypſus*: So many indeed, that it wou'd be almoſt endleſs to collect them. But to tell you the Truth, my

my buſineſs was quite contrary to what you imagine: I was upon a more difficult task; I was endeavouring to try what Faults I cou'd diſcover in it. That is by much the more difficult, ſays *Antiphaus*: The few Faults of that Piece are ſcarce diſcernible among ſuch a ſuperiour number of Beauties: How ſeldom do we perceive the diſagreeableneſs of a ſingle feature, in a Face that is very taking in the whole? Well; but have you been able to overcome this Difficulty? can you diſcover any thing farther of this kind in the *Odyſſey*? Very little, anſwer'd *Philypſus*: There is but one point yet, that has afforded me any number of Inſtances; And that is a Fault, directly oppoſite to what you particularly inſiſted upon, in our firſt Converſation on this Subject.

It was then, you know, that we conſider'd ſeveral Points in which Mr. *Pope* appears to Elevate and Flouriſh too much: Have you never obſerved, on the contrary, that there are a few *Lowneſſes* in his Writings; and that he ſometimes ſinks into a Diction, which borders on the *Mean* and *Vulgar*? I have, reply'd *Antiphaus*, in ſome few lines: but if you have made any remarks of that kind, I beg rather to ſee thoſe of your obſervation.

The

The two Friends were always ready to comply with the desires of each other: *Philypsus*, as usual, without prefacing or debating the matter, immediately shew'd him the following Lines.

(*a*) A Gallant leader and—*a man I lov'd.*

(*b*) The *old man* early rose, walk'd forth, and sate
On polish'd stone before his palace gate.

(*c*) Or has Hell's Queen an empty image sent,
That wretched I might even my joys lament.

(*d*) Struck at the word my very heart was dead.

(*e*) *Euryclea*, who great *Ops* thy lineage shar'd,
And watch'd all Night, all Day: a faithful guard.

(*f*) They led me to a good Man and a wife.
(*g*) And sure he will, for wisdom never lies.

In the note upon this line (says *Philypsus*) we have a couplet repeated from the *Iliad*, which I fear is of the same stamp.

(*h*) Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of Hell.

I must confess, says *Antiphaus*, that the Lines you have repeated, carry a mean air

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(*a*) B. 10, 259. κ', 225. (*b*) B. 3, 523. γ', 405.
(*c*) B. 11, 258. λ', 212. (*d*) B. 10, 588 κ', 496.
(*e*) B. 2, 393. β', 345. (*f*) B. 14. 392. ξ', 359.
(*g*) B. 3, 25. γ', 20. (*h*) Iliad 9. 412. ι' 313.

with

with them; but poſſibly what looks like a fault, may really be a beauty in ſome of them.

Some ſubjects require a ſimplicity of ſtile: Beſide Mr. *Pope* is to follow *Homer*; and ſhou'd *Homer* uſe an humble ſtile in theſe places, even to appearance improperly, yet one ſhould be apt to look upon it, as a ſufficient juſtification of his tranſlator.

For my part (reply'd *Philypſus*) I have always thought, that there is a wide difference between an *humble* and a *mean* ſtile; but (not to urge any thing of that kind) in the greater part of the inſtances juſt repeated, I am certain, there is not a ſufficient likeneſs between the manner of the Original and the Tranſlation.

I ſhall only except the two laſt, which are indeed plain and proverbial in the *Greek*. There is a ſimplicity, as Mr. *Pope* tells us in his notes, a noble ſimplicity in the diction; and which, in my opinion, is not Equally kept up in the *Engliſh*: but thoſe I ſhall not inſiſt upon.

As for the reſt, that mean cloſe of the firſt of theſe Lines, is in *Homer* an (*a*) Handſome ſentiment, deliver'd in a ſound-

(*a*)——Πολίτης ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
Ος μοι κήδιστος ἑτάρων ἦν, κεδνότατός τε. κ', 225.

ing

ing verſe: and the meaneſt Expreſſion in the ſecond, (*a*) is poetical in the Original. The ſame will hold, in ſome degree, of the other Lines. As it happens Mr. *Pope* in his (*b*) Note upon one of them,

They led me to a good Man and a wiſe;

has given us this proſe tranſlation of the ſame words;

The Gods guided me to the habitation of a perſon of wiſdom:

Now it might be thought a rude queſtion, to ask whether is the more *poetical*, his *proſe* or *verſe* Tranſlation of this Line?

Indeed where *Homer* leads the way, the caſe is very different: I cannot ſay how far it might be juſtifiable, to blame a Tranſlator for following his Author: and it was for that very reaſon, that I ſhou'd not have taken any notice of the *delightful Hiſtory of the Coat and Cloak*, which is given us in one of the longeſt ſpeeches in the Fourteenth *Odyſſey*.

But we have ſeveral inſtances of *additional Lowneſſes*: I obſerv'd particularly that they were pretty frequent, when the Scene is in *Ithaca*: Thus;

(*a*) ——— Γερήνιον ἱππότα Νέςορ', γ', 405.
(*b*) B. 14. Obſervation XVIII.

His

His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
(a) And from the banquet take the bowls away.

Again;

But if, to honour lost, 'tis still decreed
(b) For you my bowl shall flow, my flocks shall [bleed.

Again;

(c) Is this, returns the Prince, for mirth a time?
When lawless gluttons riot, mirth's a crime. &c.

The meanness here (interpos'd *Antiphaus*) is occasion'd by a just design; that of writing in a stile, agreeable to the simplicity of the subject: In several other places, it has a less excusable rise; I mean, the labour and difficulty of Rhime. The Poet's being in haste to get this drudgery off his Hands, sometimes draws him into the use of Expressions, which are flat and contemptible. Thus I believe, we may account for the Lownesses in these Couplets:

While with my single ship *adventurous I*,
(d) Go forth the manners *of yon Men to try*.
Mean-while the Gods the dome of *Vulcan throng*,
(e) *Apollo* comes, and *Neptune* comes *along*.
——— ——— When great *Alcides* rose,
(f) And *Euritus*, who *bad the Gods be foes*.

(a) B. 14, 507 ξ', 455. (b) B. 1, 482. α', 378.
(c) B. 2, 347. β', 310.
(d) B. 9, 202. ι', 174. (e) B. 8, 362. θ', 322.
(f) B. 8, 256. θ', 225.
Οἱ ῥα καὶ ἀθανάτοισιν ἐρίζεσκον περὶ τόξων.

You need only read over one ſingle paſſage, to gueſs how frequently the ſenſe may be leſſen'd and broke by this means; and how often we are put off with low, wretched words, merely for want of a more generous Rhime.

You remember the Speech of *Ulyſſes*, when ſhip-wrack'd in his voyage from *Calypſo*'s Iſland; 'tis transfer'd, you know, by *Virgil* into his ſtorm; and both are very ſtrong, and animated. This is the paſſage which I beg leave to read to you from Mr. *Pope*:

Happy! thrice happy! who in battle ſlain
Preſt in *Atrides'* cauſe the *Trojan* plain:
Oh! had I dy'd before *that well-fought wall*,
Had ſome diſtinguiſh'd day renown'd my fall;
(Such as was that, when ſhow'rs of jav'lins—*fled*
From conquering *Troy* around *Achilles*——*dead*)
All *Greece* had paid my ſolemn fun'rals——*then*,
And ſpread my glory with the ſons of men.
A ſhameful fate now hides my *hapleſs head*,
Un-wept, un-noted, and—— *for ever dead.*
A mighty wave, ruſh'd o'er him as he ſpoke,
The raft it cover'd, and the maſt it broke;
Swept from the deck, and from the rudder *torn*,
Far on the ſwelling ſurge the chief was *born*:
While by the howling tempeſt *rent in twain*,
Flew ſail and ſail-yards ratling o'er the main.
Long preſs'd he heav'd beneath the *weighty wave*,
Clog'd by the cumbrous veſt *Calypſo* gave;
At length emerging, from his *noſtrils wide*
And guſhing mouth, effus'd the briny tide. &c.

The meanneſs of this paſſage, in compariſon

pariſon either of the original *Greek*, or of *Virgil*'s imitation of it (which the *Engliſh* Tranſlator, I doubt not, had in his eye) appears to be in a great meaſure owing to a poverty of Rhime. It has given a low turn to the whole paſſage; and that *lowneſs* is ſtill moſt evident in the *terminating* of the Lines.

There are a Thouſand other things (reſum'd *Philypſus*) which contribute to the meanneſs of ſtile; even a deſire to avoid it, will occaſion it: 'Tis not uncommonly ſeen that the ſtraining to elevate a point, will make it really the more mean and ridiculous: as nothing ſhews the littleneſs of a dwarf, more than ſtrutting.

One wou'd be apt to ſuſpect this to be the caſe in the following verſes:

(a) There figs Sky-dy'd, a purple hue diſcloſe—
There *dangling pears* exalted ſcents unfold,
And *yellow apples ripen into gold.*

And in theſe other:

(b) Lur'd with the *vapour* of the fragrant feaſt
In ruſh'd the ſuitors with *voracious haſte*

Sometimes one ſingle word will leſſen

(a) B. 11, 727. λ', 588. (b) B. 1, 190. α', 144. Ες δ' ἦλθον μνηστῆρες ἀγήνορες.——

the ſentiment, and break in upon the dignity of verſe. Thus where the *Greek* call's *Memnon*, *The glorious Son of Aurora*, we find it in the Tranſlation only (*a*) *Swarthy Memnon*. This, by ſinking below the Original: it may be as faulty, to ſtick too cloſe to it. (*b*) *Hogherd and Cowkeeper*, (ſays Mr. *Pope* in one of his Notes) *are not to be uſed in our Poetry, tho' there are no finer words, than thoſe which anſwer them, in the* Greek *language*: for the ſame reaſon I ſhou'd think that the uſe of the word (*c*) *Sty*, which occurs ſo often in the Tenth Book, might be varied; and in the Sixth,

(*d*) The *Spindle*, glowing with the purple orb.

In general, what do you think (*e*) of *Scudding before the gales to Pylos?* of a (*f*) *ſore Soul?* and of (*g*) *Sacrificing throngs?* are not theſe Expreſſions to, low for verſe? and is it not too low and ruſtick even for proſe, to talk of *the* (*h*) ſwelling loins *of a Goddeſs*, or of *a Nymph's* (*i*) pacing *along the Sand?*

(*a*) B 4, 256. Ηοῦς φαείνης ἄγλαος υἱός. δ', 188.
(*b*) B 14, Note 1. (*c*) B. 10, 277. 338. 459. &c.
(*d*) B. 6, 370. ζ', 306. (*e*) B. 3, 221. γ', 180.
(*f*) B. 3, 252. (*g*) B. 3, 17. γ', 12. (*h*) B. 5, 296.
(*i*) Ibid, 192.

Your

Your Inſtances, reply'd *Antiphaus*, ſufficiently ſhew, that (beſide the inconvenience of Rhime) Mr. *Pope* does ſometimes, without that wrong Biaſs, deviate into a meanneſs of Expreſſion: They are directly contrary to his uſual Spirit. There is a caſe (ſays *Philypſus*) juſt come into my Head, which ought not to be forgot; we may ſee by it, on the other hand, how much this Gentleman can improve upon expreſſions in the Original, beyond the other tranſlators of *Homer*. That venerable old Poet uſes a phraſe which, tho' I do not believe it to have been mean in his times, does moſt certainly ſound ſo in the preſent: In ſpeaking of a Perſon entirely loſt in melancholly, he ſays that he was continually (a) *eating up his own Mind*: So great a Man, as *Cicero*, has endeavour'd to give this in (b) *Latin*; but with that uſual unhappineſs, which attended him in all his Poetry. In another part of *Homer*, we have the ſame manner of Expreſſion; and it is as meanly tranſlated by ſeveral Hands. The Paſſage is a part of *Jupiter*'s Speech to *Juno*; in which, to ſet out the violence of her hatred to *Priam*

(a) Ὃν θυμὸν κατέδων. *Il.* ζ', 202.
(b) Ipſe ſuum cor edens. *Tuſc. Queſt.* lib. 3.

and his family, the God ſays, that *ſhe wou'd* (a) *eat them, or ſwallow them up quick. Actius Labeo*, a wretched tho' a Court writer, tranſlated ſeveral Books of the *Iliad* into *Latin*; and if we may gueſs at the reſt, by the only Verſe left us of that Work (which, as it happens, anſwers this very Line) we have no great Reaſon to lament the loſs of it: This an old Scholiaſt has preſerv'd, for a taſte of the Performance:

Crudum manducet Priamum, Priamique *piſſum.*

Labeo, as Mr. *Pope* obſerves in his Note upon the (b) place, is equal'd by *Ogilby*;

Both King and People thou wouldſt eat alive:

As is *Ogilby* by *Hobbs*;

And eat up *Priam* and his people all.

Such a general meanneſs in giving us this Expreſſion of the *Greek* Poet, muſt make us look upon Mr. *Pope* with the greater regard, if he can keep it from ſinking in *Engliſh*: This he has not only done, but gives it to us in an handſome poetical turn:

Let *Priam* bleed! if yet thou thirſt for more,
(b) Bleed all his ſons, and *Ilion* float with gore!

(a) Ωμὸν βεβρώθοις Πρίαμον Πριάμοιό τε παῖδας
Il. Λ', 35. (b) *Il.* B. 4, 56.

This

This expreſſes the full ſentiment; and that, with an air of greatneſs, and majeſty in it: 'Tis now Language not unfit to be put into the mouth of *Jupiter*.

Antiphaus was extremely pleas'd to ſee ſo great a change in *Philypſus*; and that (ſuddain as it was) it had not affected him in the uſual manner. As Men generally run from one extreme to the other, he was afraid, that the making him ſenſible of the Faults of the Tranſlator, might give him ſome diſtaſte to his beauties: but as he found he was fall'n into the Indifferent juſt manner of Reading, he thought he might now ſafely go on with him farther in the ſame way. "The defect (ſays he) which you have prov'd in ſome particulars on Mr. *Pope*, is ſufficiently recompenc'd by his Flame and Spirit, and the general beauty of his diction: 'Tis from this Quarter that I am ſtill the moſt apprehenſive of Faults, in that Gentleman's compoſitions. Surely, ſays *Philypſus*, you have nothing more to produce on that head? Yes (reply'd *Antiphaus*) I have a word or two to add, to what we obſerv'd upon it, the other Night. There are a ſort of Verſes, very frequent in our modern writers, which run very ſmoothly off the Tongue; the ſtream is eaſy, but there is neither depth nor clearneſs

clearneſs in it: The truth of it is, they are undiſturb'd with Meaning; And their calmneſs is *as the calmneſs of the Night, which is* dark *withal.* If I might have leave, I ſhould call ſuch verſes as theſe, *Un-ideal Verſes*; and I fear there are ſome few of them to be met with in the *Odyſſey.*

Pray obſerve what an unthinking harmony there is in this couplet, which comes firſt into my Head;

(a) Soft he reclines along the murm'ring Seas,
Inhaling freſhneſs from the fanning breeze.

And what a Panegyrick in this?

——— Every Eye
(b) Gaz'd as before ſome brother of the ſky.

I will read you but a few more:

(c) The Royal Palace to the Queen convey.

And

(d) ——Plan with all thy arts the ſcene of fate
(e) Of deathful arts expert, his Lord employs
The miniſters of blood in dark ſurpriſe.

But among all of them, upon comparing the Original and the Tranſlation, this ſeems to be the *non-pareil:*

(a) B. 6, 284. ζ', 236. (b) B. 8, 18. Εθηήσαν]ο ἰδόν]ες. θ', 17. (c) B. 2, 378. β, 336. (d) B. 13, 442. ν', 386. (e) B. 4, 708.

Then

(a) Then warp my voyage on the Southern gales
O'er the warm *Lybian* wave to ſpread my ſails.

Mr. *Pope* has had a Critique on ſome Lines of his *Iliad*, which is chiefly taken up in diſcovering, or making *Falſe Engliſh* of them: If this can neither darken the Line, nor affect the Senſe conſiderably, it ſeems to me not to be of any concern in Compariſon of the former *fineſſes*. The antient Criticks were much kinder on this head: and 'tis hence that we owe many of our Figures in *Rhetorick*, to Peccadillo's againſt *Grammar*. I am the moſt unfit in the World to determine in this Caſe, becauſe I have alway found my ſelf as much averſe to the *Grammatical* ſort of Criticiſm, as I am fond of the *Poetical*: but I am apt to think, that there are not many faults of this kind juſtly chargeable on the *Odyſſey*. Of the few which I have by chance obſerv'd, the chief are to be met with in the cloſe of his verſes; Thus it occurrs, if I remember right, twice or thrice in that ſhort paſſage, which I repeated to you the other Evening, on the Transformation of *Ulyſſes*. This Rhime *Philypſus*, is a terrible Thing: it has ſpoil'd more Lines——Good *Antiphaus*

(a) B. 4, 104. Δ', 85. Καὶ Λιβύην.

(cry'd

(cry'd *Philypſus* haſtily) be not ſo inveterate againſt Rhime: does not it ſoften and beautify verſe? and turn poetry into a ſort of muſick, to a good Ear?——I am not Univerſally an Enemy to Rhime, you know; (return'd *Antiphaus*) It does very well in *Odes* and *Sonnets* to *Armida*: But for any thing very ſolid or pathetick, ſurely 'tis an Ornament too comtemptible, as well as too much abus'd. The firſt Piece of *Latin* Rhime I know of, that famous *Stanza* of *Adrian*, does well enough; 'twas ſpoke out of pure Gaiety and good Humour: but to introduce it gravely into poetry, as it was the effect of a miſerable deprav'd taſte, ſo will the productions of thoſe Ages ſhew how happily it ſucceeded. The *Runick* Lays (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) I do not pretend to admire: but ſurely you will allow it to have ſucceeded better in our Language, than it did in the hands of that monkiſh Clan of Poets. 'Tis true (ſays *Antiphaus* ſmiling) we have not improv'd it yet into *middle Rhimes*, and ſome other of their excellencies. Perhaps it wou'd have been happy too for our Poetry, if we had confin'd this *Muſick*, as you call it, to its proper ſubjects. How wretchedly does it ſound in ſome of our Tragedies? in ſuch, all the Actors to me ſeem rather to

to be *playing at Crambo* with one another, than endeavouring in the leaſt to affect the Audience. With all the violence that Mr. *Dryden* wrote in this cauſe, you ſee he was forc'd to recant at laſt; The only true reaſon of his perſiſting in it at all is, I believe, very obvious, tho' the laſt he wou'd have given us: It was then the Humour of the Age; *Dryden*, every one knows, wrote for Money; and his buſineſs was to pleaſe his Cuſtomers.

And now I have mentioned Mr. *Dryden*, it may be worth the enquiry, to conſider a little more particularly, what that writer has ſaid on this ſubject; as he muſt be allow'd, on all hands, to have been one of the niceſt Judges of Harmony, one of the greateſt Maſters of Verſification, and one of the beſt Poetical Criticks in general, that our Nation has ever produced.

In reading what he has given us, in different places, on this head, 'tis eaſy to ſee, that he very much obſerves a difference between *Rhime*, in the *genuine* ſenſe of the word, by which he always intends the true Harmony of Verſe; and *Rhime*, in the *loweſt* ſenſe; or that gingle, and playing with ſounds, in which the Moderns have exceeded all the other Ages of the World; and which indeed,

ſince

ſince the laſt revival of Letters, has had fair for the *Univerſal Monarchy* in Poetry.

Tho' *Dryden* underſtood Rhime in the firſt ſenſe, as well as moſt Writers, and yet generally ſtoop'd to the uſe of it in the other: Nevertheleſs I am inclined to believe, that he always ſaw thorough the Defects and Inconveniencies, not to ſay the Barbarity and Childiſhneſs, of it. Indeed one might be juſtified in ſaying even this; for *Dryden* himſelf follows *Voſſius* in calling it expreſly, (*u*) *A Childiſh ſort of verſe*; and ſays that ſome *Rhiming Hexameters*, which may be diſcover'd in *Homer*, were probably the remains of a *Barbarous Age*: "*Virgil* (adds "that writer) had them in ſuch abhor-"rence, that he would rather make a "falſe *Syntax*, that what we call a Rhime. "—The nicer Ears in *Auguſtus* his Court "cou'd not pardon him for a Line, in "which he had only dropt ſomething "like it: ſo that the principal Orna-"ment of Modern Poetry, was account-"ed *deformity*, by the *Latins*, and *Greeks*.

After obſerving that the *Greek* tongue falls naturally into *Iambicks*, and the *Latin* into *Heroick* verſe, he calls all our little arts of Rhiming, *Barbarities*: And

(*u*) Preface to *Virgil*'s Paſtorals, p. 95.

adds

adds, that "As *Age* brings Men back "into the ſtate and infirmities of *Child-* "*hood*; upon the *fall* of their Empire, "the *Romans doted* into *Rhime*.

What you have now read to me (interpos'd *Philypſus*) ſhews ſufficiently, that Mr. *Dryden* cou'd give up an old Friend, and abuſe him heartily behind his back; That writer cou'd ſpeak the ſevereſt things of Rhime, when he was got into a vein of Proſe-writing: But the preſent ill treatment he gives to it, may perhaps be on ſome particular Occaſion; and in ſome Caſes, I cannot deny that Rhime may be a very improper Ornament.

No (return'd *Antiphaus*) he is here ſpeaking of Rhime in general, and on a general occaſion: If you wou'd know his ſentiments of Rhime, more particularly in relation to the preſent purpoſe, and its uſe in tranſlating an *Heroick Poem*; as it happens, there is a remarkable paſſage, wrote by him on this very occaſion: it was in his more advanc'd Judgment; and particularly, as he himſelf informs us, when he was in his great Climaterick. He is ſpeaking of *Hannibal Caro*'s Tranſlation of the *Æneid*: "The performance, (*a*) ſays he, is very

(*a*) Dedication to his *Æneid*. p. 417.

"mean, tho' that Poet took the *advantage*
"of writing in Blank-verſe, and freed
"himſelf from the ſhackles of Modern
"Rhime. I will not make a digreſſion
"here (proceeds that Writer) tho' I am
"ſtrangely tempted to it; but will only
"ſay, that he who can write *well* in
"Rhime, may write *better* in Blank-verſe.
"Rhime is certainly a conſtraint even
"to the *beſt* Poets, and thoſe who make
"it with *moſt eaſe*:——What it adds to
"*ſweetneſs*, it takes away from *ſenſe*; and
"he who loſes the *leaſt* by it, may be
"call'd a *Gainer*. It often makes us
"*ſwerve* from an Author's meaning: as
"if a mark be ſet up for an Archer at
"a great diſtance, let him aim as exactly
"as he can, the leaſt Wind will take his
"Arrow, and divert it from the White.

Thus far Mr. *Dryden*. And his opinion weighs the more with me in this caſe; becauſe, if any thing, we might expect that he ſhou'd be prejudiced in favour of Rhime, but the reaſon of the thing, You ſee, prevailed over all other conſiderations: He goes ſo far as to condemn his own manner of Writing, rather than ſuffer ſuch a corruption to paſs without a ſevere Cenſure; and to that end, very generouſly gives up his Practice, to his Judgment.

Indeed

Indeed I know of but one argument (and that the meereſt *Circle* in the World) to ſupport the preſent practiſe of writing in rhime; we muſt *uſe* it, becauſe 'tis all the *faſhion*. We who were never ſo far infected, can laugh heartily at ſome of the *French*, for rhiming thoroughout their Comedies; yet Rhime in Tragedy was very becoming among us, in an Age, not the leaſt knowing and polite. Diſuſe has made us ſee the flatneſs and inconvenience of that Ornament; and nothing reads more inſipid, than the beſt Pieces left us in that way. Tell me *Philypſus*; why do we ſo much diſlike thoſe Beauties of their kind in our Age?

I believe, ſays *Philypſus*, 'tis as you obſerve. Now the taſte is alter'd, and the faſhion worn off; we can look back, and perceive with eaſe the prejudice of that beauty; where the End is to ſtir up the Soul, by true repreſentations of Nature: To *raiſe (a) Terror or Compaſſion, is the buſineſs of the tragick Poet*; and to endeavour to raiſe either with Rhime

(a) La Tragedie roulât ſur deux paſſions: Scavoir la terreur que doivent donner les ſuites funeſtes du vice; & la compaſſion, qu' inſpire la vertu perſecutée & patiente. Archiev. de *Cambray*. Sur l'Eloquence. Dial. 1.

and all its Harmony, ſeems to me more proper for an *Italian* Opera, than an *Engliſh* Tragedy.

Very true, ſays *Antiphaus*; and do you not judge it as abſurd, where any other Paſſions are to be mov'd, as well as Terror and Compaſſion? — Undoubtedly, reply'd *Philypſus*. — And is it not the buſineſs of the Epick, to awake the Soul? to raiſe in it an eſteem for Virtue, and an hatred to Vice? in a Word, to move the Paſſions, particularly thoſe very Paſſions you have mention'd? Why then is Rhime, which you diſallow in Tragedy, to be thought uſeful and commendable in the Epick? — As for moving the Paſſions (ſays *Philypſus*) Rhime, I allow you, is of no uſe in either; but it is a fine Ornament, which may be more proper in the one, than in the other: In Dramatick Pieces the Perſons ſhould be ſuppos'd to ſpeak extempore; but there can be no ſuch thing conceiv'd in an Epick Poem---I beg your Pardon (ſays *Antiphaus*) Tho' not ſo ſtrongly, yet this is often ſuppos'd in an Epick, as well as in Tragedy: Do you think that *Homer* is telling you a ſtory, or *Ulyſſes*, when we are got into *Phæacia*? In the 2*d* *Æneid*, have you not ſeveral intermediate Ideas, which agree not with

a Reader, but a Spectator?--Yes, Sir; in all active Poems, as well as Tragedy, The Author is to diſappear, as much as poſſible: the greateſt Art of them is to deceive us into an imagination, that we hear the very Perſons ſpeaking, and ſee them acting before us. *In ipſis Omnia ſunt oculis.* Every Poem the nearer it comes to this, the more perfect it is. Conſider too, how much of any good Epick piece is purely Dramatick: 'tis ſcarce to be imagin'd, for Inſtance, how ſmall a number of Lines in the *Æneid* are properly *Virgil*'s: they almoſt all belong to the Perſons engag'd in the Poem; and where the Lines are ſpoke, we ſee the attitudes and behaviour of the particular Perſons, and receive the words from their Mouth.

Much of what you urge is true; (anſwer'd *Philypſus:*) but yet you muſt allow, that Rhime ſounds unnatural in Tragedy, and agreeable in pieces of the other kind. That is, as we were juſt ſaying, (reply'd *Antiphaus*) becauſe in theſe 'tis at preſent all the Mode: let the faſhion alter, and this beauty will look as falſe in one, as it has already in the other. This *Italian* Taſte of your *Taſſo*'s and *Arioſto*'s led away the firſt Poet of our Nation, who attempted any

thing toward an Epick; and probably we ſhou'd to this Day have thought it the only proper for our Language, had it not happily been diſdain'd by the great Genius of *Milton*, who choſe rather to follow the true old *Roman* manner. It was *Milton* who flung off our Fetters; and we may venture to ſay in the prophetical manner of a very good Poet now living, *that* (a) *He* ſhall *for ever be honour'd as our deliverer from that bondage.* What a pity it is, he did not ſuffer us ſtill to continue in it, ſince we are ſo fond of our Chains? How happy wou'd it have been, to have given up the Nervouſneſs and Majeſty of his Poem, for *Pryor's* Eaſe, or the Sweetneſs of *Waller?* I know not what they world may ſay to it; but, for my part, when I read in the Biſhop of *Sarum's* Hiſtory, *That* Paradiſe Loſt *is a noble Piece* (b) *tho' the Author affected to write it in blank verſe:* it always puts me in mind of the Gentleman, in the monkiſh Ages of Poetry, who ſaid of *Virgil's* Æneid, that *it was really a very good Poem; and wanted nothing, but the* (c) *Sweets of Rhime, to make*

(a) Mr. *Watts's* Horæ Lyr. Pref. p. 31. (b) Biſhop *Burnet's* Hiſtory of his own Times. p. 163.
(b) See the *Spectator*. V. 1. Numb. 60.

it, the moſt perfect Work in its kind.

Well, (ſays *Philypſus*) I own, there is the greater majeſty in Blank verſe; but you will own too, that the other is the more beautiful. Yes, (reply'd *Antiphaus*) but for that very reaſon is Blank-verſe undoubtedly the more proper for the *Epick*; as that is the moſt majeſtick kind of Poetry imaginable. And even as to the Sound, Thoſe muſical returns (if allow'd to be true Beauties) are more than ballanc'd by the *Dead Manner*, introduc'd with them into Poetry; What I mean, is that *perpetual likeneſs* in the cadence, and turn of the Periods: How frequently do they fall in ſeveral repeated Couplets, without any variety, or relief to the Ear? You will ſometimes meet with a Rhime-Poem, all the Lines of which run off entirely with the ſame pauſes; the ſtream always equal, and ſo level that you can ſcarce perceive it to move: What do you think of each Couplet, chiming on in the ſame ſtops and meaſure, with the moſt tedious uniformity of ſound imaginable?---That is the fault of the Poet, not of the uſe of Rhime, ſays *Philypſus*: I could name you a Poem of this kind, which has almoſt as great a variety in the Periods, as any Piece in Blank-verſe. Poſſibly you mean

a

a piece with Mr. *Oldiſworth*'s Name to it, (ſays *Antiphaus*) which I have heard you commend particularly on that ſcore. 'Tis true our Poets of late have endeavour'd to diverſify the ſound, as much as poſſible: We ſee great improvements of this kind, in the excellent Tranſlator of *Vida*'s *Poeticks*; and ſeveral in the moſt nervous and vigorous of all our Tranſlators, both in his *Manilius* and *Lucretius*: Mr. *Pope* ſeems to have thought of this much more frequently in his *Odyſſey*, than in the former Tranſlation of the *Iliad*; and gives us an admirable (*a*) Obſervation upon it, toward the concluſion of his laſt work. But after all, let our Poets manage the cadence and ſtructure in Rhime-verſe never ſo artfully, it will fall vaſtly ſhort of Blank in theſe particulars; Indeed Rhime is a natural Enemy to them: it breaks and diſturbs both the ſtructure, and the cadence. The very ſound of any periods the beſt contriv'd will convince one of this: when a perſon of a good Ear is reading them, you may obſerve, that he endeavours to drop the Rhime, and loſe the gingle of it, as much as poſſible: and

(*a*) Od. B. 14; Obſerv. 2.

when

when the ſound of it is not ſufficiently kept under; you will find, that it ſpoils the continuance, and occaſions too great a break in the period.

You may ſee by what I have been ſaying, that this charge is not deſign'd againſt *ſingle Couplets*; The corruption in this reſpect evidently ceaſes, where there are no periods to be varied. To determine preciſely where it will grow prejudicial, wou'd be difficult, and is not very material: Tho' I know not but what it might be uneaſy to a very nice Ear, to have only four Lines together with regular Rhime: and poſſibly on this very account, the Stanza but of two Couplets has generally unequal Rhimes, (the Second Line anſwering the Fourth) and that of Three, varies in the laſt Couplet. However forc'd or delicate this obſervation may be thought, one thing I cou'd aſſert with ſome degree of Confidence: I dare ſay, any one of a good Ear, who reads only ten Lines of the beſt Rhime-Verſification, and an equal number of *Milton*'s true harmonious Verſes, upon this view; will find a nobler ſound, and that variety (which is neceſſary to the beauty of periods, and to the pleaſure of a Reader) much ſtronger and much fuller in the latter.

What

What has been ſaid of *Couplets*, may in a great Meaſure be ſaid of *Odes*, which conſiſt of proper *Stanzas*: As theſe come next to Couplets for ſhortneſs; they have ſcarce room, ſingly, for the tedious Uniformity, we have been complaining of: and unleſs the *Ode* be long, they do not produce it by their *Number*. There may be a variety too of ſingular uſe in this ſort of Poetry, where a perſon can run theſe *Stanzas* artfully into one another; if the interweaving of them be not ſo frequent and equal, as to bring in that very Satiety we wou'd avoid. Thus qualified Rhime is, at leaſt, very tolerable in *Odes*: And even in *Pindaricks*, the moſt extenſive and lofty of any, the prejudice of it is not ſo preſſing; There is ſo great a Liberty (I mean, in our modern *Pindaricks*) of varying the Numbers, and of fixing or deferring the Rhime at pleaſure. But above all, in ſingle Couplets, Rhime is moſt allowable; and in them indeed, I ſhould think, it deſerves the preference to Blank-verſe: it may pleaſe the Ear more, and cannot do that miſchief, for which it is chiefly to be avoided in all large Pieces, and all compoſitions of a nobler ſort. In this reſpect, it is with Poetry, as it is in Building: A Pile compos'd of Stones, cut juſt alike,

all

all equal and uniform; and diſposed alike, without any thing either great or beautiful in the whole; will yield to one of a good deſign, form'd of materials various and unequal, and perhaps ruder, or leſs exactly poliſh'd: At the ſame time, the particulars of which it is made taken ſingly, will evidently exceed the others. Thus we find, in a walk of Trees, that the two Oppoſites, when cut to anſwer each other, look better, than if they were in diſagreeing Figures; but a Wood, or a Garden full of Trees, all in one Figure, wou'd be rather diſpleaſing to the Eye than otherwiſe: In the two ſimilar Figures, we ſhould have a pleaſing *Uniformity*; but in this large repeated view of the ſame thing, we ſhou'd loſe that *Variety*, which a late very ingenious Writer has ſhewn to be inſeparable from the Idea of Beauty; and which the mind ſeems to require the more, as the number of Objects is encreas'd.

It is a known Rule in verſification, that the Second Rhime ought not to reſemble the ſound of thoſe in a preceding Couplet. When it is carried to the fartheſt, it will not bear beyond the Third Line; and even that is run generally into an *Alexandrine*, that in ſome degree the

the turn of the Period and the Numbers may be varied. Now why ſhou'd it not be as diſagreeable to have a perpetual uniformity of Periods, as a continued likeneſs of Rhime? The latter no Man in the World will allow to be proper: nay, it cou'd not be born with, only for three Couplets together.

But ſuppoſing Rhime a real beauty in Poems of an higher kind, which I am perſwaded it is not; (to ſpeak nothing of its uniform returns, and the havock which it makes in the Periods; nor even of the *diverſion* it gives the thoughts of the *Reader*, and its general diſſervice to pieces that ſhou'd be ſolid and pathetick: to omit all this) the ſingle reaſon which introduc'd this queſtion is, as I take it, ſufficient to determine it. If Rhime is exceedingly apt to miſlead a *Writer*, often to cramp, and ſometimes to ſpoil his ſentiments; its benefits, as being only benefits of Sound, will be far from ballancing thoſe inconveniences of ſo much ſuperiour a nature. This at leaſt is the Caſe with Rhime: it gives either an impertinent pleaſure, or an unneceſſary trouble to a writer; and at the ſame time, that it diſtracts his attention, it encreaſes his difficulties: in a word, 'tis a falſe bent put upon the thoughts

of

of the Poet; and, in the beſt, proves frequently a counter-biaſs too ſtrong for their good Senſe.

I own, it is with a ſtrange readineſs, that people fall generally into this taſte; it has almoſt *univerſal conſent* on its ſide: and the few Aſſerters of the Liberty of Verſe meet with little Praiſe, or even Countenance, from the World. How many Perſons would fly into unreaſonable Heats upon hearing half that I have ſaid to you? I ſhould beg the favour of any ſuch Perſon, who wou'd pleaſe to be diſobliged in it, to ask himſelf what argument there is for this practiſe, which has ſo generally obtain'd in the modern World: If he can find none, 'tis eaſy to bring the matter more home, and to ask farther, whether he thinks Rhime wou'd be proper in the *Odyſſey* or *Æneid*; and then, what ſingle reaſon can be aſſigned, why it ſhould be improper in a *Latin* or *Greek*, and not ſo in an *Engliſh Epick*. —Yes, *Philypſus*, I am perſwaded it is nothing but uſe, which makes it ſupportable at preſent; and whenever the world recovers it ſelf from this *agreeable Stupor*, it will then appear as ridiculous to the Reader, as it has been inconvenient to the Poet. This I really imagine, that in future, and perhaps far diſtant Ages, the

Criticks, when they look back on any the beſt Poem of this ſort, (which may be deliver'd down to them from their Anceſtors) will be at a loſs to give any account of their Manner of Writing. When they read Mr. *Pope's Iliad* or *Odyſſey*, they will often applaud the greatneſs of his thoughts; and often admire the happineſs of his diction, as far as the preſent Language ſhall be preſerv'd to them. They will honour his remains, and when they look toward his Aſhes with veneration, "There (will they ſay) "lies the Great Man, who in ancient "Days, is ſaid to have ſhewn the nobleſt "Genius to Poetry in the World: what "beauties do we diſcover in him, thro' "all this ruſt of time, and ſo much ob-"ſolete language? He is every way to "be commended as far as any of our an-"cient Poets are; Only he fell into the "common fault of thoſe Ages; and al-"ways ſhews that trifling labour of "making the laſt ſyllable of every alter-"nate line, ſound like the cloſe of the "foregoing: Bating this inſignificant "taſte of thoſe times, how much is he to "be praiſed, and how much to be ad-"mired?

It

It wou'd have been much better, and much more for their honour, for Mr. *Dryden* in his time, or Mr. *Pope* in ours, to have broke thorough this tedious Slavery; and to have freed the World from a taſte ſo irrational, and barbarous.---I own it to you; I have ſomething of an Impatience in me to ſee this great Reformation in Poetry ſet on foot: I wiſh it cou'd be brought about in our Time: and if not, almoſt envy thoſe, who in future Ages ſhall be ſo happy, as to ſee Men awake from this Lethargy of Verſe: when all the Poets ſhall conſpire to reſtore ſtrength to their Sentiments, and nerves and variety to their Numbers: when the Writers ſhall throw aſide all thoſe idle Arts and Tricks, which we now play with Sounds; and *true Harmony* ſhall flouriſh, without incroaching upon *true Senſe*.

(a) O might I live to hail the glorious day,
And ſing loud *Pæans* thro' the crowded way,
When in triumphant ſtate the *Britiſh* Muſe,
True to herſelf, ſhall *barbarous* aid refuſe;
And in the *Roman* Majeſty appear,
Which none know better, and none come ſo near!

(a) Concluſion of the *Earl* of *Roſcommon*'s Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.

Philypſus began to be moved by what his friend had urg'd on this head: I confeſs (ſays he) You are a powerful adverſary to Rhime; but you muſt allow one ſome time to get a thorough diſlike of a thing, which has once been ſo agreeable. There are ſome allowances too to be made in the preſent caſe; I believe, no man is leſs embaraſs'd by the uſe of Rhime, than Mr. *Pope*; and his command in Writing will take off much of your objection at preſent: tho' I own your reaſoning againſt this Faſhion in general, to be very ſtrong and forcible. However, this Writer has a peculiar happineſs in it, and his Language flows with the greateſt eaſe in the World: I believe you can ſcarce inſtance a verſe, in the whole Work, which does not run off ſmooth and handſomely. 'Tis true (ſays *Antiphaus*) there are very few in it that are harſh, or any way faulty, either in Sound, or Compoſition; two or three which I remember of that kind are ſcarce worth repeating—Yes (interrupted *Philypſus*) if you have obſerv'd any ſuch, let us have them. What do you think of this? ſays *Antiphaus:*

(a) And to the deaf Woods wailing breaths her [woes.

(a) B. 6, 138.

Or

Or of theſe;

(a) Rich Tapeſtry, ſtiff with inwoven gold.

(b) By what ſtrange fraud *Egyſthus* wrought, relate,
(By force he cou'd not) ſuch an hero's fate.

No bird of air, no dove of ſwifteſt wing
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain ſhe cuts the skies,
(c) The dire rocks meet, and cruſh her as ſhe flies;

(d) I climb'd a cliff——
To learn if ought of *mortal* works appear,
Or chearful voice of *mortal* ſtrike the ear.

(e) *Deem* not unjuſtly by my *doom* oppreſt, &c.

Theſe Lines are ſomewhat faulty in the ſound, or poſture of the words: but I only mention them; it wou'd be frivolous to make particular remarks on them: You may ſee, *Philypſus*, that my ſtock is quite out when I ſink ſo low: my task this Evening was difficult enough to me; and indeed 'tis not eaſy for any one to find many faults in a Piece, which comes from ſuch excellent hands. Have you nothing farther to obſerve on it? (ſays *Philypſus*) I think I have heard you ſpeak formerly of ſome Contradictions——That particular I had forgot, ſays *Antiphaus*; there are indeed ſome *ſeeming Contrarieties* in this work; theſe are of two ſorts; one, in which the

(a) B. 4, 406. (b) B. 3, 311. (c) B. 12, 78. (d) B. 10, 172. (e) B. 1, 86.

Translator is *contrary* to his Original: and the other, when the Translation seems to have some little Circumstances in it contradictory to one another.

Since you mention the thing, I believe I can recollect a passage or two, in which the sense is press'd so far, or so much altered from what it was, that they seem directly opposite to the Original. When the *Grecian* Commanders were drawn into *Troy*, in the famous Wooden Horse; the Enemy upon suspicion of the design, us'd an artifice to make them *cry out* by surprize, if there were really any persons conceal'd in it. *Homer* tells us, that all of them *sat very silent*; only *Anticlus*, one of the Officers, was just *ready* to answer; when *Ulysses*, who sat by him, *stopt his mouth by force*, prevented his making any noise, and so preserv'd all their Lives. Instead of which the Translation says, that this *Anticlus*,

(a) ——— Unable to command,
Spoke loud the languish of his yearning soul.

In another place, where in *Homer* we hear of an Hero, falling in the defence of

(a) B. 4. 282. &c. 287.

his

his Country, *under the Walls of his native City*; Mr. *Pope*, in drawing out the Circumstances of it, speaks as if it was (*a*) *on a foreign shore*. In the Second Book, we meet with three or four particulars of this kind.——There *Telemachus* desires the suitors (as it is in *Homer*) to leave him, and be quiet; as in Mr. *Pope*, to (*b*) *rise in his aid*.——There the same Prince is said to *draw his hand* gently *out of that of Antinous*; instead of which the Translation, I think, tells us that he *frown'd*; caught away his hand (*c*) *sternly*; and *strode away* in a passion. 'Tis the same Case with *Mentor* in the Council: he rose to make a speech to them, with (as the *Greek* signifies) a *wise* or *friendly* air; but in the *English*,

(*d*) *Stern* as he rose he cast his Eyes around
That *flash'd with rage*; and as he spoke, he *frown'd*.

These look like contrarieties between *Homer*, and his Translator; there seem to be a few others, between passages in the Translation it self.

(*a*) B. 8, 580. β', 524.——ἐῆς πρόσθεν πόλιος——
(*b*) B 2, 77. β', 70.
Σχέσθε φίλοι, καὶ μ' οἷον ἐάσατε πέτθεϊ λυγρῷ
Τείρεσθαι.——— (*c*) B. 2, 362. β', 321.
——ἐκ χειρὸς χειρὰ πρόσεν Ἀντινόοιο
Ῥεῖα,——— (*d*) B. 2, 259. β', 228. There

There is a part of *Mercury*'s ſpeech in the *Fifth Odyſſey*, and another point in the deſcription of *Lachæa*, an uninhabited Iſland, which (I remember) I mention'd to you formerly, as Examples of this Inconſiſtency. Such indeed they appear'd to me, even after a ſecond and third Reading: but upon conſulting the Original, I at laſt found them to be capable of a conſiſtent Meaning. However it is to be wiſh'd, that the Tranſlator had ſet them in a clearer light: for in one, the reader will be apt to imagine, that the Poet ſpeaks of (*a*) *Inhabitants in a deſart Country*; and in the other, that *Mercury* is ſaid to have been (*b*) *vaſtly delighted* with the ſight of *Calypſo*'s Iſland, and *not to have been delighted at all* with the ſight of it.

In another place (I take it to be in the very firſt Book of the *Odyſſey*) *Telemachus* ſays, that his Father is (*c*) *Dead*, and that he is *wandering* from Country to Country, at the ſame article of time: Thus too we hear the Sea, call'd *the* (*d*) *foaming Flood*, in one Line; and in the very next, 'tis the *Level ſurface of the deep*.

(*a*) Book 9. Compare Verſe 143, with 147.
(*b*) Book 5. Compare Verſe 98, with 124.
(*c*) B. 1, 299, and 309. (*d*) B. 5. 65.

As

As for *meer Miſtakes* (where a Verſe carries ſomething of *Blunder* in the ſound of it) I have taken but little notice of them; and ſhall only mention two or three, juſt to ſhew, that the *greateſt Writers* are capable of falling into ſuch Errors, as will be diſcernible to the *meaneſt Readers*.

(a) *I anſwer'd*, Goddeſs! human *is thy breaſt*——

——is a Line of this kind: and the Expreſſions in it will appear to every one that looks upon it, to be improperly put together, on the ſame account, as thoſe in the follo wing Couplet:

(b) Some other motive, *Goddeſs*! ſways thy mind,
Some cloſe deſign, or turn of *Woman-kind*.

There is a Verſe juſt come into my head, in which Mr. *Pope* may be thought to talk of (c) *ſeeing a Sound*; and in another we are told of *a place ſo* (d) *deep, that you cou'd not ſhoot to the bottom of it*.

I know not whether a ſevere Critick would not think that there is a jar between the Expreſſions, where *Ulyſſes* is ſaid, to be

——— Doom'd to mourn,

(a) B. 10, 451. (b) B. 5, 224. (c) B. 6, 40. See, from their thrones thy kindred Monarchs *ſigh*.
(d) Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
Sent with full force cou'd reach the depth below.
B. 12, 102.

(a) Bitter

(a) Bitter *Conſtraint, erroneous* and forlorn.

And where *Halitherſes* ſpeaks of

(b) *Deeds then undone.*

but theſe, and ſuch like trifles, I ſhall leave to thoſe, who are fond of finding faults; and whom I can own without envy to have a greater Niceneſs, and Curioſity in Verbal Criticiſm, than ever I deſire to have.

Theſe, tho' leſs conſiderable blemiſhes in a *poetical* Character, are much more obvious to every Eye, than the greater defects of a Poem: and will be always obſerv'd upon, with more ſcorn and contempt, than any other: they border on *Ridicule*; and that is a thing, which will ever be agreeable to *little* Minds. That Verſe of Sir *Richard Blackmore's*, in which he deſcribes (c) the *Veſt* of a *naked Pict*; and that in one of Mr. *Dryden's* Tragedies, which ſpeaks of (d) *Silence invading the Ear*, has probably been repeated many times more, than the beſt Line he ever wrote. This is low enough

(a) B. 1, 300. (b) B. 2, 201.

(c) A painted Veſt Prince *Voltigern* had on
Which from a Naked Pict his Granſire won.

(d) What horrid ſilence does invade my Ear?

of

o' conſcience, tho' it has been a very faſhionable way of Criticiſing of late Years: it ſhews how ill-natur'd the World is; but people will have their Laugh: and 'tis vaſtly eaſier to *Ridicule*, than to *Admire*.

It is this ſort of Men, *Philypſus*, and a clan of others, equally malicious and more gloomy than the former, who have brought the name of *Critick* into ſuch contempt among us: While thoſe have imagined, that Sneering and Malice are the beſt titles to Wit; and theſe were of opinion, That *to find fault is to Criticiſe*. How different from this was the method of the Antient Criticks of *Greece* and *Rome*? Indeed Criticiſm, as firſt inſtituted by *Ariſtotle*, was deſign'd for a Standard of judging well; to give an inſight into the Excellencies of Authors, and to diſcern their Faults. There was a time, when it was a ſtudy highly rational; far from borrowing its force from Ridicule and Falſe Wit, it ſhou'd proceed upon known Rules and eſtabliſh'd Meaſures. I do not ſay but what the beſt Criticks may have approved of particular Lines, without being capable of aſſigning the Reaſons why they pleas'd them ſo greatly. You often ſee a Face which is very taking, without any regularity

larity of Features; ſuch an one as pleaſes every body, tho' no body can give the Reaſon of his being pleas'd with it. Eloquence has its *Je ne ſcai quoi's*, as well as Beauty. However moſt commonly we can ſpecify the particular *features*, which are ſo agreeable; or know that our pleaſure is founded on the Symmetry of the *whole*.

But it is not enough that Criticiſm is rational; it ſhou'd ever be Human and Good-natur'd. Where the Deſign is great, the Diſpoſition juſt, the Deſcriptions lively, and the Language generally good and poetical, that work is in general to be commended; tho' the Poet, in particular Points, may have fallen into many faults; nay into ſome, which look very groſs, when they are conſider'd ſingly. The greateſt Critick among the *Roman* Poets lays it down for a Rule, That *where there are* more *Beauties than Faults in a Poem, that Piece is to be pronounced good*: And one of the greateſt Criticks among the *Greek*, carries it farther; He ſhews at large, (a) *That* there is often a *negligence*, that is *becoming*; ——*That* a greatneſs of Soul will carry a

(a) *Longinus* περὶ ὕψους, κγ'. &c.

Man

Man above the observation of little Circumstances; ——— And *That* a Poet of a generous Spirit with faults, is greatly preferable to a low wary Writer without them.

Agreeable to this was the behaviour of these great Men in laying down rules, or making observations: their intention was to distinguish the beauties of Language or Sentiments, from the defects and vices of either. You find them to have been in Love with the Charms of Eloquence, and the true Spirit of Poetry, wherever they meet with them. They take not that snarling Satisfaction in finding faults, which many of their pretended Successors are so full of in their writings. Indeed they very freely pointed out the mistakes and vices of the greatest Writers: but their chief design in this was, that such of their remarks might serve as *Buoys* to shew where former adventures had miscarried, and to prevent others from running upon the same Shallows. This was the Spirit of the Antient Criticks. Their Fate was according to their Merit: they still remain among us, and are read with pleasure and applause: whilst *Zoilus*, the only *Modern Critick of the Antients*, has left nothing

behind him, except the odious memory of his Impotence and his Malice.

Our modern *Zoilus*'s (interpos'd *Philypſus*) are very eaſily known. They run down the performances of the beſt writers with heat and noiſe: every thing is a fault with them. They will go regularly thorough a Poem, with a conſtant frown upon them; and think themſelves obliged to find miſtakes or nonſenſe in every Line of it: they condemn by Tale, and cenſure by the Sheet. Nothing is more probable, than that from the *Poem*, they come to quarrel with the *Perſon* of the Author. Blemiſhes in his moral Character, and even natural Imperfections, have a ſhare in their obſervations: and in a word, they labour hard to convince you, that they are bad Chriſtians as well as bad Criticks. The beſt of it is, their attacks are as weak, as they are violent; they have but little of Courage, tho' they make ſo great a Noiſe with it: and are like a ſort of Currs that bark moſt, and run the ſooneſt. The Character that was given of the *French*, as *Warriors*, is true of theſe People, as *Writers*: They behave themſelves fiercer than Men, in the onſet; and in the ſhock, are feebler than Women.

I

I think you cannot be too ſevere upon them, reſum'd *Antiphaus*: they are a Contradiction to true Criticiſm; as they always ſhew the greateſt malice againſt every thing, that deſerves the moſt to be commended. Mr. *Pope* has had the fate to be attack'd by theſe Animals: and indeed I do not ſee how he could avoid it. He has too many excellencies to let them ſleep in quiet.

'Tis certain that the faults of a Writer (and never was any Writer without faults) ought to be obſerved; and the more excellent an Author is, the more neceſſary is ſuch a Work. But this is the Drudgery of Criticiſm: the Pleaſure and the Profit are on the other ſide.

We ought to ſhew faults, but we ought never to ſhew malice. And beſide the general good Nature which is owing to thoſe Great Men, who have eminently oblig'd the World by their Labours; there are particular allowances to be made in this laſt work of the greateſt Poet of our Age. Nothing in the World is more laborious, than Tranſlation; and eſpecially when the Piece is engag'd for, and muſt go on. 'Tis extremely difficult to keep up the Spirit of Poetry in another's Compoſitions, tho' you catch

all the (a) *aptest Moments*; and never employ the Mind, but when there is an *Impetus* comes upon it toward that particular business: and this Difficulty is greatly encreas'd, where a Man cannot well set down to it, only at such times as his Muse is in a good Humour; but may be obliged, in a manner, to Write by the Hour, and upon fixt returns. I know not how far this was the Case with Mr. *Pope*, in this performance: but wherever it was, the Poet will be little more than a common Man: He is, at such times, much the same as a Prophet without his *Afflatus*.

Beside this, I must repeat, what I have said so often: The constant returns of Rhime unavoidably unnerve a Poem: The Age is in Love with this Weakness; and Mr. *Pope*, in indulging their humour has taken much from the strength of his Genius: had he been less obliging to the taste of his Readers, his performance might have been more sinewy, and more compleat. This ought certainly to be taken into the account: and wherever the Translation falls short of the force and nervousness of *Homer*, we ought con-

(a) Mollia tempora fandi.

stantly

ſtantly to ask our ſelves this queſtion; Whether *Homer* himſelf cou'd have carried it farther, had he wrote (as Mr. *Pope* does) in *Engliſh*, and in *Rhime?*

'Tis true, all this may be ſaid of his Tranſlation of the *Iliad*; but if that Piece exceed this of the *Odyſſey*, it is very natural upon other Accounts that it ſhou'd do ſo. *Homer* exceeds himſelf in that Poem.—Great Actions ſtrike the Soul with rapidity; while all the things that relate to lower Life, are leſs vigorous and affecting:——The deſcription of Warriors and moral Precepts have a very different effect, on the writers themſelves; thoſe aſſiſt the Poetical flame, while theſe fling the Mind into a more ſedentary Poſture. 'Tis natural almoſt for People to ſleep at Sermons: But a Battle rouzes and animates the Spectators, as well as thoſe who are engaged in it. Thus there muſt be leſs ſpirit in the Writer, as well as leſs attentiveneſs in the Reader of the *Odyſſey:* and a Tranſlation of it, even from one and the ſame Hand, cou'd not fairly be expected to equal a Tranſlation of the *Iliad*. The Reader and the Poet have both of them the diſadvantage of a cooler and more unactive Subject: A *Poet* (as Age always is) vaſtly talkative; A *Fable* laid infinitely lower;

and a *Diction*, almoſt perpetual in moral Sentences and Reflections, give a pattern very different from *Homer*, in all his vigour, deſcribing the Paſſion of *Achilles*; and ſounding out the Wars of the *Greeks*, with an air the moſt martial and animated, that can be imagined.

Here *Antiphaus* roſe up from his ſeat, and as *Philypſus* perceiv'd that he had finiſh'd; "I was unwilling to interrupt you (ſays he) otherwiſe I ſhou'd have obſerv'd on a verſe or two, which you repeated, as rough, and of a bad turn. What were thoſe Lines of *the Rocks*, which you mention'd juſt now?—Of the Rocks? (ſays *Antiphaus*) let me ſee—Oh, I remember them;

No Bird of air, no Dove of ſwifteſt wing
Shuns the dire rocks: in vain ſhe cuts the ſkies,
The dire rocks meet and cruſh her as ſhe flies.

The ſame ſays *Philypſus*: theſe and that other verſe,

Rich Tapeſtry, ſtiff with inwoven gold,

ſound indeed rough; but to me their roughneſs, is their beauty: the turn of them ſeems deſign'd; and their manner to be expreſſive of their ſenſe. If that be the Caſe, I beg pardon, ſays *Antiphaus*: Were I the greateſt enemy in the World

to

to meer harmony, and the ſtated returns and gingle of ſyllables; I ſhou'd be one of the firſt among the admirers of *Sound*, whenever it is made ſerviceable to nature and true ſenſe. That is the Art (ſays *Philyppſus*) and the Maſtery, for which I particularly admire Mr. *Pope*: It is he who took up that great Rule of *the Sounds being a comment on the Senſe*, and enforc'd it beyond any of the Criticks who went before him. To this Writer we chiefly owe the revival of the nobler art of Numbers; and the method of ſignifying motions, and actions, and all that vaſt variety of our own paſſions by *Sounds*. In his incomparable *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, this Writer has given us the beſt Adviſes, and interwove the moſt beautiful Examples into them, in a manner that will always be admired. The firſt *Stanza*, in his *Ode* on St. *Cæcilia*'s Day, is the fulleſt Piece of this kind perhaps extant in any Language: 'tis it ſelf a perfect Conſort. In the Tranſlations of *Homer* we find him very frequent, and very juſt, in the ſame manner of Expreſſing things: I call it ſo; and cou'd almoſt be perſwaded to think it a better way of Expreſſing, than in the common way of *Words*. Theſe have a Senſe affixt to them by Cuſtom; while the other ſpeaks by the Ideas of things;

That

That is a flowing, variable help; this is the Voice of Nature, and a ſort of *Univerſal* Poetical *Language*.

Mr. *Pope* affords us infinite Examples of this Beauty in his Tranſlation of the *Odyſſey*; it wou'd be endleſs to repeat them all, or to admire them as they deſerve. But amidſt all this variety, there is a ſingle Point, which I have obſerv'd more than any of the reſt: Whenever the Poet is ſpeaking of the watry Element, or any thing belonging to it, his management of Sounds is particularly frequent and beautiful.

Tho' it might not be much obſerv'd at the firſt view, I know no place where a greater variety of things are expreſs'd this way, than in the Twelfth *Odyſſey*; 'Tis where *Ulyſſes* is giving an account of his ſetting ſail from the Iſland of *Circe*:

(a)——We ruſh'd into the Main;
Then bending to the ſtroke, their oars they drew
To their broad breaſts, and ſwift the galley flew.
Up ſprung a brisker breeze: with freſhning gales
The friendly Goddeſs ſtretch'd the ſwelling ſails;
We drop our oars: at eaſe the pilot guides;
The veſſel light along the level glides.
Then riſing ſad and ſlow, with penſive look,
Thus to the melancholly train I ſpoke.

(a) B. 12, 189.

The

The objects ſhift perpetually in theſe Lines; and yet there is not a ſingle period or pauſe in them, the ſound and turn of which does not agree perfectly with the ſentiment: I do not intend to enlarge much upon them; but had it been wrote in the Days of *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſæus*, I doubt not but he wou'd have given us a Diſſertation, on a paſſage which ſo variouſly expreſſes that Art, of which he was particularly fond. That is the Critick, I think, ſays *Antiphaus*, who firſt (*a*) obſerv'd this Beauty in the noted Deſcription of *Siſyphus* his Stone? Yes, anſwer'd *Philypſus*; and every one knows how perfectly well the excellence of that Paſſage is preſerv'd (*b*) in Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation.

Words give us the bare Ideas of things; but words, thus managed, impreſs them very ſtrongly and ſenſibly upon the mind: Do you not perceive the Storm riſing (*c*) *When the wild Winds whiſtle o'er the main?* and are you not in the midſt of it when (*d*) *Eaſt, Weſt together roar, and South and North roll mountains to the Shore?*

(*a*) Περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομ. p. 29. Ed. *R. Steph.*
(*b*) B. 11, 735. λ', 593. (*c*) B. 12, 379.
(*d*) B. 5, 380.

Then

Then are we hurried o'er the Deep, and ſee all the *rocks* and dangers of it:

(*a*) Dire *Scylla* there a ſcene of Horror forms,
And here *Charybdis* fills the ſea with ſtorms;
When the tide ruſhes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves;
They toſs: they foam. ———

The next moment if the Poet pleaſes (like the *Dæmon* he ſpeaks of) He can make all as gentle and ſerene, as it was before rough and boiſtrous.

(*b*) Sunk are at once the winds: the air above
And waves below, at once forget to move:
Some *Dæmon* calm'd the air, and ſmooth'd the deep,
Huſh'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves to ſleep.

Did you ever ſee a more perfect Calm? Yet ſmooth and huſh'd as theſe Lines are, you may eaſily perceive a difference between the deſcription of a ſtill Sea, and the eaſy beautiful current of a River.

(*c*) Smooth flows the gentle ſtream with wanton pride,
And in ſoft mazes rolls a ſilver tide.

How happy is the hand of the Poet, and what a Command has he of Nature, to make the numbers of his verſe

(*a*) B. 12, 280. (*b*) B. 12, 202. (*c*) B. 11, 286.

ſpeak

ſpeak his Sentiments; Thus to paint even ſounds; and to draw by Meaſures, what does not come under the power of the Pencil? In this Writer, Sir *John Denham*'s Wiſh is effected: His Lines always flow as his Subject;

Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull:
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing full.

I thank you (ſays *Antiphaus* bowing) I thank you, my dear *Philypſus*, for this unexpected view of one of the greateſt Beauties in Poetry. I cou'd willingly ſtay to hear you farther on this Head, and am perfectly angry with the Night for wearing away ſo faſt. I hope we ſhall ſoon find an opportunity of reſuming the Subject (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) I need not tell you how agreeable it is to me, even to be convinc'd of my Errors by *Antiphaus*; and I'm ſatisfy'd that you take a delight in any occaſion of admiring Mr. *Pope*. I beg you would tell me *Antiphaus*; do you not approve of him in ſome points, more than you have formerly? I do not know how it is, (ſays *Antiphaus*) but I ſeem to be both more pleas'd, and more diſpleas'd with him, than I was before this enquiry: his Excellencies, from the light in which you have ſet them, ſtrike me more agree-

ably

ably than ever; but then this looking so closely into his Defects has made those too the more gross and visible. However (concluded *Philyssus*) you will still acknowledge with me, *That his faults are the faults of a Man, but his beauties are the beauties of an Angel.*—You don't seem to like the word: it may sound perhaps too high; but I mean only of a *Great and Uncommon Genius.*

FINIS.

An ESSAY &c.

Evening the Fourth.

AFTER having engag'd themſelves ſo far, we may imagine that *Antiphaus* and *Philypſus* waited with a good deal of Impatience for the remaining Part of the *Odyſſey*. As it happen'd, they were both in Town, before it appear'd in Publick; and *Philypſus*, who was the warmer of the two, us'd to enquire almoſt every day at *Lintot*'s how the Preſs went on. He grew ſtill the more eager, as the time drew nearer: and the firſt moment he cou'd procure it *in Sheets*, he ſet down to them with all the Pleaſure, and all the Severity, that *Antiphaus* had preach'd up to him in their former Enquiries.

In the time that was taken up by this agreeable Search, he call'd often upon that Friend, with whom he shar'd his Studies, as well as his Affections. This was rather a Dividing, than Leaving his Pursuits: for he scarce ever saw *Antiphaus*, without mentioning something of the *Odyssey*, and hearing his Sentiments in return. When he had gone entirely thorough the Poem, he went immediately to desire a Meeting, in some place where they might talk more at large upon that Head. By good luck *Antiphaus* was perfectly disengag'd: "'Tis a fine "Evening, says he; and if you please we "will take a turn together in the Gar-"dens of *Horatio*: since we cannot enjoy "his Company, at least let us make use "of that Liberty he has left with us. "There we shall be retir'd from the "Noise, and Bustle of the Town; and "safe from every sort of Interruption." *Philypsus* was extremely pleas'd to find him so ready: they stept together into his Coach, which drove immediately to *Horatio*'s, and set them down at the Gates which lead into the Great-Walk of the Garden.

After a turn or two there, they sat down by the side of a Fountain, full in sight of the *Thames*, which passes at the

the bottom of the Walk. The Walk it ſelf makes a fine Viſto in its Deſcent to the River: at a diſtance, you ſee the Fields and Hills; at firſt in an eaſy Aſcent varied into Paſture and Arable, and then riſing unequally, and cover'd here and there with Woods, till they are inſenſibly loſt in a bluiſh Caſt of the Clouds. The agreeableneſs of the Place made *Philypſus* forget himſelf for a few Moments: he was taken up wholly in wandering with his Eye, ſometimes over thoſe beautiful Gardens, and ſometimes over the irregular Proſpect that lay before them. At laſt recollecting himſelf and turning to *Antiphaus*, "There is a difference (ſays he) "in the agreeable Senſe I feel at preſent "from the delightful Views on all ſides "of us, which may partly confirm what "we were talking of juſt before we ſat "down." Does not this Maſter-piece of Art, with all its Symmetry and Juſtneſs of Proportions, ſtrike the Mind in a feebler manner, than that Landskape of Nature in its infinite Irregularity? Theſe meaſured Riſes and Falls, in Slopes anſwering each other, Thoſe Groves terminating every way in an exactneſs of figure, Theſe Walks intercroſſing without confuſion, and uniting ſo happily,

cannot fail of pleaſing the Eye very much: Yet that Wildneſs and Variety abroad, the River, Lawn, Fields and Woods ſo beautifully interſpers'd, compoſe a Scene much finer and more engaging. For my part, I ſhou'd be apt to prefer that ſingle Grot yonder, and the hanging Precipice over it, to a whole Scenary of natural Objects laid out in the moſt regular order imaginable. There is ſomething of this in the Pleaſure which is given us by the greateſt Writers. A Noble natural Genius, however irregular and unconfin'd, delights us in a much higher degree, than the moſt uniform and correct: And the Writer who enjoys this freedom of Soul, amidſt all his Starts and Errors, is greatly to be prefer'd to the Juſtneſs of one, who is too ſevere to commit a Fault, and too cool and phlegmatick to be a Poet.

Such a temper (reply'd *Antiphaus*) can never produce any thing truly Great. The nobleſt Poet in the World has not the feweſt Faults: and the ſame Spirit which qualified *Homer* to be ſo, is what at the ſame time might hurry him away from a nicer Obſervation of ſome little Particulars. The very Negligencies of *Homer* ſhew the Greatneſs of his Spirit: and where there may be any like Negligencies

ligencies in the Verſion of *Homer*, methinks, it wou'd be but Juſtice to attribute them to the ſame Cauſe: at leaſt where the Spirit of that Poet is ſo diſcernible, as it is in this late Tranſlation.

I cannot but ſmile ſometimes, when I hear a ſeverer Reader very gravely condemning a Poem for a few Faults, which may be evident in it here and there. Nothing can be plainer than that our Judgments ought to be form'd upon the Whole, and not upon Particulars: the Superiority of Beauties or Defects is the only thing that can determine the Character of the Piece. 'Tis poſſible that Mr. *Hobbes* may have expreſs'd a word or two correctly, where the New Tranſlation has deviated into a Metaphorical or licentious Expreſſion: but what a ſtrange method of Compariſon would it be, to ſettle our opinion of the Writers from hence? By ſuch a way of proceeding we might prefer one, who loſes the Life and Vigour of Poetry throughout, to others who preſerve it ſo ſtrongly in the general Turn of their Compoſitions.

As we go on, *Philypſus*, with our uſual freedom of ſpeaking our Sentiments on each particular Paſſage; I dare ſay,

that even all thoſe, which may ſeem faulty to us, will make but a ſmall figure, when compar'd to the ſeveral Excellencies of this Piece. As for my part, after a Reſearch of ſome care thro' the whole Tranſlation, I find no reaſon at all to alter my Opinion, "That the Beau-"ties of it are far more numerous, and "far more conſiderable, than its Ble-"miſhes: even taking all thoſe things "for *real* Blemiſhes, which we may only "*imagine* to be ſuch.

If the faſhionable Choice of *Verſe* be juſtly blameable; it may as juſtly be ſaid that no one moves with more freedom in his Fetters. In particular Lines, there may be ſome farther diſagreeable *Likeneſſes* of Sound; but the *Variety* of Numbers in general is great and handſome: What Smoothneſs and Harmony do we find thro' the courſe of the Poem; and how ſeldom are they interrupted either by the *Littleneſs*, or the *Vaſtneſs* of the Words? by the *Openneſs* of the Vowels, the *Claſhing* of Conſonants, or any other Roughneſſes whatever: Not to mention againſt theſe, that *Significance* of Sound, which is more frequent, and more happily practis'd by Mr. *Pope*, in particular, than by any other of the Modern Poets.

As

As to the *Diction*; not only the Poem but our Language itſelf is enrich'd by it. Where it is once Mean, it is in many inſtances Great, Noble, and Solemn. Where a Simplicity beyond our Taſte is to be preſerv'd, we may expect ſome Flatneſſes: And it may be to theſe perhaps we owe that Juſtneſs and Purity, which in ſo many places makes us imagine, that we are converſing with Perſons of thoſe Firſt Ages of the World, in all their Plainneſs and Honeſty of Behaviour. At other times the Narration is rais'd, and the Images ſtrengthen'd by a figurative way of ſpeaking, tho' no doubt, in ſome caſes, to exceſs: but theſe Exceſſes may well be paſs'd over, when we conſider, that they proceed from Liberties, which are highly uſeful in rendering the Stile the more various and poetical; ſo far, as frequently to improve upon *Homer* himſelf.

Above all, is that *flame* and *ſpirit* diffus'd thro' the whole Poem; and oftentimes ſo well kept up, as to make us forget, that we are reading a Tranſlation. When we are engag'd in the Piece, do not the *great* and *generous* Sentiments we meet with perpetually, make a few Thoughts, which have ſomething *cold* or *little* in them, appear inconſiderable

able upon the first Comparison? What *Eclaircisements* have we, and how little *Obscurity*? What a number of natural Thoughts, Images, and Descriptions might be produc'd, to over-ballance such Lines in it, as may seem to be Affected, or too Artificial?

Thus which ever way we turn ourselves, whether we consider the *Poetical Spirit*, the *Language*, or the *Versification*; in each of them the Beauties far exceed the Defects. It is with this Notion we ought to proceed in our Enquiries: we must carry this Thought all along with us. Let us remember *Philypsus*, "That "all human Excellence stands merely on "Comparison: that no one is without "Faults, and that very few arrive in "any tolerable degree towards Perfecti-"on: That Mr. *Pope* does not only ap-"pear among the Few, but that his Su-"periority is every way visible: If we "compare his Compositions in general "with those of our other Poets, the "Disproportion is as great, as when we "compare the Blemishes of his own "Poetry, with the Beauties which every "where abound in it.

Some of these we are now to consider; and we may enter on this View with the greater Pleasure, as we have the advantage

tage of Mr. *Pope's* own Obſervations in ſeveral Points, both as to thoſe things, in which he met with the greateſt difficulty; and the Methods he has taken of raiſing his Language, and improving the Verſification.

One of the greateſt Sources of raiſing, as well as enlarging the Poetical Language, is by inventing New Words, or importing old Ones from a foreign Soil. Words, when they are us'd vulgarly, grow mean: Like other Faſhions, when their uſe is once got among the Populace, they ſoon begin to be rejected by the politer Part of the World. This it is (as (*a*) the *Gentlemen* of *Port Royal* very juſtly obſerve) which neceſſitates the introducing of New Words into every Language; it occaſions a continual Decay, and demands continual Supplies. Thus whoever has a Felicity this way, is a Benefactor to the Publick: he adds ſo much to the Bank; and gives his Aſſiſtance in ſupporting the preſent Credit of Language among us.

It wou'd be equally trifling and laborious, to give all the particular Inſtances of this Verſion's enriching our Language. It is every where viſible; there

(*a*) *Art de bien Parler*, Part 1. Chap. 4. Sect. 5.

is

is no reading a Book in the *Odyſſey*, without obſerving it frequently. You will almoſt conſtantly find his new Words to be apt, eaſy, and poetical. Sometimes he introduces the Expreſſions, and even the *Peculiarities* of other Languages into our own: Theſe, when unforc'd, pleaſe us very particularly, by the Variety, and Novelty, they bring along with them. We admire the Stranger in our Habit; and are extremely taken to ſee him look as free and eaſy as if he were a Native, and had been always truly Engliſh.

The Poet has the ſame Art and Delicacy in *Connecting* two Words into one, a thing much more difficult than *Inventing*: The Union is proper and inſenſible; there is no Knot, where they are ingrafted: in ſhort, they (*a*) may be ſaid rather to grow into one another, than to be brought together by Art. I do not ſay, that this hits ſo naturally in all the Inſtances; there may be (*b*) ſome Words leſs tractable, or leſs harmonious than others: But in

(*a*) Thus: *Melliſluous*, *attemper'd*; *ever-ſhady*, *ill-perſwading*, *ſerpent-mazes*, and ſeveral others in this Tranſlation.

(*b*) Thus perhaps: *Sea-girt*, *end-long*, *love-dittied*, *woman-ſtate*, *&c.* in the ſame.

general

general we may affirm, that as his Tranſlation is wrought off from a Language, which in this Reſpect greatly exceeds all that ever were; So the Imitations of it, this way, are unuſually Beautiful and Harmonious.

To deviate from the ſtrict Rules which Grammarians wou'd impoſe on Words, either ſingle, or as they ſtand in their relations to one another, gives an agreeable uncommon Air to Language; but in the very Notion of it carries ſomething of difficulty, and niceneſs along with it. Mr. *Pope* ſeems to have thought it the ſafeſt way in ſuch Caſes to follow or reſemble thoſe Deviations, which have been already Authoriz'd by ſome Maſterly hand: and where he ſtrikes more boldly into any new Freedom, he is generally careful of giving things ſuch an Openneſs, that they may neither perplex the Senſe, nor embarraſs the Period.

A thing more uſeful and agreeable than either of theſe, is to turn the ſtream of Words out of their common Channel.—There is a good deal of Stiffneſs, which yet attends our Language, from the ſtated order of Words in ſuch a repeated Succeſſion: and tho' we are much freer than our Neighbours the *French* in this particular, I ſhou'd be glad to

ſee

ſee our Poets, at leaſt, go yet farther towards the Liberties of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*. Mr. *Pope* has ſome ſtrokes toward this: he is ſometimes bold in varying the expected range of Words, to give his Sentences a new and agreeable air: he tranſpoſes their order, often by his own Judgment, and often in imitation of ſome of our beſt Poets, who have ſucceeded in it before.

I wou'd not have a certain Grammarian, or two, over-hear me commending theſe Liberties ſo freely: it wou'd certainly coſt one a Diſpute. You know the Men: they are as ſtrict in the Punctilio's of Words, as ſome formal People are in the little Points of Behaviour. I warrant you, your Neighbour, The Doctor, wou'd ſtand as ſtrictly upon the *Nominative Caſe's going before the Verb*, as *Wicquefort* wou'd for the Precedence of an Embaſſador: 'Tis certain he can ſettle all the Rules of Place from undeniable Authorities; diſpoſes of the Upper-hand with perfect Oeconomy; and, upon the whole, would make an Excellent *Maſter of the Ceremonies* among Words and Syllables.

However, with this Gentleman's leave, there are ſeveral juſt *Liberties* which may be allow'd for varying the Poetical

(a) Stile:

(a) Stile: and many Aids, proper to enliven and elevate it in the more noble Parts of a Poem.

Among the latter, Mr. *Pope* has made very good uſe of Antiquated Words; and no leſs of Expreſſions borrow'd from our Tranſlation of the Sacred Writings. The Language of Scripture, as it is receiv'd from the firſt with a certain religious Awe, will ſtill retain ſomething venerable, and auguſt: it may therefore be of ſignal Service in giving to the Heroick Muſe that Majeſty, which ſo well becomes the Sublime Air ſhe ought to aſſume. 'Tis much the ſame in the revival of old Words: Antiquity always carries a ſort of Solemnity with it, in its very Roughneſſes and Decays: The *Ruſtick* ſtrikes the Mind, as ſtrongly, as any thing in Architecture; and Ruins themſelves have often ſomething awful and majeſtick in them.

I wou'd not willingly interrupt you (ſays *Philypſus*) but the humour of heaping ſuperannuated Words in ſome late Poems, is too provoking to be paſs'd by. How have our *Miltonick* Writers, in par-

(a) Plurimæ ſint locutiones *apud Poetas uſitatiſſimæ*, & in primis *elegantes*, quæ ſcriptis Proſaicis uſurpatæ etiam Grammaticæ leges violant. See *Trapp*'s Præl. Poet. Page 49, &c. to Page 53.

ticular, prostituted them on all occasions: in what an undistinguishing manner do they labour to draw into their Works, any word which their great Master has adopted into his *Paradise Lost*?—*Erst*, *Nathless*, *Behests*, *Welkin*, and a Thousand other Expressions of equal beauty and agreeableness of Sound, are repeated ten times in every Sheet of theirs: in short, these Gentlemen have made me quite sick of People's going two Hundred Years backward for their Language; and furnishing out half their Poems from the Vocabularies annex'd to *Spencer* and *Chaucer*.

As for some of those Writers (reply'd *Antiphaus* calmly) You have reason to be angry with them; but if we may reject any thing meerly for the *abuse* of it, there is nothing of the greatest *use*, that we may not fairly reject. *Virgil* made particular use of this method in his Poems, and was (*a*) admired by his Countrymen on that account: What is your Opinion of our *Milton*? Are you displeas'd with the antiquated Words in his Writings? No, *Philypsus*, I know your Taste too

(*a*) Cum sint verba Propria, ficta, translata; Propriis dignitatem dat *Antiquitas*: ea *ornamento* Virgilius *artifice est usus*. *Quintil. Instit.* Lib 8. Cap 3. *Again*, Lib 9 Cap 3.

well

well to imagine any thing of that nature. And even of thoſe, that have follow'd his Example, there is one or two who make good uſe of them. This we ſee in *Philips*'s pieces; not to mention the new (a) Poem we were reading the other Day: the Author of which, beſide ſeveral other Beauties, is by no means unhappy in his Management of this ſort of Words. I agree with you, the *Abuſe* of them is frequent, and much to be condemn'd: If perpetual, they run into a meer Barbariſm; and indeed where-ever they are thruſt in, without any other reaſon except their being Ancient, they give a Roughneſs and Diſorder, inſtead of the proper Solemnity: But when they are plac'd here and there with Judgment, they ſupport the greatneſs of our Ideas, and reflect a venerableneſs on the ſubject. Were the Old Oaks, that are left ſtanding in the Gardens of *Blenheim*, more numerous, that Deſign might have too much of the Foreſt in it: but as they are, they ſerve to communicate the nobler air of Antiquity to the things about them; and appear in a Majeſty of Years, equal to the Grandeur of the Place.

I wou'd deſire you to commend the inſertion of Solemn Words, only as they

(a) *WINTER*: by Mr. *Thompſon*.

are proper to the Places in which they are us'd. We see by Mr. *Pope*'s Observations on this Head, that he understands the Benefit of them perfectly well; as his Works shew that he practises up to his own Rules; and scarce ever inserts either the Words of former Centuries, or the Language of Scripture, but where the Subject demands a solemn and venerable Turn.

As these are the chief Methods of *ennobling* the Poetick Stile; so the chief to *enliven* it, is the free and various use of *Epithets*. No one thing is of greater service to the Poets for distinguishing their Language from Prose. This has occasion'd that (*a*) large and unrestrain'd use of them, so much beyond what we find in Oratory: And tho' *Homer* is more bold and frequent in this, than any of the Poets who have wrote since; I know not any of the *Ancient* Criticks who have ever blam'd him on that account. 'Tis partly from his uncommon liberties this way, that Mr. *Pope* looks upon his Epithets, as one of the (*b*) *Distin-*

(*a*) Eo (*Epithero*) poetæ & frequentius & liberius utuntur: Namque illis satis est convenire verbo, cui apponitur; & ita *Dentes albi*, & *Humida Vina* in his non reprehenduntur. *Quintil. Instit.* Lib. 8. Cap. 6. (*b*) Pref. to *Il.* p. 21.

guishing

guiſhing Marks of that Poet. In *Homer* they have on ſeveral accounts a peculiar air: and this Tranſlation not only preſerves their proper beauties, but ſhews many Methods of improving upon them. Sometimes the Old are ſet in a ſtronger light, and ſometimes New ones added with a peculiar grace: Sometimes ſeveral are applied to the ſame thing, without (*a*) that ſtrictneſs of connexion, which wou'd (*b*) flatten the energy of them; and where the poverty of our Language will not convey their full Senſe in the Conciſeneſs of the Original, they are enlarged upon in the Tranſlation, and laid more open to our view.

Epithets, *Philypſus*, like Pictures in Miniature, are often entire deſcriptions in one Word. This may be either from their own ſignificance, or by their immediate connexion with ſome known object. We ſee the thing, when the Poet only mentions the *Nodding Creſt* of an Hero; and form a larger Idea of *Jove* from the ſingle Epithet of *Cloud-compelling*, than we might find in a deſcription more diffuſe. It was chiefly from (*c*)

(*a*) Huge, horrid, vaſt! *Od.* 5, 227--175.

(*b*) Τὸ τοιοῦτο, Κυρτὰ, φαληριόωντα, τῇ ἐξαιρέσει τοῦ συνδέσμου μεγαλειότερον ἀπέβη. *Dem. Phal.* ξδ'.

(*c*) See Mr. *Pope*'s Note on *Il.* 1, 683.

two *Poetical Epithets*, that *Phidias* design'd the countenance of his *Olympian Jupiter*; as, in Reverſe, we often ſee the Perſon in his Epithet, from our being acquainted with ſome Statue, or Picture, to which it refers: Thus when *Apollo* is call'd the *Archer-God*, it recalls to our memory the repreſentations we have ſo often ſeen of that Deity: the compleat Figure is rais'd up in the Mind, by touching upon that ſingle circumſtance.

'Tis by the ſame means, that one ſingle Epithet gives us the Idea of any Object, which has been common and familiar to us. Meadows, Fields, Woods, Rivers, and the Sea itſelf, are often imag'd by one well-choſen word. Thus in that (*a*) beautiful Deſcription of *Calypſo's* Bower, you ſee the Groves *of living green*; the Alders *ever quivering*; the *nodding* Cypreſs, and its high Branches, *waving* with the Storm: 'Tis by Epithets that the ancient Poets paint their *Elyſian Groves*; and the Modern, their *Windſor-Foreſts*.

Where our Language will not admit of this conciſeneſs, we find the Image preſerv'd by a Deſcription more full and diffuſive; thus,

(*a*) See *Od.* 5, 85.

The

—— The Morning Sun encreasing bright
(a) O'er Heavens pure Azure spreads the growing light.

I shou'd think that the Opening of the Sense in a larger Compass may often be approv'd, even where we are not driven to it by the poverty of our Language. *Homer* himself, who has the advantage of single Words so much stronger and more significant, often chuses to draw out his Sentiments, into several Lines: and sometimes (b) the very same Sentiment, which upon other Occasions he has express'd in one word only. May not the same Liberty be allow'd to his Translators? Is it not a fine Enlargement for Instance, where *Homer* is speaking of *Penelope's Veil* with the Epithet of *Pellucid* only, to say that "the Transparent Veil

(c) Her beauty seems and only seems to shade."

Tho' these imaging and descriptive Epithets are the more Beautiful, those which add Strength and Emphasis are

(a) Od. 9, 67--56. (b) Νώροψ which is beautifully express'd by *Horace* in three words (*nimium lubricus aspici*) is enlarged by *Homer* himself, on a fit occasion, into three lines: Compare Ιλ. λ, 16, with ν', 340.

(c) Od. 18, 250--209. ἐνεπαρά.

by

by no means to be contemn'd. This way they are of great Service in all *Satire*; and particularly in that Abuſiveneſs, which *Homer* is not over-nice in beſtowing upon his Gods: they appear well in the Ridicule of the Suitors; and are ſtrong and vehement in any *Arrogant Character*, particularly in all Contemners of the Gods. I ſhall give you only one inſtance of the latter; from *Polypheme*'s Anſwer to *Ulyſſes*:

Fools that you are! (the monſter made reply,
His inward fury blazing at his eye)
Or ſtrangers diſtant far from our abodes,
To bid me reverence or regard the Gods.
Know, that we Cyclops are a race above
(*a*)Thoſe *air-bred people*, and their *goat-nurs'd Jove*.

You muſt have obſerv'd (*Philypſus*) ſeveral other Methods of uſing Epithets poetically. I need not mention the peculiar fitneſs and ſtrength, which they may acquire, from the (*b*) *occaſions* on which they are us'd, or the *Light* they are ſet in: That (*c*) *Subſtantives* are ſometimes us'd as *Epithets*; and ſometimes (*d*) *Epithets* as *Subſtantives*: Sometimes the (*e*) *Metaphor* is convey'd this way with a good Grace;

(*a*) *Od.* 9, 330---276. (*b*) *Od.* 23, 217. compared with verſe 227. (*c*) *Od.* 1, 389---299. (*d*) *Od.* 19, 110---91. (*e*) *Od.* 10, 291.

and

and at others, two *Thwarting Ideas* are mixt together in a very agreeable manner. Mr. *Addiſon* is the firſt I know of, that obſerv'd upon theſe, and gave them their Name, and of this kind is the (*a*) *Vegetable Venom* in the fourth *Odyſſey*, which anſwers (*b*) his Inſtance of *Aurum Frondens* from *Virgil*.

I know not whether I perfectly apprehend you, or not (interpos'd *Philypſus*); Do You not mean that particular ſort of Metaphor, when ſome ſtrange *quality* in a thing, is turn'd into an *Epithet*, and directly applied to it? —Either that; or elſe ſome ſtrange Circumſtance applied in the ſame manner: in both 'tis the Novelty and the Surprize, that pleaſe us.—I take you, ſays *Philypſus*; and believe I now ſee a farther Reaſon, why a very natural Paſſage (in another Poem by Mr. *Pope*) has always been ſo agreeable to me. 'Tis where he ſpeaks of the odd Appearance of things from their inverſion in a River: I think I can repeat it:

Oft in the Stream—The muſing Shepherd ſpies
The head-long Mountains and the downward Skies,
The watry Landskip of the pendant Woods,
And abſent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are ſeen,
(*c*) And floating Foreſts paint the Waves with green.

(*a*) *Od* 4, 320—230. (*b*) *Addiſon's Miſc.* Vol. 1. p. 245. 12°. (*c*) *Windſor-Foreſt*, p. 59. folio. Theſe

Theſe are of the kind I mean, ſays *Antiphaus*; they are bold, but they are natural: Indeed with due caution, greater Contrarieties than theſe may be join'd, under ſome particular Circumſtance, to juſtify ſo unexpected an Union. Thus all Epithets, which contradict the general Senſe of the Thing, but agree with the particular Occaſion; Thus is *Grief* call'd *pleaſing*; there are *Kindneſſes* which are *terrible* (*a*): And in many caſes *Death* and even *Diſgrace* may be *deſirable*. Inſtances of this kind, are very frequent, eſpecially among our modern Poets. There are (*b*) many in this Tranſlation: in particular, 'tis this which gives a new Air to that gay (*c*) Speech of *Mercury* in the Eighth Book.

Tho' the *Latins* us'd this agreeable Claſh of Ideas, *the Greek Poets* (as Mr. *Addiſon* (*d*) obſerves on the former Head) *wanted Art for it*; They, at leaſt the more Ancient of them, never join things that ſeem to diſagree, in ſo cloſe an Union. Unleſs where Nature her ſelf

(*a*) As when the *Cyclops*, in the height of his good nature, promiſes *Ulyſſes*, that he ſhall be the laſt he will devour. *Od.* 9. (*b*) *Od.* 1, 449---353. 15, 435---399. *otherwiſe* 12, 52. 18, 284 &c. (*c*) Verſe 380---342. (*d*) *Miſc.* Vol. 1. p. 245. 12°.

has

has led the way in an (*a*) actual mixture of Contrarieties: in any point, except that ſingle one, theſe muſt be entirely Improvements on the Original.

The Misfortune is, that in all Human Excellencies there will be an Alloy: Faults ſpring out of our Improvements themſelves; and the very methods of Beautifying lead often into Blemiſhes. The way to any Perfection is full of Difficulties and Windings on each ſide; and every ſtep out of the right Path (tho' they croſs each other every Moment) is a wandering from our Deſign. In a word, *Philypſus*, 'tis much the ſame with Errors and Improvements, as it is with Pleaſure and Pain in the Philoſopher's Fable: they are blended together in ſuch a manner, that it is impoſſible to come at the one, without touching upon the other.

All the Methods which are us'd in Mr. *Pope*'s Tranſlation, and which are ſo often of great Efficacy towards beautifying and improving the Diction, may ſometimes fall under a different Character.

(*a*) Thus in the *Twilight*, when we have really a ſort of *viſible Darkneſs*, *Homer* uſes an Epithet of the ſame contrariety: Ἀμφιλυκὴ νύξ, i.e. Darkneſs ting'd every way with Light. Ιλ. ν, 433.

Among

Among the Words which are introduc'd from other Languages into our own, there may be (*a*) ſome, which ſtill retain too much of the air of Foreigners: As antiquated Words may (*b*) look too Groteſque, or have a rough diſagreeable ſound. The very Solemnity of Scriptural Expreſſions may ſometimes require that they ſhould not be (*c*) alienated: at leaſt it may make them look (*d*) too high for the Paſſages in which they are inſerted.

Next to the importing of Words New to the Poetical Stile, is the varying the uſe of the Old. To deviate from the ſtrictneſs of Grammar, is what gave a riſe to Rhetorick; and ſurely there are few who wou'd not prefer all the beautiful Forms and Figures of the latter (at leaſt for Poetry and Oratory) to that bare correctneſs, which alone is the Province of the former: Yet there may be Innovations on this too harſh or daring; and Figures, that may look more like Patchwork, than true Ornaments in the Dreſs of Poetry.

(*a*) Dexter, circumfuſile, variegated *Od.* 15, 145.
(*b*) Seneſchal, viands, bev'rage, irefull 3, 179.
(*c*) *Jupiter* is ſtil'd, *God* (ſimply; *Od.* 3, 190---158, Odes) *Neptune*, A God above the Gods, *Od.* 13, 167.
(*d*) To thee a Son is giv'n---*Od.* 18, 207. And---Food in the deſart land, behold, is giv'n. *Od.* 19, 204---175.

The

The greater danger is, when the Poet assumes (*a*) any common Word in a new unusual Sense. The worst Fault of any Language is, Ambiguity; that great cause of Darkness in Verse, and the continuer of every Dispute that has been kept up for any time in Prose. The various Appearances of words, *Philypsus*, should not be multiplied unnecessarily; the Reader is apt to be distracted between so many Lights: and in such a Variety may follow the false, as well as the true.

I have observ'd this particularly in Words deriv'd from other Languages: These, you know, often prevail among us very differently from their native signification. The *Latin sense* perhaps is one thing, and the *English use* another: When this has obtain'd universally, we ought not to run back to the Latin (*b*) sense of the word, in our use of it. If you should, the Learn'd themselves may not readily fall into your meaning, and the Unlearn'd will inevitably mistake it.

It may be enquir'd too, how far this Translation, may make a wrong use of Terms borrow'd from any of the Arts and Sciences: As where we read of *Ar-*

(*a*) *Flown* (with Insolence) *Od.* 1, 292. *Filial* (for a Daughter) 6, 67. (*b*) *Partial Od.* 8, 185. *Succinct* 17, 200. *Objected* 7, 54. *Implicite* 9, 514.

 chitraves,

chitraves, *Colonnades*, and the like. I would not produce theſe as undoubted faults in the Poetical Stile: tho' the baniſhing *all Technical Words*, be laid down by ſome Criticks as a Rule never to be tranſgreſs'd; I ſhould imagine they might be admitted in ſome Caſes; even where there is not that abſolute neceſſity, either of uſing them, or loſing the Senſe of the Original.

Will not the very thing, on which the Rule is founded, allow the departing from it ſometimes? "*That the Poet writes to all Mankind in general*; And "*That he ſhould avoid all appearance of Labour, as well as Affectation*, is very true; and very good reaſons they are for his not uſing Technical Words, while they carry difficulty and an Air of Affectation about them: But if ſuch words ever happen to be perfectly Familiarized by the Writings of former Poets, or become of common Uſe in the World, I ſhould think they have the ſame Right to be admitted into Poetry (and if not mean, the ſame propriety) as any other Words, the moſt obvious and intelligible. Any one may diſtinguiſh their greater, or leſs fitneſs, on this Account, in the deſcription of *Alcinous*'s Palace: in which there are ſeveral Inſtances, both of Terms familiariz'd,

and

and of ſuch as are leſs allowable, under one and the ſame view:

The *Front* appear'd with radiant ſplendors gay,
Bright as the lamp of Night, or orb of Day.
The walls were maſſy braſs: the *Cornice* high
Blue metals crown'd, in colours of the sky:
Rich plates of gold the *folding-doors incaſe*;
The pillars ſilver, on a brazen *baſe*;
Silver the *Lintels deep-projecting* o'er,
(*a*) And gold the *ringlets* that command the door.

Some of theſe Terms are certainly allowable; And you will think perhaps I carry the matter too far in another Point, which may ſeem as allowable to the full. You muſt know, I am apt to imagine, that not only the more difficult Terms of Art, but even ſuch Words as are (*b*) *uſurp'd* more particularly in any ſingle

(*a*) *Od.* 7, 117--90. (*b*) Thus there is ſomething which does not ſound entirely right in theſe lines:

Full ſhines *the Father* in the *Filial Frame*, *Od.* 4, 199.
He ceas'd: the *Filial Virtue* made reply. 22, 167.
Mean time *Arete* for the hour of reſt
Ordains the fleecy couch —— 7, 418.
The Peers reproach the ſure *Divine* of fate. 20, 430.

Within the *Structure* of the palace wall 22, 186.
Impoſthumate with pride, —— 20, 358.
With *Venial* freedom let me now demand
Thy name. —— 1, 219.
There cling *implicite*, and confide in *Jove*. 9, 514.
The *Seneſchal* rebuk'd in haſte withdrew, 4, 47.
A *Cenotaph* I raiſe of deathleſs fame. 4, 794.

Province, may become leſs fit to be uſed in Common. If ſo, it may require caution in inſerting ſome, that are *appropriated* to particular Perſons or Things; Many that are us'd much in the *Profeſſions*, eſpecially in the *Scholaſtick* way of Diſtinctions: and all in general that are perplex'd, or not to be underſtood without Difficulty.

I'm afraid I have tired you, *Philypſus*, with ſuch a ſtring of dry Obſervations; they muſt have their Turn in a view of this Nature; and to omit what is Neceſſary, for fear of an imputation of Pedantry, is perhaps the worſt Pedantry one can be guilty of.

Give me leave to enlarge more upon the Abuſe of Epithets, as I did before upon the Uſe of them. 'Tis the ſame with theſe, *Philypſus*, as with all other Ornaments of Speech; their being ſo very ſerviceable, may lead to a larger Uſe of them than is proper: but there is this Advantage too; the very thing which makes them ſo ſtrong and beautifull, will help to diſcover any Error in their Application. They are each connected ſo immediately to their Subject, that their Impropriety, as well as Agreement, is very eaſily diſcern'd.

On (*a*) this Account, we ſhould be the more cautious how we mix the Epithets of the *Proper*, with any *Metaphorical* Expreſſions: Theſe, for the Time change their Nature, and may ſignifie things very different from what they ſtood for before. That Metaphor, which puts the Name of a *Place* or *Country* for its *Inhabitants*, is reckon'd a great and agreeable one; but wherever it is uſed, we muſt remember it ſtands now for *Men*, and is not to be conſider'd in its proper ſtate, as a *Part of the Earth*. If its old Epithets are ſtill applied to it, the Senſe muſt be diſagreeing and confus'd.

I fear we meet with ſomething of this where *Penelope* complains of the Numbers and Importunity of her Suitors: after this manner:

Zacynthus green with ever-ſhady groves,
And *Ithaca*, preſumptuous boaſt their loves;
Obtruding on my choice a ſecond Lord
(*b*) They preſs the *Hymenæan* rite.——

(*a*) Δεῖ καὶ τὰ ἐπίθετα καὶ τὰς μεταφορὰς ἁρματτοῦσας λέγειν· τοῦτο δ' ἔσται ἐκ τοῦ ἀναλόγου· εἰ δὲ μὴ, ἀπρεπὲς φανεῖται, διὰ τὸ παράλληλα τὰ ἐναντία μάλιστα φαίνεσθαι. *Ariſtot. Rhetor.* Lib. 3. Cap. 2.

(*b*) *Od.* 19, 155—131.

Longinus, (*a*) somewhere in his Treatise on the *Sublime*, gives us an instance of this sort of Metaphor, from *Herodotus*, where that Historian is speaking of a very moving Tragedy, *at the Acting of which, the Theatre burst into tears*. This the Critick judges to be so taking, from the surprize that Turn of Expression carries with it. The Metaphor itself has certainly something great in it: But had *Herodotus* join'd some of its proper Epithets or Description with this Mataphor, and said, that "*The Theatre, raised all on* "*Columns of the Corinthian Order, burst into* "*Tears at the deepness of the Tragedy*" *Longinus* might have thought the passage more *Surprizing*, but I dare say he would not have thought it so worthy of his Commendation.

To mix these things in a Description is really as Absurd, as to paint a *River-God*, not with his *Urn*, to signifie what he is; but gushing all over into Streams, like some of the odd Figures in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*: and by the way, it may be a very good (*b*) Rule that is given, to try mixt Metaphors at any time; by forming in one's Mind a Picture, from what is said; and considering how the

(*a*) Cap. 24. Ed. Oxon. 1718. (*b*) *Spectator*, N. 595.

Parts of it would agree, were they delineated upon Canvaſs.

There is another diſagreement in Epithets, when two Expreſſions, proper in themſelves, are yet join'd together improperly. After a great Slaughter we may very well have a Notion of *Heaps*, *or* (as it is in the Poetical language) *Mountains of the Slain*; 'tis natural on the ſame Occaſion to imagine to ourſelves their Wounds, and the *blood ebbing* out of them: theſe are very proper ſeparately; but to join them under the Notion of a (a) *Bleeding Mountain* does not look ſo reconcileable to the Mind.

An Error yet more frequent is, when we give a word that Epithet, which is proper to it on ſome Occaſions, indifferently at all times, and without any Occaſion.

This, in ſome Meaſure, has been always allowable in Verſe: however ſuch a Liberty is not without its bounds, nor ſhould it be uſed intemperately. *Purple* (for inſtance) is an Epithet very frequent in the Ancient Poets for the Habit of Princes: yet it is not to be given to that of all Great Men; nor of Princes equally,

(a) Od. 22, 135---118.

whether

whether (a) young or old; nor of the very same Prince, under several Circumstances: tho' a Remark of this kind may seem insignificant, an Impropriety in this Case might be very gross and shocking.

Again: What is proper in one Language, may not be so in another. Was any one to Translate the *purpureis Oloribus* of *Horace*, *Purple Swans*, would not he be so *Literal*, as to miss the *Sense* of his Author entirely?

There may be another Impropriety from the difference of time and circumstances: It may do very well to give the Epithet of *browzing*, to a Goat; or *grazing*, to the Ox: it helps to describe them in the Fields, or to distinguish them from some other Creatures; and if neither of these, at least it gives the Language a Poetical Air: Yet these Epithets have some restraints, they belong to Life and Action; they do not suit with those very Creatures, when Dead; and less so, when they are cut out in the Shambles, or serv'd up at a Feast: this is the Case in a Passage relating to *Penelope's* Suitors; they,

(a) Δεῖ σκοπεῖν, ὡς νέῳ φοινίκις, αὔτω γέροντί τι· οὐ γὰρ ἡ αὐτὴ πρέπει ἐσθής. *Arist. Rhet.* l. 3. c. 2.

—A

——— A Luxurious race, indulge their cheer;
Devour the *grazing Ox* and *browzing Goat*,
(a) And turn the generous Vintage down their throat.

As Epithets should be proper to the *Things*, or *Person*, they are spoken of; so must we take Care that they are still proper to the *Metaphors* we add; and in Allegory, not to confound the Epithets of the *Real*, with those of the *Fictitious Person*.

In the Preface to the *Iliad* (b) we have an Excellent Distinction to this Purpose, on a known (c) Epithet of *Apollo*; "Which "(as we are there told) is capable of two "Explications; One Literal, in respect "of the Darts and Bow, the Ensigns of "that God; the other Allegorical, with "regard to the Rays of the Sun: there-"fore in such Places, where *Apollo* is re-"presented as a God in Person, I would "use the former Interpretation; and "where the Effects of the Sun are de-"scrib'd, I wou'd make Choice of the "latter." You see the justness of the Observation: it may serve to explain my Meaning better than I could express it my self.

(a) Od. 17, 621—535. (b) Page 22. 12mo.
(c) Ἑκήβολος.

'Tis

'Tis Evident, by the Way, that Mr. *Pope* form'd this Obſervation upon his Experience in the Progreſs of that Tranſlation: This appears from the firſt Part of that Work, in which we ſometimes find the Properties and Effects of the Sun, blended with the perſonal Acts of *Apollo*: thus it is in the firſt Appearance of that Deity in the Poem. I ſhall read the Paſſage to You, tho' ſomething long: it begins with that beautiful line,

Silent * he wander'd by the ſounding Shore:
Till ſafe at diſtance to his God he prays,
That God, who *darts around the World his rays.*
O *Smintheus* ſprung from fair *Latona's* line,
Thou guardian power of *Cilla* the Divine,
Thou *ſource of Light*, whom *Tenedos* adores,
And whoſe *bright* preſence *gilds* thy *Chryſa's* ſhores;
God of the Silver bow! thy Shafts employ,
(*a*) Avenge thy ſervant, and the *Greeks* deſtroy.

The Original here does not once Attribute any thing to the Deity but what is perſonal; 'tis certain the Sun and its Effects are hid under this Allegory; but then they muſt be hid; for ſo far as it appears, it will ceaſe to be Allegory. *Homer* never mixes ſhadows and reality; and as Mr. *Pope* perceiv'd this in his going on with the Poem, I preſume he built upon it that excellent Obſervation.

* *Chryſes.* (*a*) *Il.* 1, 60---42. Any

Any mixture of this Nature is more evident in Epithets, for that obvious Reaſon I mention'd before. And thus, you ſee, there are Inconveniences attend each Method of improving the Poetical Diction; and that the danger bears ſome Proportion to the Excellence. Where the fineſt Colourings are moſt viſible, the faulty ſtrokes of the Pencil are the ſooner perceiv'd: and when we meet with the greateſt Improvements in a Piece, we muſt not imagine it to be wholly without defect. Of all Doctrines, I ſhall never hold that, which ſuppoſes any Man to be Infallible: and of all Men, the Poet of a true, free, glowing Spirit, muſt naturally be incapable of that Character. No, *Philypſus*, the moſt *correct* Writer is he, that has the *feweſt* Faults: and he is the *nobleſt* Poet, that has moſt diſtinct Excellencies.

You need not repeat, ſays *Philypſus*, what you have throughly convinc'd me of long ſince. Yes, 'tis the (*a*) Condition of every human Performance not to be abſolutely perfect. I can allow of ſeeing Faults in any the moſt favourite Piece: and find a freſh and greater Pleaſure e-

(*a*) Whoever thinks a faultleſs Piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm.

very

every Day in reading an Author without that Biass, which used to make me admire every thing I read. Yet I must own my Infirmity to you; I still find it very Difficult to arrive to that Indifference, you would perswade, in any Tolerable degree.

A perfect Indifference (answer'd *Antiphaus*) is no more attainable, than a perfect Excellence, by a Creature made up of so many Passions, as is Man. We must poise ourselves with all the Steadiness we are Masters of; and when those Disturbers will be interfering, the best way is to turn their own Artillery upon them: and to play one Passion against another. If the superiour Merit of a Writer, or his engaging Way, is apt to captivate us so far as to raise any partial regards in us; we must stop, and Consider what we owe to Truth, the most beautifull and commanding thing in the World: On the contrary, where-ever we begin to feel a malicious Pleasure in finding out the Faults of great Men, we must break off that humour as soon as perceiv'd, by turning immediately to some of the finest Passages in their Works, and indulging that Delight and Admiration they raise in us.

I do thus (reply'd *Philypsus*) and yet it is but too frequently that I find my self

more

more engag'd than I ought to be, after all my Endeavours: How happy ſhould I be, cou'd I have that command of my Temper, which *Antiphaus* ſhews upon all Occaſions.

If you have obſerv'd any thing in me of that Nature (ſays *Antiphaus*, interrupting him) it is chiefly owing to the Obſervance of this Rule, "When we "are thinking of any particular Paſſage, "to forget the Character of the Author: "and when we are ſpeaking of the Cha-"racter of the Author, to forget the "Turn of any particular Paſſage." Our Notion of a Poem is not to be influenc'd by a few Lines, taken here and there from it: the only thing by which it can be juſtly determin'd is the Ballance of the Account, after reckoning up all its Beauties and all its Defects againſt one another. I mean, not only as to their *Number*, but according to the real *Value*, or *Alloy* that is in them. But what am I doing, *Philypſus*? to talk at this rate, while I might be enjoying your Obſervations?---The things I have heard you ſpeak of at Different Times, make me long to ſee them in one collected View. We are here ſafe from the Impertinence of Buſineſs, or Viſits: and may enjoy our ſelves at Large, without being interrupted by either.

I am ſenſible (anſwer'd *Philypſus*, after a ſhort pauſe) that what you particularly mean, is the Improvements in Mr. *Pope's* Tranſlation, from the many Figures and Variations added in that Work: but as I am not prepared for a regular Account of them, You will give me leave to mention them juſt as they come into my Thoughts. My happineſs is, that I ſpeak to ſo generous a Friend: I know *Antiphaus* too well to make Apologies for the Weakneſs of my Obſervations, or the looſe manner in which I may lay my Thoughts before him.

(*a*) "To be *Clear* and *not* to be *Mean*, "is the great Excellence of Language. "A Stile that is made up wholly of *pro-* "*per* Words, will be the cleareſt of any, "but at the ſame Time it will neceſſarily "be mean: On the Contrary, the im- "prov'd *figurative* Stile is great, but if "it be Crowded every where with Fi- "gures and new Terms, it muſt grow "dark and barbarous.

If this Rule be juſt, as it has ever been allow'd to be (quite down from the Great Father of Criticiſm at *Athens*, to thoſe who Flouriſh now in the Academy of *Paris*) all Additional Figures in this

(*a*) From *Ariſtotle's* Lib. de *Poet.* Cap. 22.

Tran-

Tranſlation, which neither darken nor perplex the Senſe, are ſo many new Beauties and Improvements upon the Original.

For my part I ſhould not ſtick at carrying this Point farther. I ſhould imagine, That Figures are the Language of the Paſſions. The Body it ſelf is agitated, and our Features diſcompos'd, when the Mind is ſtruck violently with any Object: and if we ſpeak upon ſuch Occaſions, 'tis with rapidity and diſorder. We burſt out into Exclamations: our Sentiments are quick and violent; and our Language interrupted frequently with ſuddain Starts, and as ſuddain Pauſes. Things appear then more ſtrong and largely to the Mind; and we paint them in more expreſſive Colours, with a greater Energy of Words. 'Tis this way of ſpeaking, that gave riſe to what the Criticks afterwards call'd Figures. Theſe are the beautiful Diſorders of Language; they are in our Words what ſuddain Agitations are in our Minds; and tho' we may think them chiefly the effect of Art, they are really the moſt natural things in Poetry.

When we are ſtruck ſuddainly with Joy or Sorrow, Hopes or Fears, we break out in a ſhort quick manner of

Expreſſion.——*Ulyſſes*, in the Habit of a ſtranger, finds the good old *Laertes* ever ſorrowing for his Abſence, and buſying himſelf in his Garden, to divert the melancholly of his Thoughts. The Hero does not diſcover himſelf immediately; only juſt mentions to him, that he had ſeen *Ulyſſes* in his Travels. That is the point *Laertes* fixes upon: *This Iſland you are landed upon* (ſays he) *is Ithaca*;

But tell me Stranger, be the Truth confeſs'd,
What years have circled ſince thou ſaw'ſt that gueſt?
That hapleſs gueſt, alas! for ever gone!
Wretch that he was! and that I am! my Son!
If ever Man to miſery was born,
(*a*) 'Twas his to ſuffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!

Ulyſſes in his Anſwer informs him where he had met with his Son; and that when they parted, he flatter'd himſelf with hopes of ſeeing him again; but now, he found, he muſt deſpair of that happineſs. This was too much for *Laertes* to bear: we ſee him overcome with Sorrow. 'Tis now *Ulyſſes*'s turn to be agitated, and to ſpeak his Paſſions in the ſame impetuous manner:

He ran, he ſeiz'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
With thouſand kiſſes wander'd o'er his face,
"I, I am he; Oh Father riſe! Behold,
"(*b*) Thy ſon! ——

(*a*) *Od.* 24, 339--289. (*b*) *Od.* 24, 376--320

I can ſcarce leave the pleaſure I take in repeating theſe Paſſages only to tell you, that they are extremely improv'd by Mr. *Pope*. No one will imagine how much, that has not compar'd them with the Original.

You ſee theſe Paſſions break out in ſhort violent Flaſhes: ſometimes they are ſo ſtrong as to permit no more than one word or two. When *Euryclea* by accident diſcovers *Ulyſſes*, ſhe can only cry out (*a*) *My Son!--My King!*---And where any go farther, they rather *hint* at things, than *mention* them: Their Thoughts are full of ſtarts, and hurry; they ſpeak with vehemence; and often end abruptly. Thus *Ulyſſes*, when he diſcovers himſelf to *Telemachus*:

I am thy Father. O my Son! my Son!
That Father, for whoſe ſake thy days have run
(*b*) One ſcene of woe. &c.——

And in another place, from a different Paſſion:

O curſt event! and Oh unlook'd for aid!
Melanthius, or the women have betray'd ——
(*c*) Oh my Dear Son! ——

(*a*) *Od.* 19, 554---475. (*b*) *Od.* 16, 208---189.
(*c*) *Od.* 22, 166---152.

Theſe paſſionate *Breaks* are one of the fineſt things in Poetry. They are as natural in Anger, as they are in Sorrow or Suprizes; and indeed in the former are proper ſooner, and upon leſs motives far, than in theſe. I know not how it is, they have a particular aptneſs in all Threats; and either intimate very ſtrongly, or are very well fill'd up with ſome menacing Action:

This choice is left you to reſiſt or die;
(*a*) And die I truſt, Ye ſhall.———

Or, as in the *Nineteenth* Book,

Vagrant be gone! before this blazing brand
(*b*) Shall urge---and wav'd it hiſſing in her hand.

You have puzzled me, ſays *Antiphaus*: Now for my Life can't I tell which to approve of moſt, the expreſſing, or the intimating the Action in ſuch Caſes: this requires the greateſt ſtrength in the Poet, and the other has greater force in his Performance. Oh, give me leave to mention one thing---Have you not obſerv'd a Larger ſort of Break, which is uſed artificially in a Poem, to incite the Attention of the Reader? I mean, when

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 81---67. (*b*) *Od.* 19, 85---69.

the

the Narration is dropt in the moſt engaging parts of it, or juſt before ſome very material Incident: This adds a double deſire of hearing: the Audience generally make it their Requeſt, that the Speaker would go on, and inform them of the Sequel. Thus it is in the Eleventh *Odyſſey*. *Ulyſſes* in the midſt of his Account of the Infernal Regions (*a*) makes a feint of concluding: we are immediately told, that the *Phæacians* were eager to hear him on; and 'tis obſervable, that the very (*b*) ſame Break, and the very ſame Sentiment after it, is imitated by *Virgil*. 'Tis indeed improv'd in the latter: he has all the Uſe of *Homer*'s ſuſpence, without the Tedioufneſs of it.

I have often taken notice of this Artifice, ſays *Philypſus*. 'Tis very uſual in the Cloſe of the particular Books, not only of this Poem, but equally of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*.---Were it not a thing pretty obvious in itſelf, I ſhould be apt to imagine, that it was from this practice of *Homer* and *Virgil*, that thoſe prudent

(*a*) *Od.* 11, 408---328.——Κηληθμῷ--ἔχοντο, Verſe 333. And V. 369. *Alcinous* deſires him to proceed.

——(*b*) Donec Calchante miniſtro ——
Tum vero ardemus ſcitari. —— *Æn.* 2, 100 and 105.

Authors,

Authors, who write for Sale, had learnt what is ſo common among them: Thus in our Books of Adventures and Romance, we ſeldom meet with a Firſt Part, which does not break off in ſuch a point of the Story, as may be moſt apt to engage the Expectation of the Reader; and to draw him in for that moſt tedious thing in the World, vulgarly call'd, *A Second Part.*

There is yet another ſort of Breaks, *Antiphaus*, which proceed not from the Artifice of the Writer, but the Paſſion he feels upon ſome great or unexpected Calamity. There might be Inſtances of this given from the Poem before us: but we muſt go to another Piece of Mr. *Pope's* for the fineſt that ever I met with in my Life. 'Tis in his Charming *Ode* on *Muſick*, where he is ſpeaking of that great Maſter of it, *Orpheus:*

(a) See wild as the winds o'er the mountains he flies,
Hark *Hæmus* reſounds with the *Bacchinals* cries!
——— Ah, ſee! he dies.

Thoſe Paſſions, which break off our Language in this manner, and confine it to ſhort catches and ſtarts; when they are wrought up to the higheſt pitch, or croud in many of them together upon

(a) *Stanza* the 6th.

the

the Mind, are beſt expreſt by *Silence*. Such Silences as theſe (pardon me a Paradox as old as (*a*) *Pythagoras* his times) are the voice of Nature. 'Tis true in the common Method of ſpeaking, there are only a few particular Organs concern'd: but in ſtronger Emotions, in the violence of any Paſſion, the whole Body may be *talkative*. Every Look, and Turn, and Motion is ſignificant; and each Nerve can have its ſhare in making up (what our *Shakeſpear* calls) *A kind of Excellent Dumb Diſcourſe*.

To be more plain: Our Paſſions are often too ſtrong to be expreſs'd immediately by words; they often choak up the paſſage for them: and yet at the ſame time they are moſt apparent. The more any one is a ſtranger to art and diſguiſes, the more is he moved on theſe Occaſions: theſe Silences are the pure effects of Nature; and the Deſcriptions of them are ſome of the moſt natural, as well as moſt beautiful Paſſages in the whole Poem.

(*a*) Η σιωπὴ ὑπὲρ τοῦ θείου σφισὶν (the Diſciples of *Pythagoras*) ἐπήσκητο· πολλὰ γὰρ θεῖά τε καὶ ἀπόῤῥητα ἤκουον· ὧν κρατεῖν χαλεπὸν ἦν, μὴ πρῶτον μαθοῦσιν, ὅτι καὶ ΤΟ ΣΙΩΠΑΝ ΛΟΓΟΣ. *Philoſtratus* de Vita *Apol*: Lib. 1. Cap. 1.

The

The Recovery of *Ulyſſes* is the Incident of the greateſt concern to all his Friends, and muſt be attended with the ſtrongeſt flow of Paſſion in them: accordingly they are each too much mov'd with the diſcovery, to utter their Sentiments on that Occaſion. *Telemachus* is the firſt to whom *Ulyſſes* makes himſelf known: He falls on his Father's Neck, and they continue embracing each other, without ſpeaking (*a*) for a conſiderable time.--We have a like Scene, (*b*) when he diſcovers himſelf to two or three ſelect Friends: Good old *Laertes*, on the ſame Occaſion is not only ſilent, but ſcarce (*c*) able to ſupport himſelf, under ſuch an exceſs of Paſſion, And the fond, tender *Penelope*, is quite overcome with it:

(*d*) She ſickens, trembles, falls, and faints away.

A Great Surprize, or Extraordinary Fright, has the ſame Effect: as in *Homer*'s (*e*) *Eurylochus*, and the Sir *Treviſan* of *Spencer*, which the (*e*) Notes mention as a Parallel to *Eurylochus*. Never was any Image ſet in a fuller Light than this of *Spencer's*: 'tis preſented to our View

(*a*) *Od.* 16, 243---220. (*b*) *Od.* 21, 240---226.
(*c*) *Od.* 24, 404---346. (*d*) *Od.* 23, 212---205.
(*e*) *Od.* 10, 288---346.

with

with all the ſtrength that Poetry is capable of. I muſt beg leave to read it to you.

He anſwer'd nought at all, but adding new
Fear to his firſt amazement, ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes, and heartleſs hollow hue,
Aſtoniſh'd ſtood, as one that had eſpy'd
Infernal furies with their chains unty'd:
Him yet again, and yet again beſpake
The gentle Knight; who nought to him reply'd
But trembling every joint, did only quake.

Admirable Imagery! and admirable Silence! cry'd *Antiphaus*. But I hope you will not be ſo poſſeſs'd with the excellence of our Poet, as to forget (*a*) the *Ajax* of *Homer*; whom *Ulyſſes beſpeaks again, and yet again*, without any Anſwer at all? Or perhaps this has been obſerv'd upon ſo often, that you think it needleſs to repeat its Beauties: I don't queſtion but you admire it very much. I do ſo (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) and agree entirely with the Obſervation. (*b*) "That "*Ajax* has more the air of Grandeur "when he ſays nothing, than when the "Poet makes him ſpeak.

Mr. *Pope* does not only follow *Homer* very finely, wherever he has led the Way in theſe beautiful Figures; he ſometimes

(*a*) *Od.* 11. 665---537. (*b*) Note *ibid.* and *Longinus*, θ.

heightens,

heightens, and ſometimes adds them with a great deal of Propriety. Every one ſees how unwilling *Calypſo* is to part with *Ulyſſes*: But the Command of *Jove* muſt be obey'd: and the ſame fondneſs which makes her look on the departure of that Hero with extreme regret, engages her, at the ſame time, to aſſiſt him in the conveniences for it. She is always directing him, when employ'd; and when not, ſecretly diſſwading him from his Voyage. We ſee her buſy, even to Officiouſneſs, in bringing him the Inſtruments for his Work: guiding him to the Foreſt, and ſhewing what Trees are fitteſt for his Purpoſe:

(a) On the lone Iſlands utmoſt verge there ſtood
Of poplars, pines, and firs, a lofty wood,
Whoſe leafleſs ſummits to the skies aſpire,
Scorch'd by the ſun, or ſear'd by heavenly fire.
Already dry'd.—— Theſe pointing out to view,
The nymph juſt ſhew'd him, and with tears with-
[drew.

This is much better expreſs'd than in the Original: indeed there we ſcarce diſcern that it is a paſſionate Silence. Improvements of this kind, *Antiphaus*, are the more to be valu'd, becauſe there is not any one thing in Poetry of greater Beauty and Energy. The Criticks look

(a) *Od.* 5, 305---238.

upon

upon it as the most (*a*) sublime, unusual part of Eloquence: and 'tis none of its least Advantages, that it hits that excellent Rule they give us, *Of* (*b*) *Leaving some things for the Audience to perceive of themselves*: Tho' it be not told him, every Man very easily finds out the heightning of such a Circumstance; and is sure to value it the more, because he finds it out himself. In short, these are Masterly strokes, and few hands arrive to them in their true Excellence. Tho' it requires the greatest Art and Judgment to introduce it, the Writer when he has chose the proper Point, seems to be put to no pains to rule our Affections: he governs all our Passions without the *Labour* of Words; and looks as *Archimedes* would to one's fancy, moving the whole World, while he *sits still* himself.

Suspence and Doubt have something of this Figure intermixt with them. A Speaker hesitating and unresolv'd, is in a State of *Half-silence*: As we see the former poetical Silence is observ'd in *Homer* every time *Ulysses* discovers himself

(*a*) Φωνῆς δίχα θαυμάζεται πότε ψιλὴ καθ' ἑαυτὴν ἔννοια δι' αὐτὸ τὸ μεγάλοφρον. *Longinus*, θ'. And *Cicero*: Rarum est eloquenter loqui; rarius, eloquenter tacere. Ep. ad *Atticum*. L. 13.
(*b*) See *Dem. Phal.* Σκδ'.

to any of his nearer Friends; ſo is there a mixture of this Doubtfulneſs alſo in each of thoſe Interviews: Thus *Telemachus*, on that Occaſion;

Thou art not---no, thou can'ſt not be my Sire;
Heaven ſuch illuſion only can impoſe
(a) By the falſe joy to aggravate my woes.

The *Unravelling* of the Doubt is what ſtrikes us moſt, both in *Laertes* and *Penelope*: in the latter Caſe, this is deferr'd for too long a time; However as they are, they afford us ſome of the moſt pathetick Paſſages in the whole Poem. In what an affecting Manner does *Laertes* appear to us juſt at the point of his being convinc'd, that the Stranger he is converſing with, is his Son?

Smit with the ſigns which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees ſuſtain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd *Ulyſſes* thrown:
He faints, he ſinks with mighty joys oppreſt:
Ulyſſes claſps him to his eager breaſt.
Soon as returning Life regains its ſeat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulſes beat;
Yes, I believe, he cries: Almighty *Jove!* —
Heaven rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
(b) 'Tis ſo. ———————

(a) *Od.* 16, 217---195. (b) *Od.* 24, 411---351.

As

As to *Penelope:* Where a modern would have been overjoy'd, and caught immediately at an Occaſion for ſo many raptures, the *Greek* Poet chuſes rather to ſhew her Prudence, than her Paſſion. I believe every body will agree, that this *ſtill Interval* is not ill-choſen: the fault of it is, its being carried through too many Lines. The Queen, no doubt, ſtruggled hard all the while; She had difficulty enough in reſtraining herſelf; And the moment ſhe is convinc'd, ſhe is all Tenderneſs and Paſſion.

While yet he ſpeaks, her powers of life decay,
She ſickens, trembles, falls and faints away:
At length recovering to his arms ſhe flew,
And ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt ſhe grew;
The tears pour'd down amain: And oh, ſhe cries,
Let not againſt thy Spouſe thine anger riſe!
O vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakneſs of a woman's heart——
O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore---thus---thus---to ſpeak my love;
Thus in fond kiſſes, while the tranſport warms,
Pour out my Soul, and die within thy arms!—
(a) I yield, I yield! my own *Ulyſſes* lives.

This unravelling of a *Doubt* is generally follow'd by what is the moſt contrary to it of any thing in the World, *Precipitation.* To doubt of any happy

(a) *Od.* 23, 240---230.

Circumſtance, is to fear that it ſhould not prove true. When we are agitated by the Expectation of ſome Bliſs, we long to indulge that Flow of Spirits which it Occaſions; only ſome particular Caution forces us to reſtrain them in the midſt of their Career: The moment our Doubt is clear'd, and the Obſtacle remov'd, they ruſh on with the greater Violence and Impetuoſity. Then are our Words quick and vehement; We ſpeak ſhort, and faſt; A Thouſand things We want to ſay, and are ſo eager we don't know which of them to ſay firſt. I know nothing in Muſick that ſtrikes me equally to thoſe *ſuddain Pauſes*, when the Conſort ſtops at once; and after the ſtill Interval, breaks out unexpectedly into a full Tumult of Harmony. This Pauſe, and the Impetuouſneſs that ſucceeds upon it, is the caſe (to carry on a Scene, which we have touch'd upon twice or thrice already) when *Telemachus* recognizes his Father: *Telemachus* wants to know every thing at once; and *Ulyſſes* wants to tell him every thing as faſt:

All, All, *Ulyſſes* inſtant made reply,
(*a*) I tell thee All, my Son! ———

(*a*) *Od.* 16, 249---226.

Such

Such an Hurry of Spirits, the more violent it is, makes us ſpeak in the more broken and interrupted manner. You always ſee that a Croud is the longeſt in getting out of a place, where they are in the greateſt Haſte, and preſs moſt. When the Paſſions are leſs diſturb'd, they go in Train, and follow one another eaſily; but if they move all of them for a Paſſage at the ſame time, they hinder one another: This ſort of Precipitation, is very well expreſs'd in *Penelope*, upon receiving *Telemachus* after his Voyage:

Few words ſhe ſpoke, tho' much ſhe had to ſay,
And ſcarce thoſe few for tears cou'd force their way.
Light of my Eyes! He comes!--Unhop'd-for Joy!
Has Heaven from *Pylos* brought my lovely Boy?
So ſnatch'd from all our cares! Tell, haſt thou known
(*a*) Thy Fathers Fate, and tell me all thy Own.

You cannot imagine, *Antiphaus*, the full heightning of this Paſſage, without comparing it with the Original: 'Tis the ſame caſe in moſt that I have mention'd; They are ſome of the juſteſt Improvements in the Poem; as well as Inſtances of the beſt ſort of Figures, ſuch as ſhew the Paſſions of the Mind in a ſtrong and lively manner. There are o-

(*a*) *Od.* 17, 55---44.

ther, which the Poet makes uſe of, ſometimes to raiſe and diverſify his Language; ſometimes to give ſtronger Colours to the things he deſcribes; And ſometimes to engage or poſſeſs his Readers. I need not enter into a long Enquiry concerning the more known Figures of either kind; but ſhall touch upon one or two, which as yet have not been introduc'd by the Criticks into their *Syſtems*.

Poetical Prophecy, is when we acquaint the Reader before-hand of ſome Events, which will happen in the Progreſs of the Poem: *Prevention* is when we ſpeak of ſuch things, yet to come, as if they were already preſent. *Prevention* gives an uncommon Greatneſs and Energy to the Language: It places diſtant Actions full before our Eyes; and carries a certain Boldneſs and Aſſurance with it, that is very becoming: The *other* is of great Strength in poſſeſſing and captivating the Reader; We love to look on into Futurity: Thus it flatters the Powers and Capacity of our own Minds, at the ſame time that it gives an Air of Superior Knowledge and Authority to the Poet.

From the Invocation of the Muſe in the entrance to his Poem, the Poet has a Right of Prophecying; and it might be *partly* from this, that the Name of

Prophet

Prophet and *Poet* has in ſome Languages been us'd in common. But tho' he may, and does, prophecy in Perſon, things of this Nature are uſually introduc'd from others: as from Superior Beings; from Prieſts and Augurs; from (*a*) Perſons in the other State, or juſt at the (*b*) Point of Departing from this. This latter Method perhaps may carry the greater *Sanction* with it; but the other is the more *Poetical*.

Some of the ſtrongeſt Speeches in *Homer* and *Virgil* are deliver'd after this manner, by Men of the Prophetick Character; It is to this Figure (if you will give me leave to call it ſo) that the *Sixth Book* of the *Æneid*, and the *Fourth* of the *Odyſſey* owe the greateſt ſhare of their Beauty. Even the frightful Raptures of *Theoclymenus*, and the *Harpye* of *Virgil*, engage the Reader with a ſort of pleaſing Terrour. There is ſomething horribly delightful in theſe Lines.

Floating in gore, portentous to ſurvey!
In each diſcolour'd vaſe the Viands lay:
Then down each cheek the Tears ſpontaneous flow
And ſuddain Sighs precede approaching woe.

(*a*) As *Tireſias* in the 11th *Odyſſey*; or *Anchiſes* in the 6th *Æneid*. (*b*) See *Il*. π', Ver. 844 and 852. *Æn*. 10, 739.

In

In viſion rapt, the * *Hypereſian* Seer
Up-roſe, and thus divin'd the Vengeance near.
O Race to Death devote! with *Stygian* ſhade
Each deſtin'd Peer impending Fates invade:
With tears your wan diſtorted cheeks are drown'd,
With ſanguine drops the walls are rubied round:
Thick ſwarms the ſpacious hall with howling Ghoſts,
To people *Orcus*, and the burning Coaſts!
Nor gives the Sun his golden Orb to roll,
(*a*) But univerſal Night uſurps the Pole!

I beg pardon (ſays *Antiphaus*) but the Speech of *Theoclymenus* is a particular Favourite of mine: and now you repeat it in *Engliſh*, I ſeem to want ſomething of that ſtrong Pleaſure it uſed to afford me, Where the *Greek* ſpeaks (*b*) *Of the Sun being periſht out of Heaven, and of Darkneſs ruſhing over the Earth*; I cannot expreſs the Fulneſs of the Words---But you know the Original; and I fear will never ſee a Tranſlation equal it. This whole Prophetical Viſion of the Fall of the Suitors is the *True Sublime*: and, in particular, gives us an higher *Orientaliſm*, than we meet with in any other part of *Homer*'s Writings. You will pardon me a new Word, where we have no old one to my Purpoſe: You know what

* *Theoclymenus.*

(*a*) *Od.* 20, 430---357.

(*b*) ——————Ἠέλιός τ' Οὐρανῶ ἐξαπόλωλε, κακὴ δ' ἐπιδέδρομεν ἀχλύς.

I mean; That *Eaſtern way of expreſſing Revolutions in Government, by a Confuſion or Extinction of Light in the Heavens.* It is this manner of Thinking which works up that Speech the neareſt of any to thoſe noble Paſſages in holy Scripture; (*a*) "*I* "*will ſhew Wonders in the Heavens and in* "*the Earth, Blood and Fire, and Pillars of* "*Smoak; the Sun ſhall be turn'd into Dark-*"*neſs, and the Moon into Blood.*—(*b*) *I* "*will cauſe the Sun to go down at Noon,* "*and I will darken the Earth in the clear* "*Day.*—(*c*) *All the bright Lights of Heaven* "*will I make Dark over thee, and ſet Dark-*"*neſs upon thy Land.*

I have often wondered, *Philypſus*, at ſome particular Perſons, who are ever raviſh'd with any thing of the Sublime in common Authors, and yet ſeem to have no taſte for the fineſt touches of this kind, thoſe which are ſo frequent in our ſacred Writings. With what Greatneſs, and Sublimity, do they abound? Such, as might perſwade, that weare not only bleſt with *Inſtructions*, but favour'd too with a *Language* from Heaven. Thoſe ſacred Pages want only to be read with a common regard, that all Men might acknowledge them to contain the great-

(*a*) *Joel* 2. 31. (*b*) *Amos* 8. 9. (*c*) *Ezek.* 32 8.

eſt

eſt Maſter-pieces of Eloquence. Yes, *Philypſus*, it is there, that Eloquence ſits beſide the Throne of Truth, in all her nobleſt Attire, and with a Look, that ſtrikes us at once with Reverence and Delight. I long to expatiate on ſo glorious a Subject: but perhaps we may find a time of joining together in ſome View of this Nature: There has been a very good (*a*) Example ſet the World this laſt Summer; and if ever we ſhould follow it, and enter thoroughly into this ſort of Criticiſm, I dare ſay it will make any other kind look poor and inſipid, when compared with it.---But at preſent we are in another Sphere; and I have already interrupted you too much.-----

Philypſus, deſirous as he was to launch immediately into thoſe noble Depths of Eloquence, comply'd for the preſent, and return'd to the point in hand. "My laſt "Inſtance from the *Odyſſey* prevents what "I had deſign'd for the next; You ſee, "it ſpeaks all along of future things, as "if they were actually preſent. *Theoclymenus* has the whole fact paſſing ſucceſſively before his Eyes: The Deſtruction of the Suitors is pictur'd in his Mind; he ſees their *blood* ſprinkled upon the Walls;

(*a*) *Blackwall's* Sacred Claſſicks.

their

their *bodies* floating in Gore, and their *ſouls* ſinking to the Regions of the Dead.

Now I am upon this head of *Prophecy* and *Prevention*, I ſhould be very defective, were I to omit the other Branch of it; which takes in all caſes where the Poet forewarns us of Events in his own proper Perſon. This is to be found in the very ſame point, the Fate of the Suitors; but it is not deliver'd with the ſame Air of Enthuſiaſm: The *Poet* is inform'd by the Muſe of things to come, while the *Prophet* is poſſeſs'd by Viſion: The knowledge of one, is from Inſtruction; of the other, from a ſort of Frantick Poſſeſſion of Mind. The Poet therefore anticipates Events with leſs emotions of Language; and ſeldom riſes into any fervor, above what we meet with in theſe Paſſages:

——Incens'd they ſpoke
While each to chance aſcrib'd the wondrous ſtroke;
Blind as they were—For death even now invades
(a)His deſtin'd prey, and wraps them all in ſhades.

And before:

——In his Soul fond joys ariſe,
And his proud hopes already win the prize.
To ſpeed the flying ſhaft thro' every ring,
Wretch! is not thine: the arrows of the King
(b)Shall end thoſe hopes, and fate is on the wing.

(a) Od. 22, 38---33. (b) Od. 21, 104---98.

You

You obſerve, *Antiphaus*, that this Event which is ſo often anticipated by the Poet, is the great Point on which the Completion of his Fable turns: and I believe you may have obſerv'd, that *Virgil* puts on the Prophetick air, (*a*) exactly in the ſame Caſe. *Virgil* oftentimes improves upon his Maſter: the Circumſtance that introduces that Paſſage in the *Æneid*, and the greater diſtance of time, give it a much finer and a nobler Air, than we find in *Homer* himſelf.

Theſe Figures (for ſo I beg leave to call all unuſual manners of Speech) are of more difficult Obſervation, as they lye out of the common road: I am afraid of wandering too far; and ſhall therefore return very readily to the more beaten Path.

All Paſſions warm the Imagination, and make its Images more ſtrong and ſenſible. It is this, in my Opinion, that might render *Metaphors* very proper in the Pathetique: Tho' you and I, perhaps, ſhould not agree entirely on that Head.

At leaſt this is certain, that they ſtrengthen and enliven the narrative Part of Poetry, beyond any other Method

(*a*) See *Æn.* 10, 501.

what-

whatever; when the Poet treats of the moſt common things, he does not treat of them in the common manner:

Fame ſpeaks the *Trojans* bold, they boaſt the skill,
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill;
To dart the ſpear, and guide the ruſhing car,
With dreadful inroad thro' the walks of war.

(*a*) Strip theſe Lines of the Metaphor, and they loſe their greateſt Force and Beauty. To ſay barely (as it is in the *Greek*) *That the Trojans are good Warriors, that they launch the Spear, and handle the Arrow well; that they manage their Horſes dextrouſly, and in general, that they are very Strong and Succeſsful in Battle:* This declares the whole of the thing; but, with Submiſſion, 'tis more like a Proſe, than a poetical Narration; at leaſt, when compar'd with the ſame Sentiments in thoſe Lines I have juſt repeated.

There are many Innovations of this kind, which make the Engliſh *Homer* appear with Advantage: A naked relation of Fact is enough for Hiſtory; but Poetry requires ſomething more than bare Truth: It has a thouſand ways of raiſing and beautifying its Subject: *Phœbus*, like the Luminary over which he preſides,

(*a*) *Od.* 18, 308---263.

does not only ſhew, but ſets a Luſtre too, on every thing he touches: The Poet is not ſo much to declare Events, as to give its Colours and Life to every Action: in doing this, nothing is ſo requiſite as ſtrong animated Figures; as of all Figures the Metaphor affords the moſt ſenſible Strokes, and comes neareſt to the Pencil.

Even in common Caſes they are not without their Beauty: thus in that Enterview between *Ulyſſes* and *Laertes*:

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his Sire, retracing every line,
The ruins of himſelf! now worn away
(*a*) With age, yet ſtill majeſtick in decay.

Thus *Agamemnon* (after all his dangers, murther'd by the hands of Villains in his own Kingdom) is not ſaid barely *to die*, but *to end*,

(*b*) *The ſad Evening of a ſtormy life.*

When thisFigure expreſſes ſome ſtrange Particularity, or includes any magnifying Compariſon, one ſingle Word is very powerful in raiſing the Narration, and enlarging our Ideas up to the Occaſion:

(*a*) *Od.* 24, 272---232. (*b*) *Od.* 4, 116---91.

With

With dreadful ſhouts *Ulyſſes pour'd* along,
(*a*) Swift as an Eagle, as an Eagle ſtrong. ——
Now by the Sword, and now the Jav'lin fall
(*b*) The rebel Race, and Death had *ſwallow'd* all &c.

I know no Caſe, in which Metaphors of a bold Sound are more proper, than in arrogant Speeches; When Men defy the Gods, or quarrel with the Diſpenſations of Providence. *Philætius* in the *Odyſſey* is no arrogant Character: Yet in one place (upon conſidering the Afflictions of his Prince, whoſe Piety and Virtue he was ſo well aſſur'd of) he falls into a Rant againſt Providence; in which the Language is as lively and vigorous, as the Sentiment is ill-grounded and abſurd:

O *Jove!* for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!
Unpiteous of the race thy will began:
The fool of Fate, thy manufacture, Man,
With penury, contempt, repulſe, and care:
(*c*) The gauling load of Life is doom'd to bear.

Theſe Metaphors (which are of that kind we may call *The audacious*) come very near the Spirit of *Oldham* and *Dryden*; who undoubtedly, in their Satirical Works, flaſh out into the greateſt Boldneſſes this way of any of our Writers: indeed, in both, there are ſome which

(*a*) *Od.* 24, 622---537. (*b*) *Od.* 24, 612---527.
(*c*) *Od.* 20, 256---204.

may come too near to Prophaneneſs: but we muſt always take care not to attribute to the Poet, what he ſpeaks under ſome other Perſon. A Devil is no longer a Devil, unleſs he be haughty, impenitent and blaſpheming: and *Dryden* is no more to be condemn'd than *Milton*, for making ſuch impious Spirits ſpeak according to their true Character.

What you aſſert, I take to be perfectly true, ſays *Antiphaus*: but were I bleſt with any Genius for Poetry, I own that a ſhocking Impiety ſhould be one of the laſt things I would *chuſe* to deſcribe. And where it is choſen, there is room to be moderate, without injuring the Character with too great a ſhew of Goodneſs: We ſee that *Milton* is not ſo groſs, as *Dryden*: Nor (*a*) *Virgil* ſo blunt, as *Homer*.

(*a*) *Virgil* ſeldom deſcends to particulars: he chuſes rather to ſay in general, *Atque Deos, atque aſtra vocat crudelia mater*. Even his *Mezentius* is more reſerv'd than *Homer's* Deiſts: He rather ridicules than affronts; *Aſt de me Divum pater atque Hominum Rex Viderit.*—— Afterwards he grows a little Warmer, and more Metaphorical;

Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod miſſile libro,
Nunc adſint ——

Where he ſpeaks plaineſt of all, *Virgil* touches upon his miſerable fate in the very next line:

Nec mortem horremus, nec Divum parcimus ulli:
Deſine. Jam venio moriturus. —— *Æn.* 10.

Well,

Well, ſays *Philypſus*, there are other Points which you might chuſe, and which ſerve as well for this ſort of Metaphor: Thus all pious Frauds, infamous Prieſts, or any prevailing Superſtition. Here the Figure retains much of the audacious Air, without any thing of Impiety in it. *Agamemnon* indeed goes too far in the *Iliad*, where he ſeems to neglect *Apollo*, as well as his Prieſt:

Hence, with thy lawrel crown, and golden rod,
Nor truſt too far thoſe enſigns of thy God:
(*a*) Mine is thy daughter, Prieſt ——

Here is ſomething of Irreverence to the God, and an evident Injuſtice to Man: and the Poet very prudently condemns the Speech, before he delivers it in his Poem. But there is no ſuch Mark ſet on one of *Hector's*; nor does it at all infringe that Hero's Character, which is remarkably Pious all through the Poem: He is ſpeaking againſt a very popular Superſtition, the Trade of Augury:

Ye Vagrants of the Sky! your wings extend
Or where the Suns ariſe, or where deſcend;
To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
While I the dictates of high Heaven obey.
Without a ſign his Sword the brave man draws,
(*b*) And asks no Omen but his Country's cauſe.

(*a*) *Il.* 1, 39---29. (*b*) *Il.* 12, 284---243.

This has the *audacious* Air, becauſe it ſpeaks contemptuouſly of a Practice, which was vulgarly look'd upon as religious and ſacred: and is *juſt*, becauſe it ſhews at the ſame time the greateſt Reverence to the Gods: He obeys the Dictates of *Heaven*, but he contemns the Artifices of *the Prieſt*.

Whatever reſtraints this kind of Metaphor may deſerve, there is another ſort which has always been receiv'd with the greateſt Liberty. The *animating* Metaphor, tho' the (*a*) moſt Sublime, and the moſt Daring of any, except what was laſt mention'd, is very common; and that even in the chaſteſt Poets, and in the ſofteſt Pieces. It is this by which we give Action and Spirit to things that are Still and Inſenſible. This will raiſe the meaneſt Points in the World: it may treat meer *Names*, as if they were *Things*; and Things ſtill and inanimate, as if they had Thought and Action. What might ſeem the moſt ſurpriſing is, that this method of raiſing things above their

(*a*) Præcipuè ex his oritur mira ſublimitas, quæ *audaciæ proxima* periculo tranſlationis attollitur: Tolluntur quum rebus ſenſu carentibus actum quendam & animos damus. *Quintil.* Lib 8. Cap. 6. *Ariſtotle* and *Phalareus* ſay exactly the ſame; ſee the latter Περὶ Ερμ. Πλ.

Nature,

Nature, has nothing of ridiculous in it. We eaſily perceive this to be true: but I own, for my part, I ſhould have been at a loſs for the reaſon of it, had not I met with a (*a*) fine Obſervation in Mr. *Pope's Appendix* to this Work. I wonder now why I cou'd not before perceive, That *Ridicule is confin'd to moral Agents, and obtains only where Choice and Freedom is directly concern'd.* That this is the Caſe is the more plain; becauſe, even among moral Agents, the very ſame thing, which if brought on by our own Folly, is a certain ſubject for Ridicule; when it proceeds from ſome inevitable Misfortune (or Neceſſity) is the fartheſt from being Ridiculous.

I am pleaſed to ſee that this Figure ſtands on ſuch good reaſon; for it is the very Life and Soul of Deſcription. And might it not be of a larger Uſe, *Antiphaus*, than has commonly been obſerv'd? It is chiefly mention'd indeed of enlivening things inanimate; Whereas poſſibly it may hold thro' the whole Chain of Beings in the World, as they riſe gradually above one another. Thus when we attribute any thing of abſolute Perfection to the higheſt Orders of created Beings,

(*a*) Od. Vol. 5. Pag. 238.

any

any thing which we think Angelical to Man, or any thing like Humanity or Virtue to Beasts; it might as well be included in this Branch of Metaphor, as when we give the Powers of Motion to things, Still; or Passions, to things Inanimate.

Nay, it may even return from the Lower to the Higher; when the Species of a lower Rank, upon the whole, has any (*a*) particular Excellence which the higher wants: Or partakes of any (*b*) Excellence, which is common to them both, in a greater and more excellent Degree.

But it must be observ'd, that where this Figure, in its higher Notion, is applied to Intelligents, it must not be done with the same Indifference; or rather it requires the strictest Caution.

The Poet is at liberty to attribute Action and Passions to any part whatever of the mute Creation: he may make the Woods, or any such Insensible, Sympathize with his Grief, with the same freedom as any inferiour Animals; we find it thus used particularly in all the *Pasto-*

(*a*) As when we amplify the Swiftness of an Hero, by comparing it to the Flight of an Eagle; or (*b*) the Swiftness of an Eagle, by comparing it to the Swiftness of the Winds.

ral

ral Writers, whether Ancient or Modern. Every Beaſt may have the Compaſſion of Man; but few Men can ſuſtain the Properties of an Angel: Nothing would make a common Mortal ſo mean and ridiculous, as ſuch an Elevation: the ſame holds in the higher Intelligents; The Firſt of the Angelick Order looks monſtrouſly ridiculous (as well as monſtrouſly impious,) when he would imagine an Equality, where there was an immutable Diſproportion.

However, in ſome Caſes, the Property of an Angel may be given to a Man. The Heathen Poets compare their greater Hero's to their Gods; And when the Chriſtian Poet extols any ſuperiour Genius, any Character that has ſomething in it above the common race of Mortals, he may well draw ſome Expreſſions from the Order of Beings next above the Human. Had not Mr. *Addiſon* thought this Juſtifiable, we ſhould have loſt one of the fineſt Amplifications imaginable.

(a) So when an Angel by Divine command
With riſing tempeſts ſhakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia paſt,
Calm and ſerene he drives the furious blaſt;
And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirl-wind, and directs the ſtorm.

(a) See *Addiſon's* Works, Vol. 1, Pag. 78. 12°.

But

But whither am I wandring, my *Antiphaus?* You will think ſuch Flights as theſe too Airy; ſurely, I am got into the Wilds of Criticiſm!—I don't know what the World might think of You at preſent, ſays *Antiphaus:* but if ever Mr. *Dryden's* Scheme ſhould take place, and the Poetical Characters of Angels be generally eſtabliſh'd; what you may think the wildeſt of your Flights now, might then be of good Service this way in Poetry.—Be that as it will, ſays *Philypſus*, I believe I had better draw in my thoughts a little for the preſent; and keep to things, that are more obvious and ſecure. All agree, that the giving *Thought* to things *inſenſible*, and *human* Paſſions to the *brute* part of the Creation, is equally juſt and beautiful: and at the ſame time nothing is of greater Efficacy in rendring our Sentiments Rais'd and Poetical. That *The Sufferings of our Fellow-creatures affect our Souls by a natural Sympathy*, is a very good moral Sentence: but the Poet is to Elevate this effect of Miſery; he inveſts her with a ſort of new *Being*; and then gives her *Addreſs* and *Action*. In Poetry our Tears (*a*) *ſpeak*; our Misfortunes are

(*a*) *Od.* 10, 291—248.

Elo-

(a) *Eloquent*; and *Miſery appears* (b) *in Perſon to plead for the diſtreſs'd.*

When more uncommon things are transfer'd this way, the Metaphor may be ſafer, if it has ſome grounds in the Fact; tho' it will bear very often without it. 'Tis allowable to repreſent the Sea, as flying back, and aſtoniſh'd, at the *terrible* (c) *Voice of the Cyclops*: but 'tis more cloſe to attribute this Fear and Flight to it, when its Waves are (d) *drove aſunder by the ſame Cyclops flinging a Rock into the midſt of it.*

Another thing, which made this Figure the ſtronger among the Ancients, was their Notion of *Genii*, or *preſiding Deities*. In particular, there was ſcarce a River or Brook amongſt them, but what had its *Genius*; and in ſpeaking of theſe the Poets carry this Metaphor farther than in any other caſe whatever. What an Appearance does *Xanthus* and *Simois* make in the *Battle of Rivers*, which takes up the 21*ſt Iliad*? What a bold Draught is that of the *Nile*, in the Sea-fight at *Actium*, by (e) *Virgil*? And how much more Sublime than either, is our Tranſlation of the Sacred Writings,

(a) *Od.* 6, 374---311. (b) *Od.* 6, 204---169.
(c) As *Æn.* 3. 672. (d) *Od.* 9, 581---495.
(e) *Æn.* 8, 712.

where

where it makes *the Deep* (*a*) *utter his voice, and lift up his hands on high?*

You may perceive I am run into another Figure: but it is of a kind, ſo nearly allied to the *animating Metaphor*, that one often finds ſome difficulty in diſtinguiſhing the one from the other. Indeed when any of theſe *Perſonages* are introduced diſtinctly in full State, then it is ſomething beyond Metaphor; but in ſhort Sketches, it may paſs very well under that Figure. There is nothing but a ſtronger Name adapted to the thing, than its ſtrictly proper Acceptation affords. I think, for inſtance, that we need not ſeek for a new Figure in this Paſſage:

Aw'd by the Prince ſo haughty, brave and young,
(*b*) *Rage gnaw'd* the Lip, *Amazement chain'd* the [Tongue:

Or for this:

In every ſorrowing ſoul I pour'd delight,
(*c*) And *Poverty ſtood ſmiling* in my ſight.

In the cloſe of this Poem, the Narration is elevated, by a ſucceſſive Chain of theſe *Metaphors*, or *Fictions*, call them which you will. When the *Ithacenſians*

(*a*) *Habakkuk* 3, 10. (*b*) *Od.* 20, 335---268. (*c*) *Od.* 17, 506---421.

are

are rang'd in Arms againſt their Prince, 'tis not ſaid, that they *ſhall Die*, but that (a) *Death attends them in the Field*:—To expreſs *Ulyſſes*'s aptneſs to forgive them: (b) *Oblivion is ready to ſtretch her Wings over their Offences*: As when they are ſhockt with their Crime, and fling down their Arms, there is this Voice from Heaven to effect it:

"Forbear ye Nations! your mad hands forbear
(c) From mutual ſlaughter. *Peace deſcends to ſpare.*"

Theſe, *Antiphaus*, are the moſt remarkable things, I have taken notice of, as to the Figures. I could have produc'd a greater number of excellent Lines from this Tranſlation, had not I endeavour'd chiefly to give ſuch Inſtances as contain'd, at the ſame time, ſome peculiar Improvements in them: You would be ſurprized to ſee how many Beauties they have, that are wanting in the Original.

Surely they who are the moſt rigid for Cloſe-tranſlating, will allow ſuch beautiful Variations as theſe; which, without loſing the Sentiments of the Original, only ſet a finer Turn upon them.

(a) Od. 24, 540---470. (b) Od. 24, 558---484.
(c) Od, 24, 618---534.

Let them call them, if they pleaſe, glorious Offences, or beautiful Wandrings from the Letter: theſe are ſuch Offences as one would wiſh to ſee more frequent than they are; and of which the beſt Tranſlators are the moſt guilty.

For my part I am particularly pleaſed, when I ſee a Tranſlator reflect new Light upon his Original: where-ever this is done juſtly, it does not alter the Objects; it only makes them more bright and viſible.

I believe, *Antiphaus*, you will not diſapprove of ſome other Methods, us'd in the Engliſh *Odyſſey* for this Purpoſe, which I am juſt going to lay before you. Sometimes the Language is rais'd and ſtrengthen'd; ſometimes the Order tranſpos'd to Advantage; in ſeveral Caſes we have *Homer*'s Thoughts inſpirited by collateral Thoughts from other Authors: ſome little things are omitted, and ſome ſhort ſtrokes added, to correct the Sentiment, or to heighten the Colours in the Original.

Before you enter upon thoſe Points, ſays *Antiphaus*, give me leave to mention ſome few things, which look like Blemiſhes, under the Subject you have juſt concluded.

It is allow'd, that Metaphors are the moſt uſeful of Figures to raiſe the Poetical Stile, to give their Colour to our Deſcriptions, and a juſt Swelling and Relief to our Images; 'Tis allow'd, that a Tranſlator may add theſe Colours, where the Original is leſs Lively and Expreſſive, than the Subject may very well bear. The Faults then muſt lie, either in the Exceſs, or Impropriety of ſuch Additions. Some things will not bear a ſtrong Light; and others require to be flung into Shades.

Where there is no Occaſion for Figures, they are at beſt only ſo many unneceſſary *Ornaments*: I cannot ſee why a Quiver full of Arrows ſhould be call'd (*a*) *A Store of flying Fates*; why a Fire ſhould be term'd (*b*) *A burning Bed:* or a Libation, (*c*) *The Sable Wave of offer'd Wine.*

'Tis not the Diſproportion of the Metaphor to the Thing, which might render theſe Expreſſions blameable; If any thing, 'tis the want of Occaſion. When the Poet is to aggrandize ſmall Subjects, we can bear with much bolder Metaphors than theſe: tho' it may not be proper to

(*a*) Od. 22, 136---119. (*b*) Od. 9, 449---378.
(*c*) Od. 14, 499---447.

call a ſtream of Wine, by the Title of a *Sable Wave*, on common Occaſions; Yet when the Work requires heightening, we may go ſo much farther, as to call a (a) *ſmall River by the Name of the Ocean.*

If we judge by the *Occaſion*, there can be but few liberties for Metaphor in common Converſation; I mean, the common Converſation of Poetry. Not that they are to be baniſh'd thence entirely; rather it will require them frequently: but it requires only ſuch as are ſingle, and not far remov'd from the Subject. When a Perſon is ſpeaking to *Penelope*, in Commendation of *Ithaca*, he might be allow'd to ſay, that *Its Soil is rich; that it abounds in Corn; and that its Trees are* laden *with Fruit.* *Homer's* Expreſſions ſcarce carry this ſo far; and yet I ſhould think them preferable to theſe in the Tranſlation:

(b) In wavy Gold thy ſummer vales are dreſs'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruits oppreſs'd.

Where the Original ſays, that *Eurymus was among the Suitors of Penelope*, does not it ſeem better, as well as plainer, than this Tranſlation?

(a) As does *Virgil*, Georg 4. 29. (b) Od. 19. 131---112. See V. 565 ib. 482.

——To climb with haughty fires
(a) The royal bed, *Eurynome* aſpires.

A Metaphor may be continu'd too far, as well as carried too high: a long Chain of them leads us away from the proper Senſe; and flings that into *Allegory*, which we intend for *Reality ſtrongly expreſs'd*. This is very common, eſpecially in our *Pindarick* Writers: indeed few of our Poets, but what have (b) faln into it ſome time or other; but in thoſe, you find the moſt groſs and inſufferable Inſtances of it, that can be imagin'd.

In theſe *ſtrings* of Metaphor, nothing in my Opinion is ſo faulty, as that Point which has been ſo often touch'd upon: the ſhifting of Circumſtances in the ſame Deſcription; and repreſenting a Thing confuſedly, ſometimes in its *figurative*, and ſometimes in its *proper* Appearance. While an Actor is upon the Stage, his own private Character muſt be wholly laid aſide: he muſt be entirely *Booth*, or entirely *Cato*. Nay, even in the Scenary itſelf, things muſt be of a piece; and Mr. *Addiſon* has the juſteſt Occaſion for his frequent Severities upon this (c) con-

(a) Od. 2, 28---31. (b) See Od. 19, 286---251. And 20. Verſe 19, to Verſe 30---13, to 23.
(c) See *Spectator*, Numb. 5.

tradictory Mixture's prevailing so monstrously in our Theatre: How would the Wits of King *Charles*'s time have laugh'd to see *Nicolini* sailing in an open Boat, upon a Sea of Past board? What a field of Raillery would they have been let into had they been entertain'd with painted Dragons spitting Wildfire, enchanted Chariots drawn by Flanders-Mares, and *real Cascades* in *artificial Landskips*? the making things after this manner, partly real, and partly imaginary, is to join Inconsistencies. Shadows ought never to be mixt with Realities in the same Piece, whether in poetick Scenary, or that of the Stage.

A Poet is never more apt to fall into this Confusion, than when he is speaking of Allegorical Persons; as, particularly, the Deities of the Heathens. When we speak of them personally, we are apt to mix something of their mystick Character: this is certainly vicious in Writing; and 'tis more so, to confuse the Properties of those things, over which any of those Deities were suppos'd to preside, with the Personal Acts of any particular Deity.

The Poets are allow'd the priviledge of elevating every Subject they take into their management: if they please they may

may represent the Sun, as guided by an Intelligence: and 'tis but one step farther with them, to give that guiding Intelligence, a Name; they call him *Phœbus*; and obviously enough, feign to themselves, that he drives round the World in a Chariot of Fire. By degrees the Allegory is form'd regularly, and enlarg'd with more Particulars: he has so many Horses assign'd to his Chariot: His own Appearance is well known: Beardless and Young, A Glory round his Head, and a Quiver full of Arrows o'er his Shoulder: *Thetis* is ready to receive him at the End of his Journey; and when he is to set out again, *Aurora* rises from the Ocean to open the *Gates of Heaven*, that are kept for him by the *Hours*.

How very regular can Fiction be upon Occasion? The establishment of this Allegory under these Particulars, has prevented a world of Confusion: this we may see by any Allegory, which is not yet settled on some Uniform Plan. To shew how far, I shall beg leave to enlarge a little on one of the same Nature, That of *Aurora*, the Goddess of the Morning.

Phœbus is never represented on this Occasion, but in his Chariot I was speaking

ing

ing of; As for *Aurora*, I know not whether ſhe rides, ſits, or walks: Sometimes ſhe is in Heaven, and ſometimes upon Earth: In ſhort, the Poets ſeem to leave it undetermin'd how, when, or for what time ſhe makes her Appearance. I have laid together ſeveral Paſſages relating to this, but they leave the Point as confus'd as it was before:

Now did the roſy-finger'd Morn ariſe,
(a) And ſhed her ſacred light along the skies:

There, ſhe is plainly in Heaven.

——— When o'er the Eaſtern lawn
In ſaffron robes the daughter of the dawn
(b) Advanc'd her roſy ſteps ———

And here, as plainly upon Earth.

——— With her orient wheels
(c) *Aurora* flam'd above the Eaſtern hills.

Here I cannot abſolutely determine, whether ſhe be in Heaven, or upon Earth; but 'tis plain, ſhe is got into her Chariot now, as ſhe was pleas'd to Walk the time before.

But when it is evident, that ſhe is not upon Earth; 'tis ſtill difficult to know

(a) Od. 13, 22---18. (b) Od. 4, 587---431.
(c) Od. 16, 380---368.

whe-

whether she is near it, or in the higher Heavens: whether she

——— Ascends the Court of *Jove*,
(a) Lifts up her light, and opens day above:

Or, only

(b) —— Heaves her orient head above the waves.

There is the same difference in the degrees of that Brightness, which is attributed to her appearance: sometimes she only (c) *blushes with new-born Day*, and sometimes she is encompass'd with (d) *the full splendor of it*: When I read one Description, I take it for granted, that the Glory round her Head should be of *a* (e) *glimmering Light*; but when we come to another, 'tis of *a strong* (f) *Flame*: You are at the same loss to know, whether her *Robes* are (g) *Rose-colour'd*, (g) *Saffron*, or (h) *Purple*: In fine, It would puzzle the Criticks to answer directly, whether she has a *Quiver* on her Shoulders; and whether she is to appear in a (i) martial, or in a gentle, peaceable Posture.

This unsettledness in the present Case, runs through almost all the Poets since

(a) *Il.* 2, 60---49. (b) *Il.* 19, 1. (c) *Il.* 11, 1. (d) *Il.* 8, 83---66. (e) *Od.* 9, 515---437. (f) *Od.* 16, 381---368. (g) *Od.* 4. 587---431. (h) *Od.* 19. 500---428. (i) Compare *Od.* 19, 500, with 6, 58.

Homer.

Homer. The most correct that ever wrote are not entirely free from it. *Virgil* himself often-times (*a*) continues her Course so far, that his (*b*) Commentators, to salve the matter, say, we must understand *Phœbus* by *Aurora*. In him the very *Horses* that draw her Chariot are (*c*) *Rose-colour'd*; as in *Theocritus* they are (*d*) *White*: sometimes she has the (*e*) Horses of *Phœbus*; sometimes (*f*) Four of her own; sometimes (*g*) Two; and sometimes she is forc'd to ride only, and that upon (*h*) the Wings of *Pegasus*.

It may be left to the Poets themselves to determine, whether this Management be just towards Persons of their own making: I shall only say, that the greatest Criticks have ever thought, that *consistency* is requir'd in the most *unbounded Fictions*: And, if I mistake not greatly, *Homer* is more regular in this very Fiction before us. A Person better vers'd in his Writings, than I have the Happiness to be, might, I believe, form from them as settled a Scheme in relation to this God-

(*a*) *Æn.* 6, 536 &c. (*b*) Thus *Donatus*, *Ruæus*, &c. (*c*) *Æn.* 7, 26, and 6, 536. (*d*) —— Λεύκιππος ἀνατρέχει ἐς Διὸς ἀώς. *Idyl.* 13. (*e*) *Æn.* 5, 105. (*f*) *Æn.* 6, 536. (*g*) *Æn.* 7, 26.

(*h*) Κραιπνοῖς ὑπὲρ ποτᾶτο Πηγάσου πτεροῖς. *Lycophron.*

dess,

deſs, as has been drawn up for any other of his Deities. This is certain, that he has preciſely fixt the *time* of her appearance; 'tis that (*a*) Interval, which commences after the firſt Dawn of Light, and ends juſt before the actual Riſing of the Sun. She always aſcends (*b*) from the Sea, to the Eaſtern *extremity*, or (as it is in the Language of Poetry) the (*c*) *Gates of Heaven*: there ſhe ſits in her (*d*) Golden Chariot, which has two Horſes aſſign'd to it, diſtinct (*e*) from thoſe of *Phœbus*, and there ſhe waits to (*f*) prepare the way for the Chariot of that Deity.

The Dreſs, and the Epithets, which *Homer* gives to this Imaginary Being are, as they ought to be in all ſuch Allegories, *at the ſame time evidently* (*g*) *drawn from the Nature of the Thing, and fairly applicable to the Fictitious Perſon.*

So much for Allegory: 'Tis a dangerous Topick, and we are apt to be loſt

(*a*) The Twilight is reckon'd into the Night. *Iliad* ἡ, 433. And the firſt *direct* appearance of Rays attributed to the Sun; *ibid.* 422. (*b*) *Il.* τ', 2. (*c*) See Mr. *Pope's* Note on *Il.* 5, 928. (*d*) *Od.* ψ' 244. (*e*) See Note on *Od.* 23, 260. (*f*) Φόως ἐρέουσα. *Il.* β', 49, &c. (*g*) This *Euſtathius* ſhews at large in his firſt Note on the ſecond Book of the *Odyſſey*: particularly, as to the Epithet ῥοδοδάκτυλος.

in

in the Clouds of it: Either the natural Deſcription, or the Allegory, by it ſelf, may have a thouſand Beauties; but when they are daſh'd together, every thing is dark and confus'd. They put me in mind, *Philypſus*, of the two Liquors Sir *Iſaac Newton* ſpeaks of, which from a fine Azure, and a beautiful Red, if you mix them, produce no Colour at all; The tranſparence and glow, which each had ſeparately, is immediately loſt; and their Beauties vaniſh away into one thick impenetrable Shade.

Before theſe confus'd Allegories and mixt Metaphors, I ſhould have mention'd ſome other Inſtances, in which ſingle Metaphors are faulty, either as they are Improper or Affected.

Is it proper to ſpeak of *Penelope's Wit and Beauty* (or her Beauty alone) under the Notion of (*a*) *Drooping Verdure*? is it proper to talk of (*b*) *Raining Kiſſes*? or of (*c*) *Storing a Veſſel with* proſperous Gales?

Is not the Metaphor and the Turn of Expreſſion ſomewhat affected, or overwrought, in this Paſſage of the Nineteenth *Odyſſey*:

(*a*) *Od.* 19, 149---128. (*b*) *Od.* 17, 49---39. (*c*) *Od.* 5, 213, and 216---167.

Theſe

These swarthy arms among the covert stores
Are seemlier hid; my thoughtless youth they blame
(a) *Imbrown'd with vapour of the smouldring flame.*

And a little farther, in the same:

My woes awak'd will violate your Ear;
And to this gay censorious train, appear
(b) *A winy-vapour melting in a Tear.*

Again; upon *Telemachus*'s return:

All crowded round the family appears,
With wild entrancement, and exstatick tears.
Swift from above descends the Royal Fair;
Her beaureous cheeks the blush of *Venus* wear,
(c) Chasten'd with coy *Diana*'s pensive air.

In the following Lines she hangs o'er him,

——In his embraces dies;
(c) Rains kisses on his neck, his face, his eyes.

You have here (says *Antiphaus*) what has appear'd to me as Blemishes in this Poem, under these several Heads. I have endeavour'd, *Philypsus*, to read it with severity: and when my Regards for the Author, or the Influence which such Writers will always have over ones Soul,

(a) Od. 19, 22---18. (b) Od. 19, 143---122.
(c) Od. 17, 49---38.

began at any time to ſway my Mind; I have call'd up all the Ill-nature I am Maſter of to my Aſſiſtance; I'm fully ſenſible how difficult it is to keep the ballance ſteady: ſometimes our Admiration may warm us too much; and ſometimes a little Malice will prevail. If any thing I have been ſaying ſeems diſcolour'd with this Temper of Mind, point out my Faults to me, dear *Philypſus*; Correct me like a Friend; and ſhew that openneſs I have deſerv'd at your hands.

When I have time to conſider the Notes, I ſee you have taken down (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) and to compare ſome Paſſages with the Original, You ſhall know more of my Mind: as yet I ſee no reaſon for your Requeſt; but think you have dealt with that Fairneſs which I ſo much admire in my *Antiphaus*.

In the mean time I have a word or two to add on thoſe other Excellencies of this Tranſlation, which I mention'd to you before.

That Method of Improving the Original, by *Transferring Beauties* from one fine Writer to another, is carried on thro' this remaining part of the Poem, in the ſame frequency, as it was us'd in the former Volumes.

Theſe *Foreign Infuſions* of Thought and Language (to uſe the Name which Mr. *Addiſon* has given them) are very diſcernible to any one of a tolerable Taſte: 'tis true, they muſt have ſomething of a new Air; but they ſtill retain a diſtinct Reſemblance of the Old, ſomething like that of the Siſter *Nereids* in *Ovid*;

——— *Facies non omnibus una,*
Nec diverſa tamen; qualem decet eſſe ſororum.

In pointing out theſe Reſemblances to ſome People, I ſhou'd be apprehenſive, that they might think me taken up in an Imaginary Chaſe; but any one of much leſs Diſcernment, than *Antiphaus*, will perceive immediately, that this Likeneſs is real, and deſign'd by the Poet himſelf. There is an (*a*) eminent Critick, who has wrote a whole Treatiſe on this ſingle Point, in Praiſe of a (*b*) particular Favourite of his: In the preſent Caſe, Mr. *Pope* tells (*c*) us, "That he read the Ancients with this Deſign; that he ſerves "himſelf of them as much as he can; "and that they have been his chief Inſpirers in Poetry." I believe the Gen-

(*a*) *Caſaubon.* (*b*) *Perſius.*
(*c*) Preface to his Works, Fol. and Pref. to the Paſtorals. p. 10.

tlemen, who are concern'd with him in this Tranſlation, would give me leave to ſay the ſame of them: 'Tis too evident to be denied: it appears both in their (*a*) Obſervations, and in their excellent Works.

In theſe laſt Volumes, how finely are (*b*) ſome Thoughts wove into this Tranſlation from the ſacred Pages? from the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*; from *Dryden*, and *Milton* among ourſelves; and from ſeveral others, both Ancient and Modern?

The Tranſlator is ſometimes as Artful in adding, of himſelf, ſome ſhort Strokes to what *Homer* has ſaid. We meet with ſeveral of theſe little Inſertions, which are very juſt and improving. I ſhall mention but one. As Mr. *Addiſon* (*c*) propoſes a Correction of *Paradiſe Loſt*, by cutting off the two laſt Lines; Mr. *Pope* improves this Poem, by adding a Line in the Concluſion of it: This Inſertion poſſibly is better choſe, than that

(*a*) See Note on *Odyſſey* 11, 152—18, 207.
(*b*) From Ss. Book 16, 237. *ibid.* 420. B. 18, 158. B. 19, 99 &c.
Virgil. B. 15, 250. B. 16, 189. B. 17, 227.—
Ibid. 523. B. 18, 121. B. 24, 131. &c.—
Homer. B. 17, 613. B. 24, 513.—
Milton. B. 19, 694. B. 20, 370. B. 24, 498. &c.—
Dryden. B. 23, 322. B. 24, 309. *ibid.* 632.—
(*c*) *Spectator*, Numb. 369.

Altera-

Alteration ſo modeſtly propos'd by Mr. *Addiſon*. The Reader, indeed, would willingly go off with ſome Hopes and Satisfaction, after the Melancholly Scene in *Milton's* laſt Book: but it may be ſaid that, conſidering the Moral and chief Deſign of that Poem, Terror is the laſt Paſſion to be left upon the Mind of the Reader. On the contrary, the *Odyſſey* ought on all Accounts to terminate *happily:* and Mr. *Pope's* Addition, in the cloſe of it, is therefore an Improvement, becauſe it forwards the Moral; it gives us a (*a*) fuller View and Confirmation of the *Happineſs* of *Ulyſſes*, and leaves it upon a firmer Foundation.

In the beginning of the Evening, *Antiphaus*, You were ſpeaking of the Poets *tranſpoſing Words* to Advantage. I believe

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(*a*) So *Pallas* ſpoke: the mandate from above
The King obey'd. The Virgin-ſeed of *Jove*
In *Mentor's* form confirm'd the full accord,
And willing Nations knew their lawful Lord.

Homer himſelf does not end in ſo full and compleat a manner: His laſt Line does not reſt well; and *Chapman* ſeems reſolv'd to ſhew the infirmneſs of it, as much as he could poſſibly in his Tranſlation, which breaks off in theſe Lines.

——— Twixt both parts the ſeed of *Jove*,
Athenian *Pallas*, of all future love
A League compos'd; and for her form, took choice
Of *Mentor's* likeneſs; both in limb, and voice.

this may ſometimes be of greater Uſe in altering the Order of *Sentences*, or the Succeſſion of ſome *Incidents* in the Poem; tho' I own, this muſt be attempted but rarely, and with the greateſt Caution: Difficult as it is, You will find a good Inſtance of the Former in one of the Suitors ridiculing Speeches; and of the Latter in *Euryclea*'s Tranſports.

Euryclea, You know, diſcovers *Ulyſſes* by a Scar upon his Leg, while ſhe is Bathing him. The Moment ſhe makes this diſcovery, ſhe drops the Jarr of Water, and is ready to faint away with Surprize and Joy. Tho' theſe, in the Nature of the Caſe, muſt follow immediately upon one another, *Homer* has inſerted a long Story (how the Scar was occaſion'd) *juſt after* the Diſcovery, and *before* thoſe Paſſions, which are the immediate Effect of it. Thus is a ſuddain Event *declar'd* fourſcore Lines before it is *deſcrib'd*——A Succeſſion of *time* taken up in the Narration, contrary to the time of the Fact——An *Impetuous* Paſſion kept in ſuſpence; in a word, Two things inſeparable in their Nature, are diſjointed in the Deſcription. I know not whether I ſee this in a wrong Light; but at preſent it puts me in Mind of *Mahomet*'s flinging his Baſon down, travelling

to Heaven, ſeeing the Lord knows what there, and returning again before the Water is run out.

If I miſtake not, this Impropriety is avoided very Artfully. *Euryclea* is not made to diſcover this Scar before that long Digreſſion. (*a*) It is rather ſaid (in the Prophetick manner of the Poets) that ſhe would ſoon Diſcover it, than that ſhe has actually Diſcover'd it. 'Tis after the Digreſſion, that it is mention'd directly as Fact: ſo that in the Tranſlation, This Fact is not diſ-jointed from thoſe Emotions which it immediately raiſes in *Euryclea*; We are not told fourſcore Lines after the Jarr is ſlung down, that the Water is *running* out of it.

If this be really the Caſe, ſays *Antiphaus*, I think the Alteration is much to be commended. But why may not *Homer* himſelf be underſtood to ſpeak in the Prophetick manner too? for I ſuppoſe that ſingle Point would ſalve all: You do not blame the Digreſſion itſelf?

No, ſays *Philypſus*, 'tis not the Digreſſion which I blame, but the Point in which it is introduc'd; juſt between a Fact, and what in Nature muſt be immediately conſequent upon that Fact.

(*a*) *Od.* 19, 461. And 547---392, and 467.

If, as you ask, *Homer* ſpeaks at firſt, only in the Prophetick manner, then it is all clear'd up: But I fear his Expreſſions confine it directly to a thing *then done*, and cannot be taken in the Prophetical way.

Philypſus was ſo engag'd to this Moment, that he had not once obſerv'd how the Day wore away: He was ſurpriz'd to find the Night was juſt coming on. "Why did you ſuffer me (ſays he "to *Antiphaus*) to keep you here ſo long: "I did not imagine the Night had been "ſo near us: You know I am an Eter-"nal Talker——However I ſee the "Coach is at the Door; and we may "reach our Lodgings, I believe, before "it is quite dark.

An

An ESSAY &c.

EVENING the FIFTH.

BEFORE they parted the laſt Evening the two Friends agreed, that their next meeting ſhou'd be in the ſame place; and as this was to be the laſt which they intended to ſet apart for this Enquiry, they ſet out for *Horatio*'s earlier than uſual. When they alighted, *Philypſus* order'd his Servant before them to the *Dome* of *Apollo*, with a Book or two he had brought in the Coach; whilſt He and *Antiphaus* walk'd on gently to enjoy the Freſhneſs of the Air, and the Beauties of the Place. The Sun (which now began to be in its decline) as it ſhot thro' the Trees, made a thouſand wavering

Mixtures

Mixtures of Light and Shade: The Birds, on all ſides were anſwering one another in their little natural Airs: every thing look'd Freſh about 'em; and every thing was Agreeable.

Delighted with ſo many calm undiſturb'd Pleaſures, they wander'd on from one Walk to another; and chatted, as they went, of a Thouſand indifferent Things. Among the reſt *Philypſus* fell into an Account of the Company he had to Dine with him. You know *Morforio*, ſays he?——*Perfectly well, anſwer'd Antiphaus.*——He was there too; and made it his Buſineſs, as uſual, to contradict every thing that was offer'd againſt any of our celebrated Poets.——*I am very glad, ſays* Antiphaus, *that I was not of the Company; his way of arguing is too General to be Anſwer'd, and too Poſitive to be Born with.*——Yes, ſays *Philypſus*, it was his old way. If one Perſon blamed ſome particular *Littleneſs* in *Milton*, he wou'd immediately ask him how he cou'd blaſpheme ſuch a *Sublime* Poet? and when another mention'd a groſs Line from *Addiſon*'s Works; How abſurd is that, ſays he, to charge ſuch a thing on the chaſteſt and moſt *correct* Compoſitions in the World?——*Right! and I ſuppoſe the very next thing he muſt ask was, How You cou'd*

cou'd diſlike ſuch Glorious Men, as Addiſon *and* Milton——You have him exactly. It was in vain to tell him that you diſliked only *this Line*, or *that Thought*: He would have his way: and, I doubt not, but in his Opinion we are all a Set of Hereticks, or at leaſt Free-thinkers in Poetry. What an egregious Fault is it, *Antiphaus*, with ſome Men, only to have ones Eyes open?——*But there are times* (ſays *Antiphaus*, aſſuming as he ſpoke, the imperious air and manner of *Morforio*) *there are times ſure, when they had better be ſhut*——And therefore I ſhould wink always——*Not ſo neither: Your Betters may direct you what to look upon, and what not*——That's a good Thought, truly: 'tis great Pity the Legiſlator has not conſider'd of it. I ſhould be in Love with an Act of Parliament about the *Uſe of Eyes*.——*Why where would be the great harm of the Matter, if you were order'd to wink hard, or to turn away from every diſagreeable Object, that offer'd it ſelf?*——How may I behave, if the Object be agreeable?——*Look as long as you pleaſe*——And How, if there be a Mixture of diſagreeable in it?——*You ſuppoſe then, that there may be ſomething diſagreeable, in that which is beautiful?*——Really, Sir, that is my Notion. Nay, I am apt to think farther

farther, that there is nothing ſo Beautiful, as to be without Defect; without ſome Mixture of the Diſagreeable. By your Rule then, we muſt loſe the ſight of a Thouſand fine Objects. How can I look on that Lady, you were admiring ſo much the other Day in the Ring, without ſeeing that her Hair is of a diſagreeable Colour? Or muſt I ſwear that her *Eyebrows* are *Black*, becauſe ſhe has a *fine Shape?*——*That's over-ſtraining the matter: but I think you might paſs by ſuch a Trifle, if it were only in Complaiſance. Where there are ſuch exact Features, ſo charming a Complexion, and a Make ſo delicate, 'tis barbarous not to let ſuch a ſmall Affair, as the Colour of an Eyebrow, eſcape your Obſervation.*——Depend upon it, I would not be ſo blind as to think the Lady was Diſagreeable on that Account ——*But I cannot allow any thing diſagreeable about her*——Where are your Eyes then?——*I would not believe them*——That's one way——*Or what would you ſay to the new Invention*——What Invention I beſeech you——*Only of a Sett of Glaſſes, which ſhall make each favourite Object appear exactly the ſame to every Eye*——And exactly beautiful?——*That too*——An hopeful project, truly! Let but *Morforio* be the Deſigner, and ſome things

things would appear all Glaring and Beautiful; while all the reſt, I ſuppoſe, only upon turning the Tube, might be nothing but Deformity.

In the midſt of this roving ſort of Talk, they were got to the *Dome*, before they thought of it: "Well, ſays *Philypſus* "(as he enter'd) till I meet with the "Perſpectives you were talking of, I "ſhall not be aſham'd to confeſs, that I "find my Eyes at preſent to be of a diffe-"rent Turn. I cannot help perceiving "ſome little Blemiſhes in our moſt de-"lightful Poets; and yet I am far from "an Inſenſible to their Beauty: I view "them with delight; I admire them paſ-"ſionately: Nay, I believe, I have all "of *Morforio*'s Love, except the Blindneſs "of it. 'Tis there that you have open'd "my Eyes, *Antiphaus*: You have taught "me to Love not only with Paſſion, but "with Reaſon----Rather ſay (reply'd *Antiphaus*) that your own Mind aſſerted its true Prerogative; and roſe up to guide your Paſſions to none, but proper Objects.-----However that be, ſays *Philypſus*, I am ſenſible of an Alteration for the better; and can now indulge a Paſſion for any Writer with the greater Appetite, as I am perſwaded it gives the Mind a ſufficient Pleaſure, without making it

great a Fool of it. Do I not love this Writer, added he, (taking up one of the Pieces that lay before him) I read him with the ſame Eagerneſs, and find new Charms in him continually. Nay, I think my Love of him more ſecure, than ever: Since I can ſuffer my ſelf to ſee his Faults; and by that means, am ſatisfied that they can never be ſufficient in the leaſt to cloud his Perfections.

I am entirely of your Opinion, (ſays *Antiphaus*) and doubt not, but in our finiſhing this Enquiry, we ſhall have the greater Security in admiring Him. I only ſpeak of our ſelves. There may be many other Beauties, and other Faults, viſible to Men of better Eyes: but we may ſafely fix our own Sentiments on what we have been able to diſcover our ſelves. I hope, we have endeavour'd ſincerely to hold the Ballance ſteddy; and when we have done what we can, we have done what we ought.

I wiſh you would have left that *Sentence* for me, ſays *Philypſus*; It would have ſerv'd admirably to introduce what I am to enter upon this Evening.——It is at your ſervice (ſays *Antiphaus*) and therefore I beg you would proceed.

Tho' I might begin very well with the *ſententious manner* in Writing; my Subject,

ject, ſays *Philypſus*, is ſo various, that I do not well know what I ought to chuſe firſt: The Proſpect widens rather too much upon me; and indeed takes in moſt of the Faults and Vertues of any Poem. I own that, in general, the Great and Firſt Excellence of a *Poet*, is to be *natural*: but it will be allow'd me, that the chief, and diſtinguiſhing Beauty of an *Epick* Poem, as ſuch, is a true Air of *Greatneſs*, and a Stile that carries *weight* and *emphaſis* with it: as the Vice moſt oppoſite to it, is *trifling*, *vulgarity*, and *meanneſs*. I wiſh I may manage theſe Points as fully, as I doubt not *Antiphaus* will diſplay the *natural* ſtrokes that are ſo frequent in the *Odyſſey*.

Sentences carry much efficacy with them in a Poem; they are uſually of the perceptive kind; tho' they ſeem rather to inſinuate, than to command: As they are general Truths and Maxims of Life, well adapted to ſome particular occaſion in the Poem, they appear with Authority; and contain the moſt uſeful Inſtructions, without the Stiffneſs and Odium of perſonal Advice.

'Tis a Miſtake (to uſe a Maxim of Lord *Shaftsbury's*) *to think that no body knows how to take Advice; the Fault is, that few know how to give it.* To do this

agreeably, and at the ſame time with Weight, is the great Art of Sentences in Poetry.

Poetry in its Birth was calculated for the Service of Religion. The deſign of the *Epick* Muſe was to paint the Succeſſes of Vertue, or the Puniſhment of Vice. Hence the *Tragick*, that follow'd the very ſame Purpoſes; and afterward the old *Comedy*, whoſe buſineſs lay in encouraging leſſer Domeſtick Vertues, and ridiculing the Foibles of Mankind. *Satire*, the Off-ſpring of both theſe, partakes of either kind; ſhe Smiles in *Horace*, looks Severe in *Perſius*, and Commanding in *Juvenal*: The Satiriſt may uſe different Methods, but whether he Laſhes or Ridicules, 'tis ſtill the *vicious*, who are to ſuffer.

All the other Species of Poetry either fall in with theſe, or follow the ſame Ends: ſuch, as forget this, deſerve not the Name of Poets: they proſtitute the Muſe; and whatever they produce muſt be of a Baſtard-Kind.

Among many other Excellencies, this ought particularly to be obſerv'd in Honour of the true genuine Poets of Antiquity, that they ſeem to treat of Morality, even better than thoſe who profeſs'd that Study. Were it not for the Works of

of their Poets, we might very well imagine *Benevolence*, for Inſtance, That which gives its Life and Spirit to the whole Family of Vertues, was ſuppreſs'd to the laſt Degree among the Heathens. In reading their Philoſophers, one is almoſt perſwaded, that they teach Revenge; and make it their buſineſs to limit and reſtrain that Love, which Men have naturally to one another. In ſhort, He that wants to find the true Philoſophy muſt go to their Poets. They break out into warmer Notions, and more exalted Leſſons of Humanity. Among them the Face of Charity is leſs veil'd, and clouded; and Goodneſs appears with a Countenance more generous and erect.

The *Odyſſey*, as a *Moral Poem*, exceeds all the Writings of the Ancients: it is perpetual in forming the Manners, and inſtructing the Mind: it ſets off the Duties of Life more fully, as well as more agreeably, than the *Academy* or *Lyceum*. *Horace*, who was ſo well acquainted with the Tenets of both, has given (*a*) *Homer*'s Poems the Preference to either.

(*a*) Quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, [quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.
Lib. 1. Ep. 2.

Surely, *Antiphaus*, Men were more Virtuous in the days of *Homer*, than they were in the time of *Plato* or *Cicero*; at leaſt, they were more charitable, and tender to Strangers. How elſe could the Poet ſpeak in ſuch a Spirit of Goodneſs, whenever he touches upon this Duty? Nothing is inculcated by him, more frequently; and nothing, with greater Strength and Emphaſis.

Homer (in relation to *Strangers*) does not ſtint the Charity of his Countrymen to the common *Uſe of Fire and Water*: he ſeems rather to proportion the *bounty* to the *want*;

'Tis ours the Sons of ſorrow to relieve,
(*a*) Chear the ſad heart, nor let affliction grieve.

He ſcarce looks upon this as *bounty*, he rather thinks it a *debt* owing to every one of the ſame nature with us:

'Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe:
(*b*) 'Tis what the Gods require.

What is given to them (ſays he) is paid to, and will infallibly be rewarded by, the Divine Power.

By *Jove* the Stranger and the Poor are ſent;
(*c*) And what to *thoſe* we give, to *Jove* is lent.

(*a*) *Od.* 6. 245---207. (*b*) *Od.* 9, 321---269.
(*c*) *Od.* 6, 24[illegible]---208.

As

As the neglect of this will be aveng'd by the ſame,

To *Jove* their cauſe, and their revenge belongs,
(*a*) He wanders with them, and he feels their [wrongs.

I doubt not, but this Notion of the Gods wandering on Earth in a diſguis'd manner, was a very common motive to Charity in thoſe times: it is mention'd very ſtrongly in the Original, in this place; and (*b*) afterwards, when *Ulyſſes* appears as a Suppliant among the *Phæacians*.

Such high exalted Thoughts of this Duty have carried the Poet ſo far as (*c*) to teach, "That we ſhou'd not value any "labour of our own in aſſiſting others:" but as that is not deliver'd in the *Sententious manner*, I ſhou'd go out of my way to repeat it at preſent.

To us, who have always enjoy'd ſo clear and ſteady a Light, in regard to every branch of this Duty, theſe *ſentences* may appear common and obvious: but I imagine any one, who ſhou'd compare theſe Paſſages, by the rules of Benevolence in the Philoſophical writings of the Ancients; would upon ſuch a view al-

(*a*) *Od.* 9, 329---271. (*b*) *Od.* 7, 265---199.
(*c*) See *Od.* 7, 256---194.

low

low them to contain thoughts highly noble and extenſive.

I ſhall mention but one more, which tho' it run thro' ſeveral lines, is but one entire *ſentence*: and which, by the way, if I forget not, contains a motive to Charity, not to be found even in (*a*) *Cicero's* Catalogue.

Who calls, from diſtant nations to his own,
The poor, diſtinguiſh'd by their wants alone?
Round the whole world are ſought thoſe men di-
Who publick Structures raiſe, or who deſign; [vine,
Thoſe to whoſe Eyes the Gods their ways reveal,
Or bleſs with ſalutary arts to heal:
Theſe ſtates invite, and mighty Kings admire,
Wide as the Sun diſplays his vital fire.
It is not ſo with Want! How few that feed
(*b*) A Wretch unhappy, merely for his need?

I ought not to diſſemble one thing; That the Tranſlation is not to be truſted entirely in this Argument: we find theſe Paſſages improv'd in the Handling; and thoſe Lines, in which they reſemble our ſacred Writings, may be drawn more ſtrongly. However, the Original it ſelf may give us a great deal of reaſon to ſuppoſe, either that *Homer* had borrow'd ſome lights from thence; or that he cou'd diſcern the Light of Nature more

(*a*) *De Officiis*, p. 20. In beneficentiâ delectus eſſet dignitatis &c. (*b*) *Od.* 17, 471---387.

clearly,

clearly, than any other of the Heathen Writers.

Before I compar'd Paſſages, I muſt own to you, that I was in particular expectation of Improvements from Mr. *Pope* under this Article. A virtuous generous Soul is certainly as neceſſary to conſtitute a Great Poet, as a Great Orator: and in Sentiments like theſe, we may diſcover that temper of Mind, which I dare ſay has contributed much towards making that Gentleman ſo good a Poet, as well as ſo good a Friend.

There is one particular more extremely frequent in *Homer*: it runs thorough all his Works; and is ſcarce once omitted, where there is any occaſion for it. I believe your Thoughts outrun me, and might prevent my ſaying, that I mean His Reflections on the Miſeries of this Life. They are moſtly very emphatical; and lead to a very eaſy and uſeful inference.

—To his native land our charge reſign'd, [hind.
Heaven is his life to come, and all the woes be-
Then muſt he ſuffer what the Fates ordain;
For Fate has wove the thread of life with pain,
(a) And Twins ev'n from the birth are Miſery [and Man!

In another place we have the ſame Thought as ſtrongly expreſs'd; tho'

(a) *Od.* 7, 264---198.

branch'd

branch'd out into ſeveral other Particulars: Let us ſuppoſe *Ulyſſes* before us: A Prince, Great for the Ages in which he liv'd, and greatly diſtreſs'd: How much does he ſpeak like one, born to Wiſdom, and long inſtructed by Adverſity?

Of all that breaths, or grov'ling treads on earth,
Moſt vain is Man! Calamitous by birth.
To day with power elate in ſtrength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power preſumes:
Anon, from Heav'n, a ſad reverſe he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainſt Hea'vn the wretch rebels.
For Man is changeful, as his bliſs or woe; [low.
Too high, when proſp'rous; when diſtreſs'd, too
There was a Day, when (with the ſcornful Great)
I ſwell'd in pomp and arrogance of ſtate;
Proud of the pow'r, that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that pow'r to juſtify my wrongs.
Then let not Man be proud; but, firm of mind,
Bear the beſt humbly, and the worſt reſign'd:
(*a*) Be Dumb, when Heaven afflicts!——

Of all *Sentences*, there are none which ſtrike the Mind more forcibly, than thoſe which carry a bold air, a certain nobleneſs of Thought with them. There is a *Moral Heroiſm*, greatly to be preferr'd to that which generally uſurps its Name; a Generoſity of Soul, that looks beyond the Vulgar, and ſpeaks up to the Truth of things: It is this Generoſity, which animates thoſe Lines in *Virgil*:

(*a*) *Od.* 18, 171—141.

Eſt

Eſt hic, eſt animus, lucis contemptor; & iſtum
(a) Qui vitâ bene credat emi, quo tendit, honorem.

The ſame Spirit is infus'd into this Line:

(b) Death, ill-exchang'd for bondage and for pain!

The nobleſt Sentiments, are not ſuch as make an *Eclat*, but thoſe which are *ſolidly generous and good.* We have frequent inſtances of both from two Perſons in the *Iliad: Hector* ſpeaks things, that are *great*; *Ajax* often, what is *marvellous* and *ſurprizing:* Both ſpeak loftily: but one is more ſolid, and the other nearer to a Rant; both ſhew Courage and Generoſity in what they ſay; but they ſeem to *talk*, as they *act*; *Ajax* fights merely for fighting ſake; while *Hector* engages always for the good of his Country.

I ſhall beg leave to cloſe this Head with two Sentiments, as much celebrated as any in the *Iliad*, and ſpoke by the two Heroes we have been talking of. The one, in the mere Spirit of an Hero;

If *Greece* muſt periſh, we thy will obey,
(c) But let us periſh in the face of day.

(a) *Æn* 9, 206. (b) *Od.* 17, 523---441.
(c) See Note on *Il.* 17, 731---647.

The

The other, in that of a Patriot too;

Without a ſign his ſword the brave man draws;
(*a*) And asks no omen, but his country's cauſe.

I am ſorry, ſays *Antiphaus*, you have quitted this Point ſo ſoon, methinks you might afford a little more room for a thing of ſuch conſiderable Uſe. *Sentences* are fitted by their Nature to carry on that Chief deſign of Poetry, to mix the *Uſeful* with the *Agreeable*. —— Together with a certain air of Authority, they ſerve to eſtabliſh the Poets Moral Character; which, according to a (*b*) late Hypotheſis, may render him at the ſame time more *delightful*, as well as more *inſtructive*.—Beſides this, they often flatter the Vanity of the Reader; And (as the (*c*) Firſt of Criticks tells us) "take the "more readily with this or that Perſon, "as they confirm in general, what he "has before concluded from his own Ob- "ſervation on particular Occurrences in "Life."

I wonder at one thing, ſays *Philypſus*; That ſo many of the Criticks ſhou'd blame Sentences, and look upon 'em as particularly unfit for Poems of the *Epick*

(*a*) *Il.* 12, 284---243. (*b*) *Origin* of our *Ideas* of *Beauty* and *Virtue*. (*c*) See *Ariſt. Rhet.* Lib. 2. Cap 21.

Kind:

Kind: (a) *Rapin*, I think, condemns them, as they ſeem to jut out of the Structure of the Poem, and are apt to interrupt the Narration too much: *Boſſu*, who is rather on their ſide, yet obſerves there is a kind of *Calm Wiſdom* in them, that is contrary to the *Paſſions*. Even the Perſon, whom you juſt now call'd the *Firſt of Criticks*, puts us in mind of your Ruſticks, that are always (b) ſtringing of Proverbs together: and a very good Critick of our own ſays, in ſo many words, that (c) *they are generally ſome of the heavieſt pieces in a whole Poem.*

Let them add, if they pleaſe, ſays *Antiphaus*, that they ſound aukwardly from the mouth of a *Young Perſon*, and prepoſterouſly from an *Atheiſt*. I own the charge: the beſt Writers themſelves ſeem to be ſenſible of it; and where they do any thing of this kind, are the firſt to correct themſelves. *Addiſon* (d) puts a Sentence into the Mouth of *Portius*; but he corrects him for it, in the next Line, tho' the Son of a *Cato*; and when *Virgil*

(a) See Note on *Od.* 7, 379. (b) *Ariſt. Rhet.* Lib. 2. Cap. 21. (c) *Addiſon's Miſc.* vol. 1. p. 237. 12°. (d) *Port.* 'Tis not in mortals to command ſucceſs; But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; We'll deſerve it. *Semp.* Curſe on the ſtripling how he apes his Sire! Ambitiouſly ſententious. —— *Cato.* Act 1. Sc 2.

(a) makes his Atheiſt ſententious, there is ſtill a mixture of the Atheiſt to be diſcover'd in what he ſays.

But grant that Sentences are not proper from Perſons that are Young, or Vicious; Grant, that they are not proper in a *Mezentius*, or a *Portius*: What then? may they not be proper in *Cato* himſelf, or in *Æneas*?

'Tis the ſame Caſe in every particular you have produc'd from the Criticks: they ſpeak rather againſt the Abuſe of this Ornament, than againſt the Ornament itſelf. There can be no doubt of it; *Sentences* are certainly faulty, when they appear too groſsly, and ſtand off from the reſt of the Work: But what is this to Sentences, which are fitly applied, and wove in Artfully with the other Parts? *Homer* and *Virgil* are very happy in this particular: they give them a ſufficient Fulneſs; but they never glare ſo, as to attract the Eye ſingly to themſelves: You admire them as much from their Relation to the things about them, as for their own particular Beauty: in ſhort, they might be Beautiful by themſelves, but they are much more ſo in the *Tout-enſemble* of the Piece.

(a) *Æn.* 10, 860.

We

We may add to this, that their Sentences are ſo far from hindering the Narration, that they are almoſt conſtantly a part of it, and help to carry it forward: But tho' they are uſually wrought into the Speeches of the Poem, we do not receive them from Perſons improper; or hurried by any violent Paſſion: and where the Subject is ſtill and gentle, that *calm Wiſdom*, that has been objected to them, cannot be very prejudicial. Indeed in any place, or on any Occaſion, a long thread of them is inſupportable; theſe are worſe than the *Sanchoiſms* of *Cervantes*, becauſe they are not ſo ridiculous: We can laugh at *Sancho* all the time he is multiplying his Proverbs upon us; but in Poetry, ſuch dry Preachments are, of all other, the greateſt Opiates, and have the quickeſt effect on the Audience. *Lucan*'s Poem and *Seneca*'s Tragedies, notwithſtanding all their Beauties, are Inſtances of this to a great degree.

There is another way of murthering Sentences, for which we are wholly oblig'd to thoſe ingenious Gentlemen, the *Editors*. It is that Art of cutting off Sentences from the Body of a Work, and forcing them *to jut out* from it, whether they will or no, by Printing all ſuch, where-ever they can catch them, in *Italick*

lick Characters. Mr. *Addiſon*, if I remember, is condemning this Practice in that very place where he ſays, that *Sentences are ſome of the heavieſt Pieces* in a Poem: and I imagine nothing could make him ſpeak ſo ſeverely of them in general, but this Practice that is ſo deſtructive of their Beauty.

In ſhort, Sentences that are cold, affected, or ill-placed, ſuch as are either too diſtinct, or too much throng'd, may be blam'd with a great deal of Juſtice: but ſuch as are handſomely wove into the Narration, at proper Intervals, and from none but proper Speakers, will not only be ſafe from the Cenſure of the Criticks; but are allowed by them in general, to be highly ſerviceable towards giving its proper Weight and Emphaſis to an *Epick* Poem.

I think you have defended this Beauty ſufficiently, ſays *Philypſus*; and ſhall go on to the next under this Head, *Conciſeneſs*: There is no greater Symptom of weakneſs in a Writer, than his being apt to ſay *a little in a great deal*; as nothing is more ſtrong and emphatical, than to ſay *a great deal in a little.*

Hence the Force and Emphaſis of this Line of Mr. *Pope.*

(a) Oh

(a) Oh every ſacred Name in one, my Friend!

And of this,

[King:

(b) The Great, the Good; your Father and your

The want of a ſcrupulous Connexion, draws things into a leſſer Compaſs; and adds the greater Spirit and Emotion:

(c) He ſhrieks, he reels, he falls.——

The more Rays are thus collected into a Point, the more vigorous the Flame: Hence there is yet greater *Emphaſis*, when the Rout of an Army is ſhewn in the ſame contracted manner; As that in the 24th of the (d) *Odyſſey*: which has ſome reſemblance to *Salluſt*'s Deſcription of the ſame thing (agreeable to his uſual Conciſeneſs) in theſe four Words only: (e) *Sequi, fugere, occidi, capi.*

There may be a contraction of many Circumſtances to a Point, which turns more on the *Sentiment*, than the *Diction*: as when we place the Succeſs of a Thouſand important Events on one Effort, or one Moment of Time: Thus *Antinous*,

(a) Od. 22, 226---208. (b) Od. 2, 54---47. (c) Od. 18, 443---397. (d) V, 610. (e) Bel. Jug. p. 106. Ed. Mattaire.

the Chief of the Suitors, to his Companions,

(a) Ariſe, (or you for ever fall) ariſe.

Which has ſuch an Air of *Milton's Lucifer*:

Awake, Ariſe, or be for ever faln!

Thoſe Lines, ſays *Antiphaus*, ſerve the purpoſe for which you repeat them very well; but is there not ſomething too much like a *Turn* upon the words in them? I was ſenſible of that (anſwer'd *Philypſus*) but I follow your Example, *Antiphaus*, in viewing a thing only in one Light at a time, to prevent the infinite Confuſion that would happen in turning each Line every way. This is brought as Emphatical: You allow it to be ſo; if it anſwer the end for which it is produced, that is all that I intend: and I beg once for all to be underſtood under this view in every Inſtance that I have, or may uſe, on particular Occaſions.

This maſculine nervous Conciſeneſs, I am ſpeaking of, is very uſual from Generals to their Soldiers: but among a multitude of Inſtances, I am particularly pleas'd with that Speech of *Henry*

(a) *Od.* 24, 499---436.

the

the *Great*, before the Battle in the Plains of *Ivry*, "*I am your King, You are French-*"*men, and there are the Enemy.*

Sometimes we find an Emphasis and Vigour impress'd on every particular word of a Sentence:

(*a*) *Now, Grief, thou all art mine!*

And in these Lines, which we have often admired for their peculiar Strength and Efficacy; They speak of *Ulysses*'s extream Love of his native Country:

To see the *smoak* from his lov'd palace rise,
While the dear Isle in *distant* prospect lies,
(*b*) With what *contentment* would he *close his eyes?*

This is not only of use in the Grand or Pathetick: there are excellent Instances of it from *Terence* (*c*), in the Tender and Familiar, as there are others from *Virgil* in the Natural, and even in the Satirical; and that so strongly in the latter, that (*d*) some have been apt to

(*a*) *Od.* 18, 299---255. (*b*) *Od.* 1. 77---59.
(*c*) Hæc verba mehercule *una falsa lachrumula*,
Quam, *oculos terendo misere, vix vi expresserit*,
Restinguet, ——— *Eun.* Act. 1. Sc. 1.
(*d*) Thus *Dryden*: from his
——— Non tu in *triviis, indocte, solebas*
Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen. Ecl. 3, 27.
As others from this Line:
Qui Bavium *non odit, amet tua carmina*, Mævi. ib 90.

imagine

imagine from them, that *Virgil* might, if he pleas'd, have made the greatest *Satirist* that ever wrote.

Sometimes this very Emphasis is encreas'd by a certain *Opposition* of the words us'd in it: there is a Passage in the *Iliad*, which I have particularly admir'd on this Account: Give me leave to repeat it from the Original; because the *Greek* Tongue is particularly Emphatical, and has more Nerves than perhaps our Language is capable of:

Οὐ γὰρ πῶ ἴδομεν, οὐδ' ἐκλυον αὐδήσαντος,
Ἄνδρ' ἕνα τοσσάδε μέρμερ ἐν ἤματι μητίσασθαι,
(a) Ὅσσ' Ἕκτωρ ἔρρεξε·———

The Emphatical manner in writing flies all Dress and Ornament, all superfluous and descriptive Epithets, all turns and elegancies of Thought. Hence that Conciseness, which generally attends it. The most obvious fault in Conciseness is Obscurity; what is obscure, can never be sufficiently emphatical: This makes the concise way the most difficult of any. 'Tis easy to follow the Stream of one's Imagination, and write on with an unthinking Rapidity; but to express every

(a) Ιλ. κ, 48. The *Opposition* is carried on farther in the next Lines, between ἐν ἤματι, & Δήσθά τε καὶ δολιχόν.

thing

thing fully, and to ſay nothing that is needleſs, requires a great Judgment, and much force in our Expreſſions. The great *Monſieur Paſcal* had a particular happineſs of comprizing *much* in a *few* Words: he had a very Mathematical Turn of Thought; and of all things hated an idle Prolixity. You will be pleas'd with an Excuſe of his in a certain Caſe, where he had been guilty of it: 'Tis in the cloſe of one of his Letters, where he begs his Friend to pardon the unuſual length of it, by ſaying, *that he really had not time to make it ſhorter.*

Some emphatical Paſſages are not only ſo conciſe, as to contain juſt as *many Ideas* as *Words*; they have often force enough even to *intimate* ſeveral Ideas more than they *expreſs*.

Thus it is in all Intimations of Power. One of *Homer*'s greateſt Excellencies lies in this. In ſetting off the Hero of his *Iliad*, he does not ſay in Words, that he was vaſtly Terrible to the Enemy; he mentions the effects, and leaves the Reader to collect what Terror muſt attend him. After the Death of *Patroclus*, the whole Army of the *Trojans* is put into Confuſion, only (*a*) *at hearing his Voice:*

(*a*) Ιλ. σ', 224.

They

They are all trembling, and diſpirited: (a) *they had ſeen Achilles.* 'Tis not a ſudden Panick; it continues upon them: When they pour'd down in ſuch Numbers from the City, it was becauſe (b) *they did not behold the Creſt of that Hero*; and now they are all conſulting, whether they ſhould not quit the Field, becauſe (c) *he had ſhewn himſelf at a diſtance, and might poſſibly enter into the next Engagement.*

Homer has the ſame addreſs in intimating the Power of his Deities; when he introduces them as effecting their deſigns with a (d) *Touch*, with a (e) *Voice*, with a (f) *ſingle Thought.*

It is the ſame Sentiment that gives their Air of Grandeur to theſe Lines:

(g) Declare thy purpoſe; for thy Will is Fate.
Let all be Peace.——He ſaid; and gave the nod
(h) That binds the Fates, the Sanction of the God.

And this, of the ſame import, from our *Shakeſpear*;

——What he bids be done,
Is *finiſh'd* with his bidding.——

(a) Ιλ. σ', 248. (b) *ib.* π', 70. (c)--σ', 262. (d) Ιλ. ν', 60, 75. (e) *ib.* ξ, 150. (f) *ib.* ο', 242. (g) *Od.* 24, 547---475. (h) *Od.* 24, 561---485.

On

On this turns the Greatneſs of that Thought in the Sacred Hiſtory of the Creation: *God ſaid, Let there be Light, and there was Light*: Tho' I ſhould imagine this to exceed every Inſtance above; becauſe it *intimates*, all that they *expreſs*, and intimates it as *fully* and *ſtrongly*, as they *expreſs* it.

Let the Greatneſs of this Sentence ſtand or fall by the Rules of Sublimity. We need not mention, that (*a*) *Longinus* choſe it for an Inſtance of the *Sublime*: whether that great Critick ever ſaw it or not, is not material: but I wonder, that ſome later Writers, of very great Name, cannot be perſwaded to ſee any Force or Energy in it. I own, I have never read what *Monſieur Le Clerc* offers againſt the Sublimity of this Paſſage: Surely it would not be very difficult to anſwer it, if it be of a Strain with what (*b*) *Monſieur Huetius* offer'd before him; Where he ſeems to argue, that (*c*) *This Paſſage cannot be* Sublime, *becauſe the Language is* Simple.

It is this Art of leaving more for the Reader to collect, than you expreſs in Words, which runs through ſeveral of

(*a*) Cap. 9. Ed. *Oxon.* 1718. (*b*) See Preface to *Boileau*'s Works. (*c*) See *Huetij Dem. Ev.* Prop. 4. Sect. 53.

Ulyſſes's

Ulysses's Speeches; both at the Court of *Alcinous*, and before the *Suitors*. Whether the Hero tells his own Story, or feigns some other, he is equally careſull in laying before them ſomething of the High Station he once enjoy'd: and hence his Speeches have generally a great Air of that celebrated Anſwer of *Marius* to a Meſſage ſent from the Roman General: (*a*) *Go, and tell,* Sextilius, *that you ſaw* Marius, *ſitting among the Ruins of* Carthage.

Intimation is ſo ſtrong and nervous, that the (*b*) Ancient Criticks confin'd the Name of *Emphaſis* to this one Point; tho' (as we uſe the word) the very contrary of this, may be of great Service in making a Diſcourſe *emphatical*. The Soul is ſometimes poſſeſs'd by the *Number* of great Circumſtances. Thus in that Paſſage of *Homer*, which Mr. *Pope* tranſlates after the following manner;

Iground;
Men, *Steeds*, and *Chariots* ſhake the trembling
The *Tumult* thickens, and the *Skies* reſound:
Victors and *Vanquiſh'd* join promiſcuous cries,
(*c*) Triumphant *ſhouts*, and dying *groans* ariſe.

(*a*) *Plutarch*'s Life of *Marius*. (*b*) See *Quintil. Inſtit.* Lib. 8. Cap. 3. and Lib. 9. Cap 2. (*c*) *Il.* 8. 80---65.

We

We meet with the ſame *tumultuary Figure* in the Deſcription of the Field after the Battle :

(a) Thro' *Duſt*, thro' *Blood*, o'er *Arms*, and hills [of *Slain*.

This Paſſage (we are told) is imitated by *Xenophon*; and I am ſure the Hiſtorian has not weaken'd it, by drawing it into a greater length, and expreſſing the Circumſtances more fully; Allow me the Satisfaction of reading it to you. (b) *When the Battle was over, one might behold thro' the whole extent of the Field, the Ground dy'd Red with Blood, the Bodies of Friends and Enemies ſtretch'd over each other, the Shields pierc'd, the Spears broken, and the drawn Swords, ſome ſcatter'd on the Earth, ſome plung'd in the Bodies of the Slain, and ſome yet graſp'd in the Hands of the Soldiers.*

Now we have faln upon an Hiſtorian, give me leave to obſerve one thing; That, both with Poets and in Hiſtory, (c) *There may be ſome Fraud in ſaying only the bare Truth.* In either, 'tis not ſufficient to tell us, that *ſuch a City*, for Inſtance, *was taken and ravag'd with a great deal of Inhumanity*: There is a *Poetical*

(a) *Il.* 10, 356---298. (b) Note on *Il.* 10, 356.
(c) Minus eſt totum dicere, quam omnia.

Falſity, if a ſtrong Idea of each particular be not imprinted on the Mind; and an *Hiſtorical*, if ſome things are paſſed over only with a general mark of Infamy or Diſlike. It was in (a) *Quintilian* I firſt met with this Obſervation; and I wiſh our Hiſtorians, of all Parties, did not give us ſo many Examples of it, as we find every where in their Works.

'Tis the ſame in Poetry: when all the *Circumſtances* are laid out in their proper Colours, and make a compleat Piece; its Images ſtrike us with greater Energy, than when the *Whole* of the thing is only mention'd in general. Thus the *diffuſed Style* has its Propriety under this Head; and makes a larger and more continu'd Impreſſion: as the force of its contrary Excellence, a juſt and emphatical *Conciſeneſs*, may be more collected, and pierce the deeper. I do not mean when we *mention* a thing, but when we *ſhew* it in a few words. There are juſt Miniatures of Great Objects in Poetry, as well as in Statuary or Painting. A *Hercules*, in little, may have all the Nerves of a *Coloſſus*: and even that prodigious Deſign of (b) *Dinarchus* might not

(a) *Inſtit.* Lib. 8. Cap. 3. (b) To form Mount *Athos* into a Statue of *Alexander* the *Great*; ſo deſign'd, as to hold a City in one hand, and to have a River run thorough the other.

have

have been more *Gigantick*, than *Timanthes* (*a*) his *Polyphemus*. Noble Images, whether in a large or ſmaller Compaſs, ſtrike the Mind very ſtrongly. Either muſt be according to the Occaſion. Things ſometimes demand to be drawn at full Length, and the Soul requires to expatiate over them: Sometimes they chuſe a more contracted Space; But tho' they loſe from their Size, they loſe nothing of their Spirit. It fills us with a noble and enlarg'd Pleaſure, to conſider the Heavenly Bodies, their Courſes, and their immenſe Diſtances: at the ſame time, we are ſtruck with a very particular Admiration, when we view their Situation and Meaſures in the *Orrery*.

Any uncommon extenſive Image cauſes an Enlargement of our Ideas, and poſſeſſes the Mind more compleatly: In ſuch Caſes 'tis obſervable, that even the Turn of the Verſe may aſſiſt theſe Images. I may ſeem too particular if I ſay, that *large* Words and Lines which conſiſt chiefly of *long* Syllables, may be of uſe to extend our Thoughts in conceiving any Gigantick form: and yet perhaps both will be found not unſerviceable in Mr. *Pope*'s Deſcription of his *Cyclops*.

(*a*) His Picture of that Giant in Miniature.

A Giant-ſhepherd here his flock maintains;
Far from the reſt he ſolitary reigns,
In ſhelter thick of horrid ſhade reclin'd;
And gloomy miſchiefs labour in his mind.
(a) A Form enormous! ——

Or, where we ſee him

[Rock.
(b) Stretch'd forth in length, o'er half the cavern'd

Or, when

He ſends a dreadful groan; the rocks around,
(c) Thro' all their inmoſt, winding caves reſound.

Whether you think this length and heavineſs of the Syllables neceſſary in the preſent caſe, or not; I am ſure, you will allow it to be ſo in Melancholy Images.

Where heavenly-penſive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing Melancholy reigns ——

And a Thouſand more.

Homer too in deſcribing a large Object, makes uſe of a word, which of it ſelf is (d) above half a Verſe: and *Ovid*, on a like Occaſion, joins ſeveral together of an unuſual length. We behold his *Ægeon* beſtriding his Whale, even in

(a) *Od.* 9, 217. (b) *Ibid.* 354. (c) *Ibid.* 469.
(d) *Il.* 6, 676.

the

the Turn (*a*) of the Words which are to deſcribe him.

Delay and *Repetition* are ſometimes proper for the ſame Reaſons; There is a Delay almoſt in every Syllable, where Mr. *Pope* intimates the vaſt *ſize* of a Stone, as well as the *difficulty* in heaving it up;

Then heav'd the Goddeſs in her mighty hand
A ſtone, the limit of the neighbouring land,
(*b*) There fixt from eldeſt times; black, craggy, [vaſt.

Virgil adds a Repetition in his Imitation of this very Paſſage in *Homer*: *Saxum circumſpicit ingens, ſaxum antiquum, ingens*——And Mr. *Pope* commends the Beauty of this Repetition, as (*c*) *it makes us dwell upon the Image, and gives us leiſure to conſider the Vaſtneſs of it.*

It may ſeem ſtrange, that the Vaſtneſs, the *mere Bulk* of an Object, ſhou'd poſſeſs the Mind in the manner I have been ſpeaking of: but tho' there is no real Excellence in Largeneſs, 'tis certain that we are apt to apprehend it as excellent. This puts me in Mind of a Point, that always ſtrikes me very much in Poetry;

(*a*)——— Balænarumque prementem
Ægeona ſuis immania terga lacertis. *Met.* 2, 10.
(*b*) *Il.* 21, 470---404. (*c*) See Note *ibid.*

A ſort of *Comprehenſion*, as I ſhould chuſe to call it, for want of ſome better Name, 'Tis when any Great View is compleatly contracted into a few Lines; but to come up perfectly to my Notion, it ſhould be ſuch a View as is ſufficient to fill the whole Mind: We are, in a manner, ſurrounded with it on all ſides; and which ever way we turn our Eyes, we cannot look out of it. This is the Caſe, where *Ulyſſes* is repreſented in his Shipwrack on the Coaſt of *Phæacia*;

Above, ſharp Rocks forbid acceſs; *around*,
(*a*) Roar the wild Waves; *beneath*, is Sea profound!

If you can fancy yourſelf in the Place of *Ulyſſes*, at that Juncture; you will apprehend what I mean the more fully. You can then ſee nothing, but what is painted out in this Couplet.

I apprehend you, (ſays *Antiphaus*) and indeed have obſerv'd this Beauty often in Reading. There is a Thought, (if I miſtake not) repeated twice in the Eleventh *Odyſſey*, of this kind:

(*b*) Above, Below, on Earth, and in the Sky.

I know not whether the Image be Total, but it cannot want much of it, in

(*a*) *Od.* 5, 529---413. (*b*) *Od.* 11, 139 and 373.

that

that Deſcription of a ſhipwreckt Perſon, juſt before the Lines you repeated:

Amidſt the rocks he hears a hollow roar
Of murm'ring ſurges breaking on the ſhore;
Nor peaceful port was there, nor winding bay,
To ſhield the veſſel from the rolling ſea;
But cliffs, and ſhaggy ſhores, a dreadful ſight,
(a) All rough with rocks, with foamy billows white.

If this be not Total, at leaſt it will engroſs Two of your Senſes, whilſt you keep in the ſame Poſture; but thoſe, as you ſay, ſeem the moſt compleat, which take up the Eye what ever way you turn. ——As this (reſum'd *Philypſus*) to keep to the ſame Element:

(b) And all above was sky, and ocean all around.

Theſe Total Views are much more vigorous and affecting, when the Objects are not inanimate: or at leaſt, when, ſome more moving Conſiderations are annext to them. Thus in the Picture of a rough Sea, terminating in craggy Shores, and Rocks, and a tempeſtuous Sky, every Object has an additional Terror from our ſeeing *Ulyſſes* painted in the midſt of theſe Dangers, and ſtruggling to make ſo difficult a Shore.——I

(a) Od. 5, 521. (b) Od. 12, 474.

re-

remember a Paſſage of this kind in a Writer of a very ſtrong Imagination, which is heighten'd by the ſame Method. We have it in a Deſcription of Mount *Atlas*, tho' I believe the Author took his Ideas from the *Alps*: 'tis deliver'd in this bold Poetical kind of Proſe: (*a*)

"*See, with what trembling ſteps poor Man-*
"*kind tread the narrow Brink of the deep*
"*Precipices! from whence with giddy Hor-*
"*ror they look down, miſtruſting even the*
"*Ground which bears them; whilſt they hear*
"*the hollow ſound of Torrents underneath,*
"*and ſee the Ruin of the impending Rock,*
"*with falling Trees, which hang with*
"*their Roots upwards, and ſeem to draw*
"*more Ruin after them.*——

In theſe Caſes, our Paſſions, as well as our Senſes, are engag'd: and I take ſuch Views to be then entirely compleat, when all our Paſſions, as well as all our Senſes, may be engroſs'd by them. Were I to give an Inſtance of ſuch a View, I ſhould prefer that Paſſage in *Virgil*, where he places you in the midſt of a City, cover'd with the diſmal ſhades of Night, taken and fir'd in a Thouſand places by the Enemy, and every where fill'd with Ruin, Terror, and Confuſion:

(*a*) *Characteriſticks.* Vol. 2. Pag. 389.

——*Cru-*

(a) ——— *Crudelis ubique*
Luctus, ubique Pavor, & plurima mortis imago.

I have dwelt the longer on theſe *Comprehenſive Views*, as they fill and delight the Mind very ſtrongly. There is another Caſe, much of this Nature, and of particular Energy: I do not mean, when we *ſurround*, but when we carry the Mind out to a vaſt *extent*: As in this Sentiment;

(b) By Heaven above, by Hell beneath.

There is a Thought of this Nature, very juſtly reckon'd among the Sublime, which appears with a perfect Uniformity in (c) *Virgil*, in *Homer*, and in the *Book* of *Wiſdom*, formerly aſcrib'd to *Solomon*: For my part, I do not at all wonder at this exact Reſemblance in them. It is ſuch a Thought, that when it is once ſet before one, it poſſeſſes the Mind ſo ſtrongly, that it will leave its Image behind it: And indeed 'tis obſerable, that a great Critick, where he

(a) *Æn.* 2, 369. (b) *Od.* 23, 369.
(c) *Ingrediturq; ſolo & caput inter nubila condit Æ.* 4, 177.
Οὐρανῷ ἐστήριξε κάρη καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὰ βαίνει. Ιλ. δ',
Καὶ οὐρανοῦ μὲν ἥπτετο,
Βεβήκει δὲ ἐπὶ γῆς. Lxx per *Grabe*. Σοφ. Σολ. ιή, 16.

wou'd

wou'd applaud it in *Homer*, (*a*) repeats it himſelf in the very turn of his own Criticiſm. *Longinus* is the Perſon I mean: who in a thouſand Inſtances, as well as this,

(*b*) —— *Is himſelf the great Sublime he draws.*

One of the moſt common Topicks for this among the Poets, is in ſpeaking of the diſtance of *Tartarus*. *Homer* makes it as far from Hell to Earth downwards, as it is upwards from Earth to Heaven: It has been (*c*) obſerv'd, that Two of the beſt Poets ſince have enlarg'd it gradually, *Virgil* to Twice, and *Milton* to Thrice that Depth: but, if I miſtake not, *Heſiod* of old has carried the Mind further than either of them: It wou'd pleaſe you to ſee, how exact he is in his Meaſures: (*d*) "An Anvil (ſays he) will be Nine "days compleat in falling from Heaven "to our Earth; and as many in falling "from our Earth to *Tartarus*."----This is the Diſtance from us to the Gates of *Tartarus* only: he afterwards carries the Mind much farther, in this Deſcription:

There lye the Treaſures of the ſtormy Deep,
Of Earth, and Water, and extended Darkneſs.

(*a*) Τὸ ἐπ' οὐρανὸν ἀπὸ γῆς διάστημα. De *Subl.* θ'. Edit. *Oxon.*

(*b*) Eſſay on *Criticiſm.* (*c*) Note on *Il.* 8, 16.

(*d*) Θεογ. V, 722.

A dreadful Chaſm! ſqualid, and uninform'd,
And hateful even to Gods. Whoe're, within
The dreadful Opening of its Gates, ſhou'd plunge
Prone thro' the great abyſs; twelve times the courſe
Of the Pale Moon, ſhould feel its Storm and Tempeſt
In dire Deſcent; ſtill hurried on precipitate,
Amidſt the various Tumult and Confuſion
Of diſagreeing Natures. Oft the Pow'rs
Immortal caſt their Eyes upon theſe regions,
(a) And ſhudder at the Sight. ———

This Imagination ſeems to be imitated in *Milton*, where *Satan* meets with that violent ſhock, in Travelling thro' *Chaos*; but the Fall here ſtrikes us more, becauſe it has no Bounds: It is ſtill continuing lower and lower; and the Mind, in endeavouring to conceive it, is loſt in its *deſired Infinitude*.

When our Bodies are all ſo ſtraiten'd and confin'd, what muſt the Soul be made of, *Antiphaus?* and what might be its Powers, if unreſtrain'd? Since even in ſuch dull Company as the Body, with all theſe Weights and Incumberments about it, it betrays on every the ſmalleſt Occaſion ſuch an Appetite to Infinity?

Mr. *Addiſon*, in one of his fineſt Works, the Eſſay on the Pleaſures of the Ima-

(a) *Heſiod's* Θεογ. 744.

gina-

gination, reckons *Greatneſs* as firſt among thoſe things, which give that (*a*) Pleaſure: "Nothing (ſays he) (*b*) gratifies *the Mind* "ſo much, as thoſe large growing Ideas, "which lead her on almoſt to an Infini- "tude. (*c*) Our Imagination loves to be "fill'd with an Object, or to graſp at "any thing that is too big for its Capa- "city: We are flung into a pleaſing "Aſtoniſhment at ſuch unbounded Views, "and feel a delightful Stillneſs and A- "mazement in the Soul, at the Appre- "henſions of them."

Every one may know this Pleaſure by Experience: 'Tis not a dry Maxim laid down by the Philoſophers: Whoever will conſult his own Mind, when he looks only on a Proſpect, may ſay as much as Mr. *Addiſon*, or Mr. *Locke* have on this Occaſion. When I had the Pleaſure of Converſing with the Gentleman, who deſign'd theſe Gardens, (as indeed the Fineſt in the Nation owe their Beauty to his Directions) I was very much pleas'd with a Maxim which he then mention'd; "That as the greateſt *fault* in a Proſpect "was Confinement; So the *meaneſt* thing "too in a Deſign, was to have the

(*a*) Spectator, Numb. 412. (*b*) Numb. 420. (*c*) Numb. 412.

"Bounds

"Bounds and Reſtraint of it immediate-"ly viſible."

There may be ſeveral other Points to be conſider'd under the Character of Emphatical, whether from the *Strength* of the Language, the *Nobleneſs* of the Sentiment, or the *Greatneſs* and *Extent* of the Object itſelf: but I am only giving a few Sketches of the Kind: You will give me leave, in the ſame manner, to take a ſhort View of its Contrary, the *Low* or *Mean Stile*.

It has been ſaid, That (*a*) *Lowneſs has juſt as many Cauſes, as Elevation; ſince whatever raiſes the Sentiment or Diction has its Oppoſite, which is Mean.* This has the Appearance of Truth; but if one general Meaſure muſt be giv'n, I ſhould think that it is an Exceſs either way, which cauſes Meanneſs. Things over-wrought, as well as things under-wrought, will be Mean.

When the leaſt Object is expreſs'd in juſt and proper Terms, it will not of itſelf come under the Character of Meanneſs: Nay, ſmall things may be manag'd ſo, as to change their Nature, and to

(*a*) Eadem fere eſt ratio minuendi: Nam totidem ſunt deſcendentibus, quot aſcendentibus gradus. *Quintil. Inſtit.* Lib. 8. Cap. 4.

compoſe the *Grand Air*. We meet with Diſſertations on the late Diſcoveries in the leſſer World of Animals, which have ſomething Great and Sublime in them. Littleneſs itſelf may be aſſiſtant too in Amplifying a Subject: *Homer* uſes it thus in his Character of *Tydeus*; and 'tis viſible to any one, That bold Martial Atcheivments look greater in a *Naſſau*, than they wou'd in a *Maximin*.

Such Conſiderations as theſe have induc'd me to imagine, That all Meanneſs ariſes from ſome *Diſproportion*, or other. When a Perſon is repreſented in a View beneath himſelf, or any Action of Force is expreſs'd weakly, the Expreſſions fall ſhort of the Nature of the Thing: Again, that Meanneſs, which ariſes from the Language, may have the ſame Meaſure. The Cloſe of a Sentence may fall beneath the Expectance rais'd in the Beginning of it, and then will neceſſarily have a mean Air. Some ſorts of Poetry are of a nobler kind; and Deſcriptions of things, that would not be Mean in a *Sonnet* or *Satire*, may become ſo in *Epick*. In general, all vulgar Terms, and all very diſagreeable Deſcriptions, are beneath the Heroick Stile: as all Triflings, or any Affectation of Ornament, argue ſomething beneath the Care of a Poet, who

who has taken upon him to rule the nobler Paſſions, and to ſing of Heroes and of Gods.

When any thing has an Epithet higher, than its own Nature and the Occaſion requires; or lower, than the proper Idea of the thing might very well demand; 'tis much the ſame; in both there will be a Diſproportion, and a Meanneſs. Thus,

Be mindful of yourſelves draw forth your Swords,
(a) And to your Shafts obtend theſe *ample boards*.

And this Line,

(b) His Shoulder blade receiv'd th' *ungentle ſhock*.

The ſame Critick, who obſerves on a certain Writer, for ſaying, That ſome Perſons who were Shipwreckt met with *an Unpleaſant Death*; is equally ſevere on thoſe, who carry things too far; he ranks any vain (c) *Elevations*, and the *Puerile Stile*, under one and the ſame Head.

Indeed Both are frigid, and Both are mean. A little or pretty Thought dreſs'd up in grand Words, is like the *Cupid*, in

(a) Od. 22, 88--75. (b) Od. 17, 549--461.
(c) *Longinus*, Cap. 3.

one of *Coypel*'s Pieces, who is crept into *Mars*'s Armour, and looks as if he was endeavouring to ſtrut about in it: Whilſt a great Thought in little Words, puts one in Mind of that tall Gentleman we ſaw one Night at the Maſquerade, dreſſed like an Infant; and dangling its Hands, as if it were perfectly helpleſs.

A Mixture of *Mean* Language with the *Grand*, makes the Meanneſs more viſible; as poſſibly in this Line,

(*a*) Stript of his rags —— *He blaz'd out like a God.*

Thus where a Libation to the Gods, is call'd (*b*) *An Holy Beverage* in the *Odyſſey*; and *Mars* (*c*) the *Heavenly Homicide* in the *Iliad.*

There ſeems to me to be ſomething too mean for the Idea we form of a Giant, in this Expreſſion;

(*d*) Her * Husband *ſcowr'd* away ——

And juſt after;

The Men like fiſh, they ſtuck upon the flood,
(*e*) And cram'd their filthy throats with human [food.

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 2. (*b*) *Od.* 3, 435---339. (*c*) *Il.* 21, 471. * *Antiphates.* (*d*) *Od.* 10, 131---115. (*e*) *Od.* 10, 144---124.

In

In the ſame manner we hear of *Ulyſſes*'s Companions, being (*a*) *daſh'd like Dogs* by the *Cyclops*.

I doubt not this was expreſs'd thus, to give us the larger Idea of that *Monſter*: but might not it have been expreſs'd ſo, as to ſerve that purpoſe, without giving us at the ſame time too low an Idea of the *Men*?

The Dignity of the Perſon will make any mean Language appear yet meaner. Whether we conſider *Ulyſſes* as (*b*) *ſo great an Hero*, or as *the* (*c*) *Godlike Gueſt* of *Alcinous*, this Couplet ſounds beneath his Character:

(*d*) —— Shrunk with pining faſt,
My craving bowels ſtill require repaſt.

Nothing can be more juſt than *Horace*'s Obſervation, (*e*) *That a King in Exile, or Diſtreſs, muſt lay aſide that Air of Grandeur, and thoſe ſwelling Words which might become him in his Power*: Yet muſt he remember, that he has been a King: there's a Greatneſs even in Diſtreſs; and a due Medium between Words *of a Foot-and-a-half Long*, and *Monoſyllables*. Be that as it will, there is certainly much

(*a*) Od. 23, 337---313. (*b*) Od. 7, 228. (*c*) Od 7, 193. (*d*) Od. 7, 296---215. (*e*) De *Arte Poet.* V. 96.

Reaſon, that he ſhould reaſſume his Style with his Dignity: and (whatever may be ſaid for that Speech of *Ulyſſes* in his Wanderings) after he is reinſtated, he ought certainly to ſpeak like a Monarch. I am afraid he fails in this reſpect, in the following Lines:

Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty'd folds, with gifts or ſpoils:
But now I haſte to bleſs *Laertes*'s eyes,
(*a*) With ſight of his *Ulyſſes* e're he dies;

When the God of the Ocean ſees *Ulyſſes* eſcap'd from his Dominion, he is ſo much provok'd, that he flies immediately to the Throne of *Jupiter*, to lay his Complaints before the *Father* of the *Gods*; Let us hear part of his Speech on this grand Occaſion:

Againſt *yon deſtin'd head* in vain *I ſwore*,
And menac'd vengeance e're he reach'd the ſhore;
(*b*) Behold him landed—*tureleſs and aſleep.*

When an Expectation is rais'd by the preceding Verſes, and little or nothing follows upon this Expectation;——We need not quote (*c*) *Horace* to prove that it will be *Mean*; every one will ſee it;

(*a*) *Od.* 23, 387---360. (*b*) *Od.* 13, 156---135.
(*c*) *De Arte Poet.* V. 139.

and

and every one may ſee, that it ariſes from the Diſproportion.

I have often obſerv'd, how fatal this Particular is to that ſort of People, who are known by the Character of *Story-tellers*. The greateſt baulks theſe Gentlemen meet with, are occaſion'd by their beſpeaking Attention too much; and after all, ending in ſome inconſiderable Circumſtance: There is a certain Paſſage in the *Odyſſey*, which puts me in Mind of this Diſaſter ſo common to them:

Prepare then ſaid *Telemachus*, to know
(*d*) *A Tale*, from falſhood free, not free from woe.

What follows upon this? *No earthly thing, I'gad*, as Mr. *Bays* has it; only that he is *the Son of Ulyſſes*, and that he is ſearching *after the King his Father*.

There is another (*b*) Inſtance of this Nature, in that important Dialogue, between *Neptune* and *Jupiter*, juſt mention'd.

Of this kind alſo is a certain Figure, which Mr. *Addiſon* (*c*) calls an *Anti-climax*: A Downfall in the Cloſe, where a Paſſage has been very promiſing in the

(*a*) *Od.* 15, 295---270. (*b*) See *Od.* 13, 164 to 172---140 to 147. (*c*) *Miſc.* Vol. 2, p. 300. 12°.

Begin-

Beginning. I remember he quotes a (a) *French* Couplet upon that Occaſion, which I ſuppoſe was deſign'd for Ridicule; but there are many Inſtances of it, from more ſerious Writers. Such is what a Grave Doctor has ſaid in his Character of your *Miltonick* Friend, Mr. *Philips:* 'tis deliver'd in this grand air of Prophecy. Mr. *Philips's Poems* (ſays he) *will laſt, as long as Blenheim is remembred, Or* (b) Cyder drunk in *England.*

I beg leave to mention one thing, ſays *Antiphaus,*——What You have been ſaying, may afford the reaſon, why that Species of Criticiſm, which goes upon Ridicule (in the *manner* of the *Hind* and *Panther*) is not to be depended upon: The beſt Lines that ever were wrote, may be render'd Ridiculous, only by raiſing too great an Expectation in the Reader, juſt before they are introduc'd in the Criticiſm.

There is another kind of Littleneſs (proceeded *Philypſus*) when the Language does not become the Poetick Stile; all *Proſaick Poetry*, or (as Dr. *Garth* us'd to call it) *a Diction loytering into Proſe*, carries ſomething of meanneſs with it; ſome-

(a) Allez vous, luy dit-il, ſans bruit chez vos parens, Ou vous avez laiſſe votre honneur & *vos gans* ib.
(b) *Diſ.* on the *Claſſicks.* p. 217.

thing

thing below the Harmony, the Emotion, the Majeſty, that is requir'd from the *Epick* Muſe.——Here are two or three Couplets which I think deſcend too near to Proſe;

And now *Telemachus*, the firſt of all,
(*a*) Obſerv'd *Eumæus* entring in the Hall.

—— Let *Eurymachus* receive my gueſt.
(*b*) Of nature courteous, and by far the beſt.

His food an herald bore; and now they fed,
(*c*) And now the rage of craving Hunger fled.

It might be thought too trifling to obſerve, that this Meanneſs is often owing to an ill-judg'd uſe of Monoſyllables. (*d*) A Long Run of theſe little *Pigmy* Words, beſide an unavoidable Air of Meanneſs, often makes a Line rough, and hobling; and almoſt ever keeps it from being firm, and compact.

'Tis very rare, that you meet with a *Latin* Verſe terminating in a ſingle Monoſyllable; and ſometimes, where we do meet with it, 'tis evidently (*e*) deſign'd to aſſiſt in expreſſing the Littleneſs or Ridiculouſneſs of the Subject.

(*a*) *Od.* 17. 400---328. (*b*) *Od.* 15. 560---517. (*c*) *Od.* 8. 68---69. (*d*) From *Voſſius* de Carm. Cantu. p. 45. (*e*) As in *Horace*'s Art of Poetry, V. 139 and *Virgil*'s 1 *Georg.* V. 181.

Unleſs

Unleſs it be thus deſign'd, or be ſignificant, a Verſe (even an *Hemiſtick*) may be render'd Mean, merely by conſiſting of theſe little Words. I know there are entire Lines of them that are tolerable, nay, that run with ſome degree of Vigour; as this in the *Odyſſey*,

(*a*) 'Ere yet he loos'd the Rage of War on *Troy*.

And that *Cloſe* in *Shakeſpear*,

Cry'd Havock; and *let ſlip the Dogs of War.*

The Sentiments here are ſo great, that they take us off from obſerving the Littleneſs, which the Diction might otherwiſe Occaſion: Yet, to ſpeak my Mind, I believe that theſe very Thoughts wou'd appear more Majeſtically in large adequate Expreſſions.

Beſide this Littleneſs from the Nature of words, there is oftentimes a Meanneſs annex'd in our Thoughts to ſuch particular Words and Phraſes. All mere *Vulgar* ways of ſpeaking are mean in Poetry.——The Muſe ſhou'd reject any low *Proverbs*, and the Language of the Croud——Even the *Ideas* of things, in which they particularly are employ'd,

[*a*] *Od.* 8, 78.

are

are ſullied and debas'd——I believe I may add, that whatever has an Air of *Burleſque*, or has been markt for ridiculous on any other Occaſion, will be apt to retain ſomething of the *Mean*, where-ever it is us'd.

His Shoulder blade receiv'd th'ungentle ſhock;
He ſtood and mov'd not, like a marble rock,
[a] But ſhook his thoughtful Head.——

I doubt not, I have formerly met with ſomething in *Burleſque*, to which this Paſſage has a diſtant Reſemblance: tho' the thing itſelf be gone out of my head, the diſtaſt to ſuch a particular Expreſſion ſtill remains with me. 'Tis true, this wou'd not juſtify a Criticiſm; and yet it leads one unavoidably to diſlike the Paſſage.——This ſort of *Acquir'd Meanneſs* may be ſometimes more general: as where *Menelaus* calls *Telemachus*, [b] *The Mirror of conſtant Faith*; This Expreſſion has been ſo often us'd in a ridiculous ſort of Writings, that it will ſound mean to the generality of thoſe that hear it.

A Star-light Evening, and a Morning Fair.——

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[a] Od. 17, 550---463. [b] Od. 4, 227.

---Is

---Is a Line in *Dryden's Virgil*, [a] condemn'd by a very exact Critick, upon account of its being Low and Mean. 'Tis of the acquir'd kind. Any one, who has been at all converſant with the Poetry of a Belman, will certainly look upon it with ſomething of Contempt: Yet is there nothing Mean in it of itſelf; and a Critick in *France* might think it a good handſome Line. But the beſt Expreſſions degenerate, when us'd by the Populace, and applied to low things: the uſe, they make of them, infects them with a low abject Air.

Thus *Proverbial* Speeches, and all other Expreſſions very common among us, become unworthy of our Poetry. Foreign Proverbs are often great and emphatical to us; as many of ours may ſound great to Foreigners: yet at home, both, if vulgar, will be apt to appear mean; or at leaſt, unfit for Poetry. One Inſtance, or two will be ſufficient: in the *Tenth Odyſſey* we have this Line;

[b] With *broken hearts* my ſad companions ſtood.

And this in the 22*d*,

[c] —— *Dogs, Ye have had your Day.* ——

[a] *Eſſay* on *Georg.* 1. Pref. p. 8. [b] V. 227. [c] V. 41---35.

I ſhall not preſume to ſay, how far the *Odyſſey* or *Iliad* might be blameable for any of theſe Meanneſſes in the Days of *Homer* himſelf: it is the Priviledge of every dead Language, to be entirely free from them at preſent. We hear not the Proverbs, nor know the current Ridicule of thoſe Times. His Language is ſafe enough from the Vulgar now; And as to any Words, that might be vulgar enough then, to ſeem low, we are in an entire ignorance. This is a conſiderable Advantage which the Ancients have over every Living Writer; and for which, by the way, there ſhould be a large allowance made in any Compariſon between an Ancient and a Modern.

Thus any Meanneſs that is *acquir'd*, may be *loſt again*, or *worn off* by Time and Accidents. It is not ſo with Meanneſs in the Things themſelves. They have ſomething ſettled in them; and are deliver'd down to us thro' the Stream of Ages, unalter'd and the ſame. Perhaps, if we would take off the Veil, which Superſtition has flung over the Worſhippers of *Homer*, we might diſcern ſome traces of this in the Converſation of the *Suitors*; in the *Scene* at *Eumæus*'s Lodge; and in *Sicily*, when we are with

the *Cyclops*. 'Tis true, the *Odyſſey* is built upon an humbler Plan: *Homer* ſuits himſelf to his Deſign: and it may be very juſtly ſaid (with Mr. *Pope*) [a] "*That where this Poem cannot ſupport a Sublimity, it always preſerves a Dignity, or at leaſt a Propriety.* If theſe Points may fail in *Dignity*, they have always ſome *Propriety* in the Poem; either from the Speaker, or the Audience, or the Occaſion.

To return to the Tranſlation. Every Idea that has ſomething aukward in it, has ſomething mean, and ridiculous: The firſt Laugh in the *Iliad* is occaſion'd by the aukward Behaviour, and odd Addreſs of *Vulcan*; as the only Laugh in the *Æneid* is rais'd on the untoward figure, which *Menætes* makes in that Poem.

There ſeems to me to be ſomething Mean and Aukward in this Image:

His *looſe head* tottering as with wine oppreſt,
[b] Obliquely drops, and *nodding knocks* his breaſt.

Perhaps the *Sneezing-piece* in the 17*th* Book, (c) borders too much on the ſame Fault; or, if it be no Fault, on the ſame Diſagreeableneſs.

[a] *Od.* Vol. 5. p. 237. 12°. [b] *Od.* 18. 282---239. [c] V. 625---541.

For

For the ſame Reaſon, all Deſcriptions that have any thing of the Nauſeous in them, might be avoided in Poetry, or at leaſt be but ſlightly touch'd in it: I cannot think 'tis any particular niceneſs or effeminacy in my Temper, which inclines me to wiſh, that the Colours had not been laid on ſo ſtrongly on ſome (*a*) Occaſions. The worſt Image I know of this kind is in the deſcription of the *Drunken Cyclops*: and what is ſurprizing to me, the very ſame Groſſneſs, on the ſame Occaſion, is kept up in (*b*) ſeveral of the beſt Poets that ever wrote.---Here You will forgive me, if I am ready to ſink under Authority, in a Point where my very Senſes almoſt contradict it. But when ſuch great Names, as *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Pope*, and *Addiſon* may be produced to defend one and the ſame Deſcription, what are we to think, *Antiphaus*? Can we ſay a thing is not offenſive, when we feel the contrary? or muſt we allow, that Nature ought to be juſtly and fully expreſs'd, even in the moſt nauſeous of Subjects?

It cannot be deny'd (anſwer'd *Antiphaus*, after having turn'd the Queſtion.

(*a*) See *Od.* 4, 543, and 548---10, 285. &c
(*b*) *Od.* 9, 443---373. *Æn.* 3, 632. *Addiſon's Miſc.* V. 1. Pag. 61. 12°.

for ſome time in his Mind) every Deſcription that is juſt, is *poetically good*; but then I fancy, 'tis as true, that a Deſcription poetically good, may be the more improper to be inſerted, on that very Account. This will be readily allow'd in all Caſes of Obſcenity: The *beſt Deſcription* in ſuch Points is certainly the moſt *improper*; and ſurely the ſame will hold in a great Meaſure of any Images directly nauſeous. We have, you ſay, the Examples of the greateſt Poets that ever wrote, againſt us: but if the reaſon of the thing be againſt them, no Authority whatever, nor any number of Examples, can be of the leaſt real Weight. I am delighted with the Correctneſs of a *Virgil* or an *Addiſon*; I admire *Pope*, and reverence *Homer*. But were there any one piece of Obſcenity in the Works of all theſe Great Men, wou'd ſuch a deſcription alter its Nature, and become amiable? 'Tis the ſame in other Caſes, as well as in Obſcenities: All things, that have ſomething in their nature Diſagreeable, will ſtill be Diſagreeable, where-ever we find 'em.

The Line you hint at in the *Drunken Cyclops* cannot but carry a very nauſeous Idea with it: and had Mr. *Pope* deviated from the Original, and dropt it in the *Engliſh*,

Engliſh, I am perſwaded moſt people wou'd have look'd upon it, as a commendable Injury to his Author; I remember (*a*) a Paſſage (of this Nature, tho' leſs groſs than this) in the *Iliad*, which Mr. *Pope* has improv'd by concealing the Groſſneſs of it; and in the Note upon it, he ſays, *'tis unworthy of Homer; he does not ſee any Colour to ſoften the Meanneſs of it; it muſt ever have been too nauſeous to be deſcrib'd.*

What fine Criticks ſhould we make, ſays *Philypſus*, ſince we can be both ſo ready to wiſh a Tranſlator had err'd more frequently from his Copy?——But whatever thoſe ſevere Gentlemen may think, we ſhould certainly have a large Party on our ſide in the preſent Caſe. What would they ſay to another Principle? That it may be neceſſary to deviate from the *Words* of the Original, to preſerve the *Senſe* of it: And yet this may happen; As, for Inſtance, where our Notions of things are directly contrary to what was thought of them in *Homer*'s Days.

Words are to be conſider'd, not as *Sounds*, but as they are *Significant*: and a ſtrict Tranſlator ſhould endeavour

(*a*) *Il.* 9, 612.

for ſome time in his Mind) every Deſcription that is juſt, is *poetically good*; but then I fancy, 'tis as true, that a Deſcription poetically good, may be the more improper to be inſerted, on that very Account. This will be readily allow'd in all Caſes of Obſcenity: The *beſt Deſcription* in ſuch Points is certainly the moſt *improper*; and ſurely the ſame will hold in a great Meaſure of any Images directly nauſeous. We have, you ſay, the Examples of the greateſt Poets that ever wrote, againſt us: but if the reaſon of the thing be againſt them, no Authority whatever, nor any number of Examples, can be of the leaſt real Weight. I am delighted with the Correctneſs of a *Virgil* or an *Addiſon*; I admire *Pope*, and reverence *Homer*. But were there any one piece of Obſcenity in the Works of all theſe Great Men, wou'd ſuch a deſcription alter its Nature, and become amiable? 'Tis the ſame in other Caſes, as well as in Obſcenities: All things, that have ſomething in their nature Diſagreeable, will ſtill be Diſagreeable, where-ever we find 'em.

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(*a*) *Il.* 9, 612.

chiefly to give us the ſame Ideas which the Writer he repreſents, gave to his Readers. It is on this Account I ſhould take (a) *The Monarch of the Swains*, for Inſtance, to be a juſter Tranſlation of Συβώλης ὀρχάμῳ ἀνδρῶν, than the *Chief Swine-herd* would have been. In the preſent acceptation of things, a *literal Tranſlation* would have been a *Traveſty*: it would have made that ridiculous and mean, which was not mean or ridiculous in the Original.

Of old, *Uſeful* Employments were alſo *Honourable*. The chief Courtiers were Maſters of the Flocks and of the Herds: A Skill in Agriculture was reckon'd a very handſome part in the Character of a Monarch: *Homer* (b) places it upon a level with Military Science; and looks upon the Reputation it deſerves, as equal to the Glory acquir'd by Atchievements in War.

To preſerve ſomething of theſe (c) Primitive Notions of things, at leaſt not to ſink into thoſe very low Ideas, which we in the preſent world entertain of ſuch ſorts of Arts and Employments, a Tranſlator of *Homer* is oblig'd to vary the

(a) Od. 16, 35---36. (b) See Note on Od. 18, 412.
(c) See Od. 4, 974. 14, 122. and 18, 412.

Ex-

Expreſſions in common uſe for the ſame things: Nothing wou'd be more ridiculous now, than to call a *Firſt Miniſter*, by the Name of a *Hog-herd*; or to ſay of *Kings*, that they overlook'd the *Dairy*.

There are ſome other Points, relating to the *Manners* of Antiquity, which may require ſome Alterations in the turn of expreſſing them. I have been too tedious already; Let me only mention one Particular of this kind, and I have done. The Heroes of Old, in rating each other, are very free with the mutual Terms of *Dogs*, *Cowards*, *Villains* &c. In the *Odyſſey* we have a Queen calling one of her Maids of Honour, *an Impudent Bitch*; and *Jupiter*, if I miſtake not, pays exactly the ſame Compliment to his Royal Conſort in the *Iliad*. I think no one can diſpute which is the better Tranſlation in the former Caſe, The *New*, which makes *Penelope* call her Servant (*a*) *a Loquacious Inſolent*; or the Literal of *Hobbes*:

Bold Bitch (ſaid ſhe) I know what deeds you've done.

This is equally a miſ-repreſentation of Fact, and ſhocking in its very ſound; It offends the Ear, and makes one ſtartle

(*a*) *Od.* 19, 110---91.

at

at the Behaviour of *Penelope*: A Reader ought to think that Lady well bred: This he cannot do, at leaſt he will be prejudic'd not to do ſo, by hearing ſuch Language now, however decent it might be thought in thoſe Times.

I am oblig'd to you (ſays *Antiphaus*, perceiving that *Philypſus* ſtopt here) for the fair account you have given of theſe Lowneſſes in an *Epick* Poem: I know not whether your general rule of Meanneſs will hold in every Point, that might be mention'd; but in thoſe you have produc'd, it ſeems to ſquare very well. I imagine too, there is one Particular, of pretty large extent in this Queſtion, not yet touch'd upon.-----There may be ſeveral; but you have all that I have obſerv'd, ſays *Philypſus*-----I doubt not (ſays *Antiphaus*) you have obſerv'd the ſame thing, and put it under ſome other Head; You muſt know, I wou'd rank all Thoughts which border on *Puerility*, all *cold Fancies*, all *forc'd Antitheſes*, and any mere *turns*, and *ſporting* upon words, under the Claſs of Meanneſſes in an *Epick* Poem.——As you have hinted ſuch a Variety of Subjects, ſays *Philypſus*, will you not compleat the Favour, and afford ſome Inſtances too under theſe Heads?

---What

——What I can recollect (reply'd *Antiphaus*) is at your Service.

Does not there ſeem to you to be ſomething *Affected* and *Cold* in this Thought, which I doubt not many will be apt to take for a pretty Claſh in the Ideas.

Here ceas'd he; but indignant tears let fall;
(a) *Spoke* when he *Ceas'd.*——

Such is this Thought;

(b) And my toſt limbs now *wearied* into *reſt.*

Nothing is meaner than what is overwrought: I own 'tis in Poetry, as in Statuary; Figures that are to be ſet up at ſuch a height muſt be ſomething larger than the Life; but even then there are exact Rules of Proportion, and nothing is to appear too Vaſt to the Eye.

In giving ones Opinion of an exquiſite Statue we may ſay, it *lives* or *ſpeaks:* but when we go to refine on this, we grow affected and mean. Pardon me if I take this to be the Caſe in the laſt Line of this Couplet:

Alive each animated Frame appears;
(c) And *ſtill to live, beyond the Power of Tears.*

(a) Od. 24, 504---437. (b) Od. 10, 593---499.
(c) Od. 7, 123---94.

I was formerly pleas'd with the Inſcription under a *Saint Bruno* in *Italy*; but give it up now as carried too far; it tells us, as you may remember, (*a*) *That He is alive, and wou'd ſpeak, were it not for the Rules of Silence he had eſtabliſh'd.* A Man muſt underſtand the Hiſtory of the *Grand Chartreux* to take the meaning of this; and after all, it appears too forc'd and artificial.

A Fault of this kind is the more evident, when the Thoughts and Language look noble about it:

There terrible in arms *Ulyſſes* ſtood,
(*b*) And the dead Suitors *almoſt ſwam* in blood.

You know a late excellent (*c*) Philoſopher has endeavour'd to prove that no Action, which diſagrees with truth, can be good; and I ſhou'd not be new or ſingular in my Opinion, were I to aſſert the ſame of any point in Poetry. Every one knows, the Dialogues of one of the moſt (*d*) penetrating Criticks in the laſt Age, are wrote chiefly in this View. He aſſerts conſtantly, that no Thought can be good, which is not Poetically

(*a*) Egli è vivo, e parlerebbe, ſe non oſſervaſſe la ragola del Silentio (*b*) *Od.* 23, 47---51. (*c*) Mr. *Wollaſton.* (*d*) *Bouhours.*

true;

true; and I imagine this that he aſſerts, may be defended as eaſily in the *Fictions* of Poetry, as in any of the plaineſt Paſſages. But ſuch an Enquiry wou'd take up more time, than Criticiſm deſerves; and I mention it at preſent only as a Meaſure of ſuch Thoughts as are *mean* from their being *falſe*, i. e. *really beneath what they pretend to be.*——This Rule, if juſt, wou'd be of particular ſervice in this kind of Purſuits: I ſhall give you but one Inſtance; When *Circe* mentions *Ulyſſes*'s deſcent to the Infernal Shades, ſhe adjoins this Reflection.

O Sons of woe! decreed by adverſe Fates,
Alive to paſs thro' hells eternal Gates!
All ſoon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
(a) More *wretched* You, *twice number'd* with the [Dead!

Do you not think this laſt Thought has ſomething *Weak* and *Little* in it? according to your general Rule, it fails in its *Proportion*; That Proportion, I mean, which every Thought ſhould bear to *Truth*.

If it fails in that, ſays *Philypſus*, I muſt allow it to be Mean by my own Rule; but I do not perceive in what reſpect that Sentiment is falſe.

(a) Od. 12, 32---22.

No!

No! says *Antiphanes*; I beg you would consider the very Word on which the whole of the Reflection turns: It has plainly too Significations widely different. If their being *number'd with the Dead*, be taken in its strongest Sense, 'tis certain this did not happen twice to *Ulysses*, and his Companions; if in its weaker on this Occasion, Their Calamity is put on a Level with something much more terrible and calamitous than it self.

Or thus: If this being *twice* number'd with the Dead be intended both in the same Sense, the Sentence is directly false; if in very different unequal Senses, 'tis fallacious and false in its Consequence.

I beg pardon for putting on this grave face, and affecting such an air of Demonstration: but you must know this Thought is exactly the same in the Original, or (if any thing) rather more fallacious there than in the Translation: in such a Case all ones Gravity is scarce sufficient; and the Superstitious perhaps wou'd rather disbelieve a real Demonstration, than allow of any Fault in *Homer*. I beg Pardon of them, for thus assuming the *Chair of Criticism* (as the noblest of (a) human Writers calls it) and am very wil-

(a) Lord *Bacon*. De *Augm. Scient.* Lib. 6. Cap. 4.

ling

ling to deſcend, and act in an humbler Sphere.

All ſporting upon Words may ſeem unbecoming of the *Epick* Muſe: I ſhall leave you to determine how far there may be any ſuſpicion of this in ſome particular Lines.

(a) *Thy laſt of Games unhappy haſt thou play'd* ——

——To me has ſome reſemblance to the rebellious Angels in *Milton*, where they run on in ſuch a vein of inſulting and punning. I know not how far the Original might help in leading a Tranſlator into the former Turn; but here is another Line which runs into it, without that wrong biaſs.

(b) They on the future *banquet feaſt* their eyes.

I ſhould think this yet more improper on any grave or affecting Circumſtance: Do you remember the Death of *Antinous* in the *Odyſſey*? 'Tis in the Inſtant of his lifting a Goblet of Wine to his Mouth:

Wretch that he was, of unprophetick Soul!
High in his hand he rear'd the Golden Bowl;
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his Breath,
(c) Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of Death.

(a) *Od.* 22, 32---27. (b) *Od.* 10, 205---180.
(c) *Od.* 22, 13---10.

I fear that ſome Points, which generally paſs for Elegancies, are of this kind. ——A Caſe, which touches all Readers of a little Taſte very much, is, (a) *when two very different Ideas are join'd to the ſame Verb:* This is very frequent in *Cowley*, and he has been often blamed for it; as in that Inſtance,

(b) Up roſe the *Sun* and *Saul.*

I know not how it is, there is ſomething agreeable in this management of Words, but it is very apt to injure the *Senſe.* A thinking (c) *French* Author lays down a Rule, which is very uſeful towards diſcovering Fallacies in Reaſoning; It is this: *To put the Definition inſtead of the Thing defin'd.* I have often try'd ſomething of this nature in Poetry; If we make the Experiment in the preſent Caſe, and inſert the *enlarg'd Meaning* inſtead of the *particular Words* uſed by the Poet, we ſhall generally find a Fallacy in this ſort of Verſe; or, at leaſt, a Lameneſs in the Senſe of it.

It will not be any great trouble to try this in one ſingle Point. The Poet,

(a) *Addiſon's Miſc.* Vol. 1. p. 239. 12°. (b) *Od.* 14, 454---410. (c) *Malbranche.* Search after Truth. V. 2. p. 74.

ſpeaking

ſpeaking of *Telemachus*'s Voyage, uſes this Turn of Expreſſion:

To diſtant *Pylos* hapleſs is he gone,
(*a*) To ſeek his Father's fate, and find his own.

This ſounds very well: but what is the meaning of the word *Fate*, which is of ſuch double Service upon this Occaſion? Try it in your own Mind:

To diſtant Pylos hapleſs is he gone,
To ſeek (whether his Father be dead or not) *and find*
——What?

There's no need of trying it, ſays *Philypſus*; I allow it to be deficient upon the firſt hearing: But by the way, I wonder you let the *Antitheſis* in it eſcape ſo peaceably!

Indeed I am no great Friend to them (reply'd *Antiphaus*) eſpecially when they are multiplied upon us, as in this Line:

(*b*) *Duſt mounts* in *clouds*, and *ſweat deſcends* in *dews*.

I do not fear my *Philypſus* ſhould miſtake me: it would be too ſcrupulous to diſcard every Antitheſis out of Poetry, as it ſeems affected to run into them very often. Some are of Force and Emphaſis,

(*a*) *Od.* 14, 209---180. (*b*) *Od.* 11, 740---599.

and ſome agreeable and engaging: Poſſibly, even *the Double Uſe of the ſame Word* is not abſolutely to be rejected. But however theſe Ornaments may obtain on ſome Occaſions, they ſeem generally too little and artificial for the more noble Parts of Poetry. They are of the *Ovidian* kind, rather than of *Homer*: and are more apt to hit the Taſte of Schoolboys, than of Men.

And now I have mention'd *Ovid*'s manner, give me leave to ſay that (in ſpite of his ſeveral Beauties, and that peculiar Eaſe and Addreſs with which he tells a Story) I fear his Writings are one great Reaſon of the trifling Manner keeping its ground ſo much in the preſent Age. *Ovid* is generally made uſe of to initiate our Youths in *Parnaſſus*: We look upon him as ſoon as ever we open our Eyes to Poetry: He is then, 'tis true, fit for our Taſte; but the misfortune is, he is too Agreeable: 'tis odds but this fondneſs grows up with us; and a falſe taſte of Wit, drawn from him, may influence our Writings many Years after we have flung him from our Boſom. The *Boyiſms* of *Ovid*, (as Dr. *Garth* calls 'em) are agreeable enough to infect us to old Age. Mr. *Dryden*, for Inſtance, was thus infected by 'em. *Ovid*, and

Cowley

Cowley our *Engliſh Ovid*, were his favourites at *Ten* Years old, and his Corrupters at *Seventy*.

As great Genius's, and more correct Writers, than Mr. *Dryden* may be touch'd with the ſame Infection; I will give you an Inſtance or two of this, with which a Perſon may be pleas'd, even while he condemns 'em.

(*a*) She to her preſent Lord laments him loſt,
And views that object which ſhe wants the moſt.

Again:

His arms he ſtretch'd; his arms the touch deceive;
(*b*) Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give.

Any one, the leaſt acquainted with the Manner of the Poets, will readily perceive this to be of the *Ovidian* kind. It is pretty, and agreeable as *Ovid*: but to be ſo, it loſes ſomething from the Air of *Homer*; it ſinks beneath that Simplicity and Nature, which is the diſtinguiſhing Character of his Writings.

Now you mention Mr. *Dryden*, and this ſort of pretty Writing together, give me leave (ſays *Philypſus*) to commend one ſort of *Turns*, which that Critick (*c*)

(*a*) *Od.* 19, 245---209. (*b*) *Od.* 11, 487---391.
(*c*) *Dryden*'s Pref. to *Juvenal*, p. 84 8°.

judges not only pretty, but really good and ſubſtantial: I will not defend all his Inſtances, but I would engage to do it were they all as good as that from (a) *Virgil.* ——— A very good Critick ſince has treated of this more diſtinctly. His Notions as I remember are, That a dextrous Turn upon Words, is *pretty*; The Turn upon the Thought, *ſubſtantial*; but the moſt *compleat* of all, is when the Turn of the Words and of the Thought concur: (b) *When both our Reaſon and our Ear are entertain'd with a noble Sentiment expreſs'd vigorouſly, and beautifully finiſh'd.* I ſhould be glad to know your Opinion, *Antiphaus*, how far a Perſon might admit theſe Turns, in *Heroick Poetry?*

As for the firſt (ſays *Antiphaus*) I believe one might venture to ſay, that it ſhould be rejected univerſally: I am ſo little vers'd in theſe Particulars, that I cannot readily ſay any thing as to the ſecond: the other (whether juſtly or not) takes one very much. I own, for my part, that I imagine them, not only beautiful, but uſeful: I remember an Inſtance of (c) one in *Virgil*, which fixes the Ima-

(a) Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes.
(b) *Blackwall's Introd. to the Claſſicks*, p. 214.
(c) *Georg.* 1. 404.

ges very particularly on the Mind; and it is this which helps to touch us in thoſe Lines of Mr. *Addiſon*, which ſtrike every one who reads them:

The liſtning Soldier fixt in ſorrow ſtands,
Loth to obey his Leaders juſt commands;
The Leader grieves, by generous pity ſway'd
(*a*) To ſee his juſt commands ſo well obey'd.

If you ask my opinion in this Point, rude and unſettled as it is; I ſhould think, that no *Turns* ſhould obtain in an *Epick*, or any ſolemn Poem, except ſuch as have more Strength, than Beauty: That in leſſer Pieces, thoſe may be allow'd which have more Beauty, than Strength: but that they can be juſtified in no Piece whatever; unleſs they have ſome ſhare of Strength, as well as Beauty.

The great Art of them is to appear Unartful; as in theſe pretty Lines from Mr. *Philips*'s Paſtorals;

Fair is my Flock, nor yet uncomely I
If liquid Fountains flatter not; and why
Should liquid Fountains flatter us, yet ſhew
The bordering flowers leſs beauteous than they [grow?

As I take it; The Beauty of this Paſſage is in a greater degree, than its

(*a*) *Addiſon* Vol. 1. Pag. 76. 12°.

Strength;

Strength; and the natural Air of the Sentiments, is more exquiſite than either: The Turn of the Lines makes them obſerv'd by every Reader more than they would otherwiſe be; and yet that very Turn does not ſeem to be deſign'd, but rather to be the natural reſult of the Shepherd's Thoughts as he ſpeaks them.

If I have ſaid too much, *Philypſus*, you muſt blame your ſelf for it, who led me from my chief Deſign. I was juſt entering on the ſeveral Natural Pieces in the Poem before us.

Some fanciful Writers afford us nothing but Pictures and Deſcriptions: they continue Image after Image; and put one in Mind of thoſe *Americans*, who, when firſt they were diſcover'd, are ſaid to have us'd Painting inſtead of Writing.

Homer's Judgment will not allow him, in any of his Works, to be thus Perpetual in his Deſcriptions; and the deſign of the *Odyſſey* will not allow near the variety, which he has very juſtly employ'd in the *Iliad*. The *Odyſſey* is a Poetical Treatiſe of Morality: it does not admit of a profuſion of Colours: this is not to be look'd upon as a Defect: we might with the ſame Reaſon blame a

Book

Book of Maxims, or *Plato*'s Moral Dialogues, for not having all the Flouriſhes and Charms of Rhetorick.

And as the Plan of the *Odyſſey* in general excludes that great variety of Deſcription, which abounds in ſome Poems; the chief Scene, in the remaining Part of it, is ſo wholly Domeſtick, that it ſcarce allows room for any thing of that Nature. The Action now is confin'd; it lies all between either the Country-Houſe of *Eumæus*, and the Palace; or this latter, and the Gardens of *Laertes*. What a narrow Scene is this for Deſcription? and yet theſe are the only *places* capable of any, if you except a two days Journey, and a ſhort Voyage in the *15th*, neither of which could be eniarg'd upon without injuring the main Deſign. *Homer* was unacquainted with the modern Affluence of Painting, where-ever there may be any fine Object in the way: As theſe Opportunities offer only in an Epiſode, he paſſes them with the utmoſt diſpatch: we ſee his haſte in the very Lines, and indeed in every one of them diſtinctly:

[bind
With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed un-
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind:
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
With rapid ſpeed to whirl them o'er the ſea;

Crunus

Crunus they paſs'd; next *Chalcis* roll'd away,—
The ſilver *Phæa*'s glittering rills they loſt,
(*a*) And skim'd along by *Elis* ſacred coaſt.

It might be the indigence of his Subject this way, which induc'd *Homer* to repeat the view of Hell in the 24*th* Book; and the wanderings of *Ulyſſes* in the 23*d*. But nothing could make him run into Deſcriptions on that Occaſion. We have the Names of Places repeated in Order; and tho' *Penelope* has the full Relation, the Reader is only tantaliz'd with hearing in general, that,

(*b*) He images the rills, and flow'ry vales.

Theſe things, however they had been laid out, wou'd have been only Side-views. For in the main Scene, as it now lies in *Ithaca*, I think there are but four *Places* capable of Deſcription. If I am not miſtaken in this, it will give us great Reaſon to admire the Management of *Homer*; who, as he was too prudent to run out into any impertinent Deſcriptions; at that ſame time, has not omitted any one of thoſe places, that might very well allow of a Deſcription without wandring. We have diſtinct draughts

(*a*) *Od.* 15, 319—296. (*b*) *Od.* 23, 336.

of

of *Laertes*'s Gardens, (*a*) *Eumæus*'s Lodge, of (*b*) the *Royal Palace*, and the *Road* between theſe and the Palace. Theſe compleat the preſent Scéne of the Poem; and any one by laying them together, may form an exact Picture of it in his Mind.

Some of theſe have been mention'd already on other Occaſions; and the way from *Eumæus*'s Houſe to the Metropolis deſerves very well to be mention'd here: I dare ſay you will think part of it, the moſt delightful Road you ever travell'd in your Life:

Now paſs'd the rugged Road, they journey down
The cavern'd way deſcending to the Town,
Where, from the rock with liquid lapſe diſtills
A limpid fount; that ſpread in parting rills,
Its current thence to ſerve the city brings
An uſeful work; adorn'd by ancient Kings.
Neritus, *Ithacus*, *Polyctor* there
In ſculptur'd Stone immortaliz'd their care;
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And ſhaded with a green ſurrounding grove;
Where ſilver Alders in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cool ſtream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, ſequeſter'd to the Nymphs, is ſeen
A moſſy Altar, deep embower'd in green;
Where conſtant Vows by travellers are made,
[*c*] And holy horrors ſolemnize the ſhade.

(*a*) *Od.* 14, V. 8 to 26. (*b*) *Od.* 17, 316 and 415.
(*c*) *Od.* 17, V. 230 to 245.

There

There is a ſort of melancholly Pleaſure hangs upon the Mind, where-ever we have a View of *Laertes* in his Retirement. The good Old Prince (*a*) Labours thorough Life; he (*b*) longs to lay down the Burthen: And when he is not ſo overcome with his Diſtreſs, as to (*c*) neglect his Employment in his Gardens, he ſeems buſy rather to (*d*) avoid Pain, than to enjoy Pleaſure. Thus is he engag'd, with ſomething of Diverſion, and much of Melancholly, when the Scene changes to his Gardens.

We have not a ſet Deſcription of theſe altogether; but it begins at this Point, and is carried on (*e*) ſucceſſively, till we may eaſily form an Idea of the whole.

Tho' *Homer* has not wander'd into any Deſcriptions of Places that lay out of this Scene of the Poem, he has here, and all along in the former part of it, brought in ſhort Draughts and Side-views of things by ſuch Arts, as are ſome of them neceſſary, and all very allowable in Poetry.

Such are all *deſcriptive Similies*: Wherein ſome Picture out of the Subject is bor-

(*a*) *Od.* 15, 151. (*b*) *Od.* 11, 226. (*c*) *Od.* 16, 155. (*d*) *Od.* 24, 285. (*e*) *Od.* 24, V. 237, 256, 268, and 395.

row'd

row'd to illuſtrate any Point that belongs to it. This affords us ſeveral occaſional Pieces, and ſome of them very natural: I have juſt dipt upon one of this ſort. 'Tis juſt after the Slaughter of the Suitors; They are yet gaſping, and *Ulyſſes* is ſurveying their Bodies, to ſee whether the Number be compleat:

So when by hollow ſhores the fiſher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,
And ſcarce the meſhy toils the copious draught contain:
All naked of their Element and bare,
The fiſhes pant, and gaſp in thinner air;
(a) Wide o'er the ſands are ſpread the ſtiffening prey.

It's a known Remark, that all Alluſions of this kind, drawn from calm Life (as Fiſhing, Hunting, and rural Affairs) have a peculiar Beauty: and 'tis as well known, that they acquire an additional Energy, when they are introduc'd amidſt any Confuſion, or to illuſtrate Images of Terror. *Virgil* (*b*) has imitated this ſort of Contraſt from a Similie in the *Iliad*; which affords frequent Inſtances of the ſame kind; nor are they wanting in the (*c*) Poem before us.

(*a*) *Od.* 22, 430---387. (*b*) Compare *Æn.* 2, 303. *Il.* ϛ', 455. (*c*) See *Od.* 12, 300. and the Note there.

The more conciſe and natural any Image, the ſtronger the Illuſtration. How do you approve of this, on a number of Females employ'd at the Loom?

——— Their buſy fingers move
(a) Like Poplar-leaves, when *Zephyr* fans the grove.

When theſe occaſional Images hit in ſeveral Points, they are the more deſcriptive of the things, which they are brought to Illuſtrate. *Homer* gives us an Idea of the Spirits in *Ades*, of their ſtill Poſture, their Motion, their Confuſion, and the odd Noiſes they utter, all in one ſingle Picture of this kind:

Trembling the Spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow Screams, along the deep deſcent.
As in the cavern of ſome rifted Den,
Where flock nocturnal Bats and Birds obſcene;
Cluſter'd they hang, till at ſome ſudden ſhock,
They move, and murmurs run thro' all the rock:
So cow'ring fled the ſable heaps of ghoſts,
(b) And ſuch a Scream fill'd all the diſmal coaſts.

It ſeems not improper to point out theſe diſtinct Likeneſſes; as the Tranſlation has done in the preſent Caſe, more plainly than the Original; the ſame may be ſaid of (c) ſome others.

(a) Od. 7, 135---106. (b) Od. 24, 14---9
(c) See Od. 5, 420---330.

This

This is done ſometimes by inſiſting much on one Circumſtance, and (*a*) repeating it over and over.

Borrow'd Images appear with a particular Propriety and Grace, when they have ſome near Relation to the Scene, on which the Poem turns at the very Inſtant of applying 'em. Thus in the *Battle of Rivers*, in the (*b*) *Iliad*, every Similie is aquatick, and adapted to the Place. Thus if the Swiftneſs of a Deity paſſing o'er the *Land* is to be illuſtrated in this manner, *Homer* images it by the Swiftneſs of an *Eagle*: but when *Mercury* is flying over the *Sea*, by that of ſome (*c*) *Water-fowl*.

The Image of an Angler is us'd in the *Iliad*, of a perſon in the Field of Battle; in the (*d*) *Odyſſey*, of perſons at Sea; both on Occaſions which make that Image proper. But it ſeems more proper in the latter, from the Agreement of Place. In this, and all like Caſes, part of the Picture is nearer to us, and will be conceiv'd the more readily and clearly.

There may alſo be ſome propriety from any previous Relation between the

(*a*) As in Mr. *Pope's Iliad* 22, V. 257 to 262.
(*b*) Book, 21. (*c*) *Od.* 5, 64. (*d*) *Od.* 12, 300.

Perſon, and the *Thing* to which he is compar'd. Any faithleſs wavering Creature may be compar'd to the Sea; but it ſtrikes one more, when *Venus* is ſaid to be as (a) *Inconſtant, as the Waves from whence ſhe ſprung*. Any rough Man may be compar'd to the Element, in another view; but there is a peculiar fitneſs in theſe Lines:

A race of rugged Mariners are theſe
(b) Unpoliſh'd Men, and boiſt'rous as their Seas.

I remember, I us'd formerly to be mightily taken with a Similie in the (c) *Muſcipula*; and I believe now, it was on this very Account. Ideas, which have been alreaded join'd on any other Occaſion, will agree the more eaſily on a new one.

The Picture is leſs broken alſo, when the borrow'd Image is adapted to the preſent Circumſtances: Where *Penelope* is repreſented as chaſt and beautiful, 'tis ſaid ſhe look'd (d) like *Diana* with all the Charms of *Venus*; when her Beauty is the chief Circumſtance to be

(a) *Guarini's Paſtor Fido.* Act. 4. Sc. 7. (b) Od. 7, 42. (c) —— Cui ſæpe ſuis in montibus hircus
Prolixam invidit barbam ——— De *Cambro-Brit.*
Thus *Virgil's*
Abietibus juvenes patriis & montibus æquos.
(d) Od. 17, 47---37. inſiſted

inſiſted on, ſhe is compar'd to (*a*) *Venus*, without any mention of *Diana*.

We may obſerve, by the way, that the Heathen Poets, in comparing a Perſon to any of their Deities, had a ſure Method of giving their Readers a Picture of that Perſon. The Statues of their Deities were known by every one; and the Faces of each as well aſcertain'd, as the Faces of the *Roman* Emperors (for inſtance) can be, by frequently converſing with their Medals; This I take to be one Reaſon, why this ſort of Compariſon is ſo very frequent in the Ancients: The Caſe is very different in any modern Compoſition; tho' we ſeem to be equally fond of the ſame Compariſons.

If it does not add to the Strength, at leaſt it makes the Piece more agreeable, when theſe Images are unuſual. Thus *Ulyſſes* in his Bed of Leaves, to a (*b*) Coal of Fire preſerv'd in the Embers; and before in his raft at Sea, to an (*c*) heap of Thorns, driven by the Wind.

There may be a *Prettineſs*, as well as a *Likeneſs* in theſe Images; I always us'd to be pleas'd with that Paſſage, where *Penelope* is compar'd to a (*d*) Nightingale;

(*a*) *Od.* 18, 229---192. (*b*) *Od.* 5, 630---488. (*c*) *Ibid* 417. (*d*) *Od.* 19, 605---518.

tho' I am more pleas'd with the ſame Image in (a) *Virgil*; which, beſide its agreeableneſs, is perhaps the moſt compleat Inſtance, that can be given, of ſuch Similitudes as hit exactly in every Point. *Virgil* certainly excells *Homer* in theſe, as we may ſay that *Homer* excells him in the *Vague Similitude*; for both have their diſtinct Beauties.

'Tis the proper air of Poetry to be unconfin'd and free: The Muſe loves a flowing Dreſs: Her motions are ever Eaſy, and her very ornaments muſt be Natural. Such is the Muſe of *Homer*. And hence the Poet, in this ſort of Pictures, does not in the leaſt Scruple to take in ſeveral Circumſtances, that do not affect the main Reſemblance. When a Painter is copying a Piece, he muſt preſerve the Likeneſs; but he may vary in the Drapery, the Poſture, the Under-figures, and the Scene around 'em.

Thus in *Homer's Philomel*, the main Likeneſs is very well taken: When the Poet has ſecur'd this, he touches upon the Hiſtory of *Itylus*; and launches out into Particulars, which are (b) ſo far from ſquaring with the Caſe of *Penelope*, that they have no manner of Relation to it

(a) *Georg.* 4, 511. (b) *Od.* τ, 523.

Homer

Homer is almoſt ſingular in another ſort of Similie, the Reverſe of the former: when the Principal Figures have in themſelves no Likeneſs, but agree in ſome one Circumſtance of Action. Theſe are very frequent in the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*: and I cannot ſay, whether it be from a true Judgment, or a ſcrupulous Niceneſs, that later Writers endeavour to imitate them but very rarely.

Perhaps this is blameable; and ſo may be that ſtringing of ſeveral Similies together, which we ſometimes meet with in *Homer*. I do not mean when ſeveral things are choſen to illuſtrate the (*a*) *ſame Point* more fully: but when Similies on *different* things follow too cloſe on the Neck of one another. In the 2*d Iliad*, (*b*) we have one of theſe ſtrings which takes up thirty Lines; And tho' they are all excellently well choſen, and have one common Point of Union between them all, yet they may ſeem ſomething faulty, as they are too numerous for the Place in which they ſtand, and too much crouded on one another.

Now I have digreſs'd ſo far on two or three Vices in ancient Similies; I ſhall juſt mention one or two of a later

(*a*) See Il. ξ, 394. (*b*)——6, 453 to 483.

Date.

Date. Such is the *continued* Similie, which is very liable to the great Fault of mixt Metaphors, when a Writer, to lengthen a *compariſon*, carries it beyond the *Likeneſs*. I remember one of Mr. *Dryden*'s in a (*a*) Dedication, that begins very well. "The Greatneſs of Birth "ſhews a Nobleman with advantage; "but if he degenerates, *the leaſt Spot is* "*viſible on Ermine.*——This does not ſeem to be continued ſo happily, as it is begun. "To preſerve this Whiteneſs in "its Original Purity, You (my Lord) "have, *like that Ermine, forſaken that* "*common tract of Buſineſs, which is not* "*always clean.*

The Art of extracting Similies out of a thing directly contrary to your purpoſe, is I think wholly Modern. Every one knows an Inſtance of this in that famous Doctor, who to illuſtrate the *Danger* of the *Church*, compares it to one of the *Prophets, who was encompaſs'd with Horſemen and Chariots of Fire*——for his defence.

Nothing is ſo oppoſite to the Deſign of this Beauty in Poetry, as to labour after a vaſt Number of Likeneſſes in any the minuteſt Points; and to multiply

(*a*) Before his Tranſlation of the *Georgicks*.

them,

them, rather to ſhew how far the Poets Wit can carry the Reſemblance, than to ſtrengthen the Image of the things deſcrib'd. This deſcends even to playing upon Words; nay ſometime to particularize ſeveral Points in which they are *unlike*, as well as thoſe in which they *agree*. This is the *Cowlean* Similitude: and I could produce [*a*] monſtrous Inſtances of it from a very fine Writer, where he endeavours only to imitate *Cowley* at a Diſtance. 'Tis the ſame Perſon who has introduced Similies into his *Proſe*, in a manner unknown to the Ancients: but he who would blame any of his Writings of *this kind*, muſt blame them, as Mr. *Locke* does Eloquence, with the Tenderneſs of a Lover.

It is not difficult to judge of any Similie, Ancient or Modern. Their [*b*] chief Deſign is to make things clear: Obſcurity and Confuſion is their great Fault: Poetry may go much farther in them than Proſe; but, even in Poetry, none can be good, which do not give us

[*a*] See a *Pindarick Ode* on *Cowley*, in *Dryden*'s *Miſc.* (Vol. 4) particularly the whole third *Stanza*.
[*b*] Ad inferendam rebus lucem *repertæ ſunt* Similitudines. —— Præcipuè cuſtodiendum, ne id quod Similitudinis gratiâ adſcivimus, aut obſcurum ſit aut ignotum. *Quintil. Inſtit.* Lib. 8. Cap. 3.

either

either more diſtinct, larger Notions of the thing, or at leaſt of ſome Circumſtance of the thing, to be deſcrib'd.

I long to add ſeveral things on this Head; but I have wander'd too far already from our chief Deſign: it is time now to conſider a higher Claſs of Deſcriptions and Images (which we touch'd upon when we were talking over the former Books of the *Odyſſey*) that Poetical power of expreſſing the *Paſſions*, and even *Ideas* yet in the Minds of Men.

I am not angry with You, *Philypſus*, for preventing much of what might have been offer'd here, when you were conſidering the Starts and Turns, which our Paſſions occaſion in the various manners of Speaking. I know not how ſuch a Notion would appear to the World; but you have thoroughly perſwaded me, that all the Figures of Speech, of the [*a*] Nobler Order, are view'd in a truer Light, when we look upon them, as naturally Expreſſive of what we feel within us; than when we conſider them, only as the Arts and Machineries of Writing.

It was on this Occaſion you went thorough the moſt paſſionate Scenes in

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[*a*] Figures either belong to the *Diction*, or the *Sentiment*: the latter is what is here intended.

the

the *Odyſſey*; for ſuch are the ſeveral Enterviews in which *Ulyſſes* makes himſelf known to his [*a*] Friends, his [*b*] Son, his [*c*] Father, and his [*d*] Conſort. *Penelope*'s [*e*] Speech at that juncture is excellent; and indeed all her Speeches in general are of the *Pathetick* kind, and (under this view) afford us the moſt beautiful Paſſages in the whole Poem.

To the many things that have been ſaid on the *Double Paſſions* (as you were pleas'd to let me call them) give me leave to add one particular Caſe more: what I mean, is *Diſſimulation*. We have frequent Deſcriptions of this in the *Odyſſey*: Every Inſtance of it (if paſſionate at all) will fall under this Conſideration; and that in the higheſt Degree, as the Paſſion *aſſum'd*, and the *real*, are direct Oppoſites. Every one, who only pretends to *Courage*, is certainly affected with *Fear*; and when we put on a falſe Gayety, the *Heart* is as dull and oppreſs'd, as the *Countenance* is enliven'd.

Could we look into the Breaſt of one who affects a Livelineſs, when his Thoughts are really Gloomy; we ſhould ſee his Spirits in ſuch contrary Emotions,

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[*a*] Book, 21. [*b*] B. 16. [*c*] B. 24. [*d*] B. 23. [*e*] *Od.* 23, 215.

as

as are deſcrib'd in the Suitors, under thoſe unaccountable mixt fits of Mirth and Heavineſs.——

(a) *Pallas* clouds with intellectual gloom
The Suitors Souls, inſenſate of their doom;
A Mirthful phrenzy ſeiz'd the fated croud,
The Roofs reſound with cauſeleſs laughter loud...
Then down each cheek the tears ſpontaneous flow.

Such is that (b) *Smile* of *Penelope*, which has ſomething very uneaſy in it: She ſeems all the while to ſtruggle with her Tears. 'Tis like a tranſient Gleam of Light, when the Heavens are overcaſt: all around is Gloomy; and the Light itſelf is Dim and Wateriſh.

This perhaps is an Inſtance not of the affected, but the natural Kind. 'Tis true, one Paſſion ſometimes uſurps the Effect of another: Without tumbling over *Des-Cartes* for a Solution of the matter, we know, that an Exceſs of *Joy* often breaks out into *Tears*; and that *Rage* may vent itſelf in a *Smile*: Theſe indeed are contrary Appearances; but 'tis very different in all Points of Diſſimulation. The Mixture then has ſomething peculiar in it. Contrary to the natural Blending of ſuch Emotions, this

(a) *Od.* 20, 419. (b) *Od.* 18, 194---162.

has

has always an Air forc'd and artificial. The Soul was not made to be a Counterfeit: every time we wou'd teach her theſe new Arts, we fling her off her Biaſs, and give her an unnatural Motion. There will ever be ſomething aukward in the Paſſions of the moſt profound Diſſemblers.

Only view *Ulyſſes*, when he is ſtruck to the Soul with the Affection and Tears of his *Penelope*, and at the ſame time reſolv'd to conceal thoſe his Emotions from her, as much as poſſible:

[a] Withering at heart to ſee the weeping fair
His eyes look ſtern, and caſt a gloomy ſtare;
Of horn the ſtiff relentleſs balls appear,
Or globes of iron fixt in either Sphere;
Firm wiſdom interdicts the ſoft'ning tear.

Even *Ulyſſes*, that *Ulyſſes* who is ſo [b] Celebrated among the Ancients for his Command over his Paſſions, does not appear without ſomething forc'd and unnatural in his Looks, amidſt all his Diſſimulation. He can command his Tears; he can command his Tongue; but ſtill his very Features would betray him.

I know not what to ſay to one thing: That *Homer* makes Diſſimulation one of

[a] Od. 19, 247. [b] See Note, *ibid.*

the greateſt Excellencies of his Hero. The Heathen ſyſtem of Morality was incompleat enough to bear with this proceeding: and even Chriſtians of the greateſt Name have border'd much on the ſame Notions. One of our Ancient Writers, who was as capable as any of them to do it, has (*a*) launch'd out into a long defence of *uſeful Frauds*; and *Father Paul*, to mention one not inferior among the Moderns, reckons Diſſimulation (*b*) expreſsly among the *Vertues* of *Pope Clement* the *Seventh*. I do not mention this as any Argument for the thing; but to extenuate the Proceeding of *Homer*: 'Tis no wonder that he ſhould miſtake a counterfeit Virtue in the Dark, which ſuch great Men could not diſtinguiſh in the Light.

But whatever Colour Diſſimulation may bear in the Schemes of Morality, it is certainly a great Excellence to paint

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(*a*) See *Chryſoſtom.* Tom. 6. pag. 5. Ed. *Savil.* ΘΑΡΣΕΙ, ἔφλω ἐγὼ &c.

(*b*) Where the Hiſtorian ſays that *Pope* died "Con allegrezza non mediocre della corte: la "quale ben ammirava le *vertu* di quello, che "erano una gravita naturale, et eſſemplare parſi-"monia, & *diſſimulatione*; odiava però maggior-"mente l' avariatia, durezza, & crudelta. *Hiſt.* del *Concilio Trid.* p. 68.

Diſſi-

Diſſimulation well in Poetry. The pretended Paſſion muſt appear moſt ſtrongly, and yet the real Paſſion muſt appear under it. It muſt be like the Drapery in Pictures, which ſhews the turn of the Limbs, at the ſame time that it hides them; and in particular, puts one in Mind of that Veil in *Homer*, *which ſeems and only ſeems* to ſhade the Face of *Penelope*.

There is nothing more difficult in Poetry, than to expreſs juſtly Ideas in the Minds of Perſons whom we deſcribe. But tho' this be the leaſt obvious, 'tis perhaps the moſt agreeable of all Studies. The Poet muſt ſearch carefully into the Nature of Man, and the Working of his Thoughts in general; He muſt know what Emotions are natural on each Accident of Life; and on every ſingle Occaſion is to conſider, not only the Circumſtances of Actions, but alſo the Temper, the Education, and the very *make* of the Perſon concern'd in them. Theſe will alter Men's Views of the very ſame Point; When *Neſtor* talks of Atchievements in War, he will dwell chiefly upon the Prudence and Experience of a General; *Hector* will mention the great effects of Strength and Courage; *Tydeus* muſt place the whole on a bold daring Spirit, without taking the Body into the

Account; while *Polypheme*, on the contrary, muſt ſpeak of nothing but the Advantage of a vaſt Size and ſuperior Strength.

A Man's Notions of Excellence are form'd generally from ſome advanc'd Powers of his own. Each Man is apt to make himſelf the Meaſure of all the Species; and his Species the Standard of all Perfection. All Beings above him muſt be exactly like the ſuperior Moyety of his own Being, and all below him muſt be purely of the Inferior. The Vulgar of Mankind form their Heaven hereafter out of thoſe things which have pleas'd them moſt in Life; and the very Notions of the Deity in moſt Men take a Turn from their own Complexions. The God of proud *tyrannical* Minds is a Being, that delights only in the *Glory of being Terrible*; as with the ſoft and pitiful, The Deity is *all Mercy*: the Gods of *Epicurus* were mere pleaſurable Intelligences; and the Deities of the *Irroquois* are *Mighty Hunters*. Commend me to that Philoſopher who ſaid, that *were his Horſe to give us his Notion in this Caſe; A Broad Cheſt and a Flowing Mane would certainly be the Principal things in it.*

One cannot eaſily apprehend how general an effect this has in the Actings of our

our Minds. I know not that it is yet deſignedly manag'd in any Syſtem of Philoſophy, (for Mr. *Locke*'s *Aſſociation* of *Ideas* ſeems to be ſomething very diſtinct from it) and as it wants a Name, give me leave to call it for the preſent, The *Aſſimilation of Ideas*.

If you would ſave me from a Fit of Philoſophizing, be ſo good as to reach that Volume of the *Odyſſey* juſt by you, That I may read you a Paſſage which took with me particularly, on this Account. 'Tis where *Ulyſſes* has acquainted the *Cyclops* with his real Name and Character: this is part of the Monſter's Anſwer;

Oh Heavens! oh Faith of ancient Prophecies!
This, *Telemus Eurymides* foretold:———
Long ſince he menac'd ſuch was Heavens command,
And nam'd *Ulyſſes* as the deſtin'd hand.
I deem'd ſome Godlike Giant to be hold,
Or lofty Hero, haughty brave and bold;
Not this weak Pigmy wretch, of mean Deſign,
[a] Who not by Strength ſubdu'd me, but by [Wine.

Even the Excellence of thoſe things, with which we converſe chiefly, is apt to influence our Thoughts in the ſame manner. Hence the Eaſtern Writers Image the Height and Statelineſs of any

[a] *Od.* 9, 604---516.

illuſtrious Perſon, by *Cedars*: *Homer*, by the (*a*) *Delian-Palm-tree*; and *Virgil*, by what a *Britiſh* Reader will think the moſt Noble, a (*b*) *large Lofty Oak.*

There's a Paſſage which, I remember, I was mightily pleas'd with formerly, in reading *Cervantes*, without ſeeing any Reaſon for it at that Time; tho' I now imagine, that which took me in it comes under this View. Speaking of *Don Quixot*, the firſt time that Adventurer came in ſight of the Ocean, he expreſſes his Sentiments on this Occaſion in the following manner; *He ſaw the Sea, which he had never ſeen before; and thought it much bigger than the River at* Salamanca.

This Turn of Thought is not ſo commonly obſerv'd perhaps as it might eaſily be in Life. There are other occaſional *Traces* in the Mind, which are known and obvious: Things that are common in ſome Degree to all Men; and ſuch are all thoſe Apprehenſions which follow from any *Maſter-Paſſion*. One might expatiate here very Agreeably on each of them; but I am ever apt to be too Tedious; and will therefore confine my ſelf to one ſingle Paſſion, that of *Fear*.

(*a*) *Od.* ζ', 163---6, 193. (*b*) *Æn.* 9, 682 and 12, 770.

We

We may ſee in the Deſcriptions of the Poets, how this Paſſion acts on the Soul through all its different Degrees, from a *Wavering* and *Irreſolution* of Mind, to the Exceſs of *Confuſion* and *Deſpair*.

When a Coward (as moſt Cowards are Vain-glorious) undertakes any Enterprize of Difficulty, the Moment he is engag'd in it, his Mind turns all upon the Danger of the Undertaking. He immediately wiſhes himſelf fairly out of it; His Body begins to tremble, and his Thoughts are all confus'd and irreſolute. Thus it is with *Dolon*. That Wretch engages under the Covert of the Night, to ſteal to the Camp of the *Greeks*, and diſcover their Motions. Before he is got half way, The firſt tread of Men that he hears, *He hoped in his Mind* (ſays (*a*) *Homer*) *that 'twas a Meſſenger from* Hector *to recall him*.

The whole Book, where we have this Image, is nothing but one Picture of Fear in different Poſtures; The apprehenſions of diſtant Danger are very naturally expreſs'd in the *Grecian* Guard;

——— Cautious of ſurprize,
Each Voice, each Motion draw their ears and eyes;
(*b*) Each Step of paſſing feet increas'd th'affright.

(*a*) Ιλ. κ', 355. (*b*) *Il.* 10, 221---189.

This

This Deſcription ſeems to have been improv'd beyond the Original from [a] *Virgil*'s *Achemænides*.

Any near Danger has more viſible Effects; The Motions of a Perſon, thus affected, are [b] broken and diſorder'd; his Colour comes and goes: His Eyes are [c] diſturb'd; he cannot bear to look [d] full on the Face of his Enemy: he approaches faintly, and winks even when he ſtrikes.

Fear has another ſtrange Property of *Magnifying* our Ideas of the Danger. When we are poſſeſs'd with it, we are apt, like *Soſia* in the Play, to take every Shadow for a Man, and every Man for a Giant. If the Danger be preſent, we think it greater than it is; and to its real Terrors, add a Thouſand that are only imaginary. Thus the Suitors view

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[a] ——Vaſtos a rupe Cyclopas [*Æn.* 3, 648.
Proſpicio, ſonitumq; pedum, vocemq; tremiſco.
[b] —— Ex oculis ſe turbidus abſtulit. *Æ.* 11, 814.
——————Tum pectore ſenſus
Vertuntur varii. Rutulos aſpectat & urbem,
Cunctaturq; metu, telumq; *inſtare tremiſcit.* 12, 916.
[c] Tum primum noſtri Cacum videre timentem
Turbatumque oculis.——————— 8, 223.
(d) ——————Οὐκ ἐτάλασσας
Στήμεναι ἄντα, κατ' ὄσσε ἰδὼν δηΐων ἐν ἀϋτῇ,
Οὐδ' ἰδὺς μαχέσασθαι.——— Ιλ. ρ', 169.

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, when he is ready to revenge himſelf upon them: their Fears (*a*) aggravate every Fierceneſs of his Actions; they look upon him as more than human, as an incens'd deſtructive Deity.

If I miſtake not, there's a certain great Writer who calls Fear, *A natural Inebriation of the Mind*: it ſhews every thing Double: I know not what the *Mythologiſts* may teach; But this, in my Opinion, might account for the Multiplicity of *Cerberus*'s Heads, and all the Hands of *Briareus*.

There is ſomething very Expreſſive in a Thought of *Virgil*'s, if we might take it under this View:

——— Se Turni media inter millia vidit,
(*b*) *Hinc acies*, atque, *hinc acies* aſtare Latinas.

This ſpreading of any Danger in our Ideas may widen ſo far as to poſſeſs the whole Mind. Then it is, that it takes away all (*c*) Power of Action, even (*d*) of Flight; it fixes (*e*) the Eye entirely

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(*a*) *Od.* 24, 201 to 208. (*b*) *Æn.* 9, 550.
(*c*) *Od.* 12, 245. (*d*) *Od.* 18, 284.
(*e*) ——— Subitus tremor occupat artus;
Dirigere oculi: tot Erinnys ſibilat hydris,
Tantaque ſe facies *aperit*. —— *Æn.* 7, 448.

in

in one horrid Stare: and even (*a*) ſhuts up all the Senſes, to any other Object, but that of its Terror and Amazement; It is this Exceſs of Fear which, in any eminent Danger, makes a Perſon (*b*) think it impoſſible that he ſhould Eſcape; and it remains ſo Strong and Lively, that after he is got perfectly out of Danger, he can ſcarce perſwade himſelf, but that he is ſtill in the midſt of it——

——— With tim'rous Awe,
From the dire Scene th' exempted two withdraw,
Scarce ſure of life, look round, and trembling move
(*c*) To the bright altars of Protector *Jove*.

All theſe are Points which lie in common between Painting and Poetry; I wou'd willingly touch upon one thing more under the ſame View: I mean, thoſe pieces in Poetry which anſwer Copying in Painting; and each of which is really *the Picture of a Picture*.

You will give me leave by *Picture* here to underſtand any Artificial Images

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(*a*) Ως ἐφαθ', οἱ δ' ἐσάκουσε πολύτλας δῖος Ὀδυσσεύς, Ἀλλὰ παρηΐξεν &c.——— Ιλ. Υ', 98.
See Note on *Odyſſey* 10, 295. (*b*) This ſort of Idea is ſtrongly expreſs'd in the *Odyſſey*.

Gods! ſhould the ſtern *Ulyſſes* riſe in might,
Thoſe gates would *ſeem too narrow* for thy Flight.

(*c*) *Od.* 22, 417---284. [18, 427---6, 385.

of

of things; from Embroidery, Emboſſing, or any other Method of expreſſing Nature by Likeneſſes of Art: And indeed 'tis of this kind, that all the Pictures ſpoken of in *Homer* are; and, I believe, all in *Virgil*. At leaſt, what we call Painting now, was not the Painting of the *Homerick* Ages.

It is to the Honour of the Art (in this general Senſe) that the Poets, when they are copying from Painting, generally exceed themſelves. I believe there is not a more maſterly Piece in all *Virgil*'s Works, than his Copy of *Troilus*; Thus the ſame Hand in the Images of *Æneas*'s *Shield*: As in that of *Achilles*, *Homer* has all the Life and Expreſſion that Poetry is capable of.

In both of theſe, the Poets uſe a way of ſpeaking in relation to Picture, which is very Strong and Emphatical; and which may ſhew the high Notions they entertain'd of this Art: They do not ſay, that theImages *ſeem* to perform ſuch Actions; but talk of 'em as *real Life*: They ſay directly, that they Move, and Act, and Speak. The Criticks, who have blam'd ſome Boldneſſes of this kind, ſhew only their own (*a*) Coldneſs, and

(*a*) See *Pope* and *Dacier* on the Shield of *Achilles*. *Il.* Book 18.

want

want of Taſte. 'Tis a Figure as juſt as it is daring: it animates the Deſcription; and where the Poet is (*a*) more cautious, he is leſs lively on that very Account.

My want of Skill, in this Noble Art, is the ſame diſadvantage in viewing theſe *Poetical Pictures*, as want of a proper Light would be to the *Real*; but with all this Diſadvantage, they ſeem extremely Beautiful: And I cannot reſiſt the Temptation of ſetting one or two of 'em before you.

The Deſign on the *Shields* affords ſuch a variety of Images exquiſitely well wrought, and diſpos'd ſo juſtly, that it would be perfectly Gothick and Barbarous to take them to Pieces. Ignorant as I am; The (*b*) young *Romulus*, and *Remus*, and (*c*) the *Genius* of the *Nile*, ſtrike me particularly in the one; and in the other, The (*d*) *Ambuſcade* and *Engagement*, the (*e*) ſtill rural *Proſpect*;

(*a*) Thus where *Europa* is ſaid

——— Terras ſpectare relictas
Et comites clamare ſuas, tactumque vereri
Aſſilientis aquæ, timidaſque reducere plantas:

One ſhould forget it was only in *Picture*, did not the Poet take ſo much pains to inform us of it;

Ipſa *videbatur* terras &c ———
Verum taurum, freta vera *patarae*. Met. 6, 107.

(*b*) See *Æn.* 8, 634. (*c*) *Ibid.* 711. (*d*) See *Pope's Il.* 18, 595 to 626. (*e*) *Ibid.* 677. and

and (*a*) the *Dance*, conſider'd as a Poetical Piece of Painting.

To what Perfection muſt Embroidery have arriv'd in *Homer*'s Days, if its Works could equal his Deſcriptions of them? How full of Life is (*b*) that Figure in *Ulyſſes*'s Robes? And, I ſuppoſe, the *Ceſtus* of *Venus* was of the ſame Nature, in which was——

——— Ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wiſeſt, and the coldeſt warm:
Fond Love, the gentle vow, the gay deſire,
The kind deceit, the ſtill-reviving fire,
Perſwaſive ſpeech, and more perſwaſive ſighs,
(*c*) Silence that ſpoke, and eloquence of eyes.

Hercules's Belt, and the Deſcription of it in the *Odyſſey*, is the Reverſe of this. The Belt it ſelf perhaps was of a different Make, anſwerable to the Shield of *Achilles*; which, by the way, may intimate ſomething of an Art, that is now loſt, which (if you will allow me in a mere Conjecture of my own) ſeems to have been a ſort of *Moſaick-work of different Metals*; (*d*) Braſs, Stannum, Silver &c, intermixt with Gold; (*e*) all varied, and (*f*) ſhaded, ſo as to expreſs the diffe-

(*a*) *Il.* 18, 683. (*b*) *Od.* 19, 268---234.
(*c*) *Il.* 14, 252---127. (*d*) See Λ. σ', 475.
(*e*) *Ibid.* 480. (*f*) *Ibid.* 549

rent Properties and Actions of the things deſcrib'd: But whatever the materials were, the Workmanſhip certainly excell'd them greatly. Any one, to be convinc'd of this, need only turn his Eyes on the *Hercules* in *Ades*, where

Gloomy as night he ſtands, in act to throw
The aerial arrow from the twanging Bow.
Around his breaſt a wond'rous Zone is roll'd,
Where woodland Monſters grin in fretted Gold;
There ſullen Lions ſternly ſeem to roar,
The Bear to growl, to foam the tusky Boar:
There War and Havock and Deſtruction ſtood;
(a) And vengeful Murther, red with human blood.

Theſe are all Copies: And I have done, if you will give me leave only to ſet *Virgil*'s *Troilus* before you; which is certainly as fine a Piece as any drawn by that great Hand:

——— *Amiſſis* Troilus *armis*
Infelix Puer, atque impar congreſſus Achilli,
Fertur equis, curruque hæret reſupinus inani,
Lora tenens tamen: huic cervixq; comæq; trahuntur
(b) Per terram, & verſa pulvis inſcribitur haſta.

How beautiful does this look in the Poem and in the Picture? Yes, the Painter and the Poet have one and the ſame *Art*; or rather one and the ſame *Power of Creating*.

(a) Od. 11, 756---608. (b) Æn. 1, 482.

Aut

Aut utramque credes eſſe pictam:
Aut utramque credes eſſe veram.

I am extremely oblig'd to you (ſays *Philypſus*) for ſo various a View of theſe Beauties. Believe me, I have ſcarce known for ſome time, whether I was not got into ſome ſtrange Picture-Gallery, where one meets every Moment with new Subjects of Admiration and Delight. The Misfortune is, You have only led me thorough by the hand; and given me a tranſient View of them: when I could have dwelt Hours upon admiring each by itſelf. 'Tis juſt like ſome Travelling Enjoyment of this kind; when we have been forc'd to run over whole Apartments furniſh'd with Pieces by the greateſt Maſters, too numerous to be obſerv'd particularly; You have delighted me in haſte; and I know not how it is, I find my ſelf pleas'd and diſſatisfied at the ſame time.

I am ſure, ſays *Antiphaus*, I have dealt with you, like the *Connoiſſeurs*, which a Traveller often meets with in places, where there are the beſt Collections: Were you left to your ſelf, you would enjoy a thouſand Beauties in them; but I muſt be plaguing you all the while with pointing out the moſt particular; tho',

after all I know only where they ſtand, who they were drawn by, and what they repreſent.

But we forget, *Philypſus*, that we are at preſent half Travellers in earneſt: We are from home; and you ſee the Sun is juſt ſetting——No,——interrupted *Philypſus*, We have half an Hour good, at leaſt; And if you have any thing farther on this head, I beg you would favour me with it:——As you pleaſe, ſays *Antiphaus*.——You know, we have hitherto been viewing thoſe Points in which Poetry and Painting agree; there is one Method behind, which Poetry has of impreſſing its Images, peculiar to itſelf.——The Poet can imitate the Colours of the Painter; but the Painter can never imitate the Sounds of Poetry: You may *ſee* the Hero fall in Picture; but in the Poem you *ſee* him fall, and *hear* the Clang of his Arms.

Yes, *Philypſus*, there is a natural fitneſs in Sounds. Every Paſſion has its diſtinct Voice; each Action its proper Turn; and every Motion a particular Sound that may correſpond to it.

Only obſerve the difference in the Sound of theſe Lines; 'tis as ſenſible as that of the real Sounds, which they deſcribe:

deſcribe: Compare this Couplet, of Mr. *Pope*,

(a) Trembling the ſpectres glide, and plaintive [vent
Thin hollow Screams along the deep deſcent.

With this of the ſame hand,

——— The ſtring let fly,
(b) Twang'd ſhort and ſharp, like the ſhrill Swal- [low's cry.

Thus we might (c) compare in reading *Virgil* ſeveral Deſcriptions of Rivers: There we have the full courſe of the *Po*, and the windings of the *Tiber*, the (d) largeneſs of *Benacus*, the (e) flowneſs of the *Mincio*, the (f) murmuring of a Brook, and the broken (g) courſe of a River incumber'd with Men and Arms; in a word, every variety of ſtreams that can be conceiv'd, all imag'd in the various Numbers and Cadence of his Verſe.

In Poetry, the Bow *twangs*; the Arrow (h) *whizzes* thro' the Air; and (i)

(a) *Od.* 24, 6. (b) *Od.* 21, 449---411.
(c) *Fluviorum rex Eridanus.* *Georg.* 1, 482.
Saxoſumque ſonans Hypanis. *Georg.* 4, 370.
Or theſe —— *Fluvio Tiberinus amæno*
Vorticibus rapidis, & multa flavus arena
In mare prorumpit. *Æn.* 7, 32 ——— Fragoſus
Dat ſonitum ſaxis & torto vortice torrens Æ. 7. 567.
(d) *Georg.* 2, 160. (e) *Georg.* 3, 14. (f) *Georg.* 1, 109. (g) *Æn.* 1, 103. (h) *Od.* 21, 461. (i) *Il.* 1, 64.

the Quiver *rattles* on the Shoulder of the Warrior; Even the particular difference of the ſame ſort of Actions, is to be diſtinguiſh'd in the ſound of the Verſe; and the Javelin, that (*a*) *flies impetuous* from *Ulyſſes*, *languiſhes* in the hand of the Suitors. This very Circumſtance, as I take it, is beautifully deſcrib'd by the Tranſlator of *Vida*, among ſeveral other (*b*) excellent Images of the ſame Kind.

We do not only meet with a great Variety of theſe ſignificant Numbers in the *Odyſſey*; but are inſtructed too in the *Methods* of rendering our Numbers proper and ſignificant. Here we are taught how the Poet roughens his Verſe to imitate the Subject he is to expreſs. Thus the Note tells us that his Deſcription of the Sea abounds (*c*) "with the "harſheſt Letter our Language affords. "It is clog'd with Monoſyllables, that "the Concourſe of the rough Syllables, "might be more quick and cloſe in the "pronunciation, and the moſt open and "ſounding Vowel occur in every word.

On the contrary, a gentle flowing Stream runs as eaſy and ſmoothly in the

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(*a*) *Od.* 22, 292. (*b*) See *Pitt's Vida*. p. 108. &c.
(*c*) See Note on *Od.* 12, 283.

thoſe

Deſcription: We then hear (*a*) "nothing "of thoſe rough Conſonants; Inſtead of "them we meet with ſeveral Liquids, "and thoſe Liquids are ſoften'd with a "multitude of Vowels.

What a violent and ſtrong Motion does *Homer* give to *Siſiphus*'s Stone in its fall?

(*b*) Αὖτις ἔπειτα πίδυσε χυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδὴς.

Whence this Rapidity and Violence in the Numbers? (*c*) If we obſerve it we find that "There is not one Monoſylla-"ble in the Line, and but two Diſſylla-"bles; Ten of the Syllables are ſhort, "and not one Spondee in it, except one "that cou'd not be avoided in the cloſe (which perhaps too may be of Service towards imaging the ſtopping of its Courſe at laſt) "There is no Hiatus or "Gap between word and word, no "Vowels left open to retard theCelerity "of it:" and yet, tho' the Motion be carried on with ſuch a vehemence, one ſeems to ſee the *bounding* of the Stone, as well as the *Impetuoſity* of its Deſcent.

I ſhould think (tho' the Notes do not mention any thing of it) that the Tran-

(*a*) See Note on *Od.* 14, 1. (*b*) Οδ. λ', 597.
(*c*) See Note on *Od.* 11, 736.

ſlator

ſlator expreſſes this double Image in the Engliſh; when he makes the Stone

(a) —— Reſulting with a bound, [ground.
Thunder impetuous down, and ſmoak along the

At leaſt, In both we may ſay of the Verſification, as of the Stone it deſcribes;

Ipſa ſuis viribus ruit.

The oppoſites to theſe expreſs a Slowneſs and Difficulty of Motion; When a Hero ſtrains

—— Some rock's huge weight to throw,
(b) The line too labours, and the words move ſlow.

Thus is *Siſyphus* deſcrib'd in the former Picture;

With many a weary ſtep, and many a groan,
(c) Up the high hill he heaves a huge round ſtone.

Never was a Tranſlator more juſt to his Original; The Obſervation which has been made on the *Greek*, theſe Lines anſwer, will hit equally with the (d) *Engliſh* "The Verſes are clog'd with long "Syllables, and with Vowels open upon "one another; the very Words are

(a) *Od.* 11, 738. (b) Mr. *Pope's* Art of Criticiſm. (c) *Od.* 11, 736--594. (d) See Note on *Od.* 11, 736.

"heavy

"heavy, and as it were make resistance "in the pronunciation.

In the same manner *Virgil* and *Homer* describe the Labour of the Giants, when they endeavour to scale Heaven. (*a*) *Virgil*, cheifly by the openness of his Vowels: *Homer*, by the resistance of his Syllables, and the pauses of his Lines; and his Translator, by slow Syllables, burthen'd with several Elisions, close upon one another.

The Numbers are thus minutely adapted to the Motions describ'd by these great Masters; And we need not wonder if they observe like Rules in Points of greater concern; Such are all Occasions where they speak the Language of the Passions: or endeavour to touch the Soul of the Reader either with Pleasure or Pain.

(*a*) Ter sunt *conati* imponere *Pelio* Ossam
Scilicet, atq; Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum.
Georg. 1, 282 Sec. Ed. *Ruæi.*

——— Ἀθανάτοισιν ἀπειλήτην, ἐν Ὀλύμπῳ
Φυλόπιδα στήσειν πολυάϊκος πολεμοιο· [Ὄσσῃ
Ὄσσαν ἐπ' Ὀυλύμπῳ μέμασαν θέμεν, αὐτὰρ ἐπ'
Πήλιον εἰνοσίφυλλον, ἵν' οὐρανὸς ἄμβατος εἴη.
Οδ. λ, 315.

Heav'd on *Olympus* tott'ring *Ossa* stood;
On *Ossa*, *Pelion* nods. ——— *Od.* 11, 388.

When

When *Homer* deſcribes any terrible Object, (*b*) "He rejects the more flowing "and harmonious Vowels, and makes "Choice of ſuch Mutes, and Conſonants "as load the Syllables: Then long weighty Sounds, and Words of many Syllables are proper; and often a deſign'd harſhneſs, unuſual pauſes, and a broken ſtructure in the verſe.

But the Lyre muſt be new tuned, when the Subject is agreeable or delightful. The Poet then ſoftens every Line (*b*) "with Vowels, and the moſt "flowing Semi-vowels: he rejects harſh "Sounds, and the Colliſion of rough "Words: The Tone of the Verſe muſt be neither ſerious, nor majeſtick; but rather qualified by as great a Frequency of ſhort Syllables, as can well be admitted, without rendring the Lines Weak and Effeminate: The Cadence is ſoft and gentle: his Words deſcend like a kind refreſhing Shower; or like the Snow that melts in falling.

The *joyous Verſification* admits of more ſprightly Notes, and a greater Mixture (*c*) of Energy and Vigour: ſometimes ſhe riſes even to breakes, and pauſes:

(*a*) See Note on *Od.* 6, 153. (*b*) See Note on *Od.* 6, 193.

(*c*) Exulting in Triumph now riſe the bold Notes. [Mr. *Pope's* Ode on Muſick,

but

but they muſt be always, like thoſe in Muſick, pauſes of Delight: and the Verſe muſe ſpring on again, when it recovers itſelf, without loſing any thing of its Exultation and Vivacity. —— Unleſs ſome (*a*) afflicting Theme breaks in, and turns our Thoughts away, to diſmal Scenes, where ſighs and melancholly Reign: The Muſe, compaſſionate, ſpeaks all in Tears, and moves with the ſame (*b*) ſlow Melancholly Air.

It is ſcarce to be imagin'd, *Philypſus*, how great the Powers of Sounds are, when adapted to the Subject and the Paſſion. For my part, I ſhould think that our very *Bodies* are diſpos'd to receive them; that this Frame of ours is like an Inſtrument ready tun'd; and when the proper Key is touch'd, our Nerves tremble and anſwer it with a

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(*a*) As *Virgil* from the glories of *Rome*, to the death of *Marcellus*. *Æn.* 6.

(*b*) Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus! vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum *præterlabere* recentem.
Æn. 6, 874.

This *Delay* alſo fixes the melancholly on ones Mind: and for the ſame reaſon *Repetition* ſeems to be particularly uſeful on theſe ſubjects:

—— Ut vultum vidit morientis & *ora*,
Ora modis, *Anchiſiades*, pallentia miris;
Ingemuit miſerans graviter. —— *Æn.* 10, 823.

Kind

Kind of Muſical Sympathy. How far this may reach in others, I know not; but as for my particular Make, 'tis ſtrangely ſuſceptible of ſuch Impreſſions. After a Period ſet to Melancholy, I have been ſurpriz'd to find my Eyes full of Tears: There are ſome exquiſite Lines which I can never read without a certain *Shivering* thorough my Blood, that I cannot expreſs to you: I have felt my Spirits Burn within me, upon hearing a Point of War, well wrote; and have been almoſt ready to ſtart from my Seat at the Poetical Sound of a Trumpet.

This Energy of Sounds, and the great and various Emotions they are capable of raiſing in our Breaſts, may ſerve partly to excuſe thoſe Criticks, who are very particular in laying down Rules, as to this part of Verſification; The Ancients, as well as Moderns, have left us whole Treatiſes upon it: and thoſe who have wrote in a more general way, are very diffuſive, when they come to this Part of their Subject. They ſpeak to every the leaſt Circumſtance; and Readers, who have never thought over this Point, would be ſurpriz'd to find the great *Cicero* very induſtriouſly *ſettling Quantities*, and *meaſuring Words* fit for ſuch and ſuch a Period. They would wonder,

wonder, whence he is ſo peremptory for *Iambicks* on this Occaſion; and on another, ſo great a Partizan for *Tribrachs*, and *Dactils*.

Why, ſeriouſly, ſays *Philypſus*, I have often thought him quite tedious on theſe particulars: The Orator, even the Critick, ſeem'd to be loſt ſometimes, and nothing but a mere Pedant appear in their room. I admire the force of Numbers (continu'd he) as much as any one; but when I have been reading the Rules at large in the Criticks, I could not help thinking them too minute and trifling. If a Man muſt be taken up thus in weighing Syllables and ranging of Vowels, what Elegance of Language can we expect, or what Life in his Compoſitions?——

What you ſay (anſwer'd *Antiphanes*) is what, I believe, moſt Men think on this Occaſion: and were a Poet always to be ſtudying his Rules, ſuch an Objection would be very powerful: But it is with this, which is only the Mechaniſm of Verſe, as it is in the Mechaniſm of Writing. We muſt learn to draw the Figure of the Letters, and ſtudy how to form the particular Turn of each, before a Man can write down a whole Sentence; By uſe this knowledge grows

familiar; We then write by a (a) ſort of Inſtinct; and our Pen runs over each Letter, without our conſidering, diſtinctly at each which way we ſhall direct it. 'Tis much the ſame in theſe Arts of Verſification. When we have learn't the force of Letters, and the Powers of Sound; when we know what Syllables are proper to expreſs ſuch a Motion, and what run of Verſe hits ſuch particular Images, Uſe makes the Mind ready in applying what is proper; and the Thought is as nimble in ſuggeſting Words of a ſuitable Sound, as the Hand is in Motions proper to ſet down thoſe words on our Paper.

But it will be half a life, perhaps, before the Poet can come to this Readineſs ——I do not ſay it is to be acquir'd immediately, anſwer'd *Antiphaus*, but acquir'd in ſome Meaſure it muſt be, by any one who deſires to be a true Poet: In the mean time, a Man may indulge his Vigour, he may compoſe his Lines with full Spirit, and ſet them to Muſick afterwards; Let a Man write with Flame, if he will but correct at Leiſure.

(a) See *Quintil. Inſtit.* Lib. 10. Cap. 7, Eſt igitur uſus quidam irrationalis &c. Or Mr. *Lock's Eſſay.* Lib. 2. Cap. 9. Sect. 9, and 10.

Beſides:

Beſides: this is not ſo difficult to be attain'd, as one wou'd imagine. The fitneſs of Sounds to things is natural: *Invention* itſelf will go ſome way in the Work; and where there is naturally (What we call) a *Good Ear*, Nature will do the Buſineſs almoſt without the help of Art. I do not ſpeak this in a declamatory way, Good *Philypſus*; I imagine Fact and Experience will go a great way in proving what I ſay. A Man, who thinks vehemently, will ſpeak ſwiftly; and when we are on a grave Point, our Words will of themſelves be in a great Meaſure ſlow and weighty. This is yet plainer from the *Invention* of Languages; How many ſingle Words are there in every Tongue, that have been originally caſt in a proper Mould, and on the firſt Heat carried off the Images of things impreſs'd upon them? I was ſaying too, that the poſture of the Mind at the time of Compoſing, will aſſiſt the turn of the Compoſition; And is this more abſurd in particular Caſes, than that the Temper of a People in general ſhould affect their Language in the ſame manner? Yet has it been often obſerv'd that the Diſpoſitions of a People are perceivable in that Turn of Words they chiefly delight in. Thus the *French*

Tongue is brisk and voluble: The *Germans* talk in vaſt Syllables and perpetual Conſonants: *Engliſh* is neither too ſoft, nor too rough: tho' our *Northerly* Situation inclines us rather to the latter: And, as the *Spaniard* is the moſt haughty of all Nations, their Language is the moſt Grand; it prides itſelf in firm Syllables, in a frequency of the fulleſt Vowel, and the moſt ſonorous Terminations of its Words.

Nature certainly forms us within for fit Sounds: We ſee every Day that even Brutes can expreſs their Paſſions by the *Tone* of their Voice; and is not an Intelligent Being as well qualified by Nature to adapt Sounds to his Sentiments?

Indeed they are thus adapted already in a Multitude of Inſtances; Our Language abounds with ſuch words; and in many Caſes we need only utter our Sentiments in the moſt common Expreſſions, to ſpeak with this Significance. What was it that led the firſt Inventors into this frequency of ſuch words? Was it Art, or the Natural Reſemblance, and their Obviouſneſs upon that Account? 'Tis in this Light we muſt underſtand our Maſter Critick, where he calls

calls Nature (*a*) "The great Original "and Miſtreſs of propriety in the pre- "ſent Point: It is ſhe that leads us to "imitate things by Sound; and to ex- "preſs what we conceive, by Words "that are turn'd according to thoſe "ſtrong Likeneſſes, which we form in "our Minds.

'Tis plain the Uſe of Words is arbitrary: we might if we had a fancy for it, call any thing by any Name: Yet there is ſomething from within, that has influenc'd all Nations ſo far, as to lead them to deſcriptive Sounds, in their giving Names to things; and that more frequently than one would readily imagine. What Nature has done in ſingle Words the Poet carries on in Compoſition; Almoſt all the particular Names of Sounds themſelves, for inſtance, are naturally ſignificant in moſt Languages; as with us, the *Roaring* of Waves, the *Whiſtling* of Winds &c. Of ſuch Words, aſſiſted by a proper ſtructure of Quantities, and a ſignificant Cadence of Verſe, the Poet makes an Hurricane by Land, or a Storm at Sea. Nature firſt preſided in eſtabliſhing thoſe proper ſounds, and ſtill directs in the Aſſemblage of them.

(*a*) *Dion. Hal.* Περὶ Συνθέσεως, ιζ.

Hence it is that this Point takes ſuch a Compaſs in the Doctrine of the Criticks. Some of them, no doubt, carry the Matter too far, when they would require this Natural Significance of Sounds, to be kept up in every thing we write. Such was *Voſſius*. It would make you ſmile to hear ſome of his Fancies: He talks as if every Language, like that of his Favourites the *Chineſe*, ſhould be nothing but Muſick: He would have our very Actions all Tuned: A Soldier can't run the Gauntlet, but he muſt be (*a*) flaſh'd *in Time*; and his very (*b*) Barber muſt Shave him in a juſt proportion of *Dactils* and *Spondees*.

Hermogenes is perhaps more trifling, tho' in a graver manner: He queſtions *whether this ſort of Sounds be not preferable to the Sentiments in a Poem.* This is to oppoſe two Things, that are in the ſtricteſt Amity and Concord. Theſe

(*a*) The Ancients (ſays he) us'd Muſick in every thing; *Adeo quod ipſæ quoque plagæ ad numeros harmonicos ſontibus ingerebantur.* De Viribus Rythmi. p. 47. (*b*) Non ſemel recordor me in ejuſmodi incidiſſe manus, qui quorumvis etiam *cantilenarum motus* ſuis imitarentur *pectinibus*; ita ut nonnunquam Iambos vel Trochæos, alias Dactylos vel Anapæſtos, nonnunquam Amphibraches aut Pæonas quàm ſcitiſſimè exprimerent; unde *haud modica oriebatur delectatio.* ib. p. 62.

Sounds

Sounds do not, like the Modern, pretend to rival the Senſe; their whole Buſineſs is to make the Sentiments more ſtrongly perceiv'd, and more effective on the Mind.

I have heard it frequently objected to thoſe Gentlemen, the Criticks, that they find out ſeveral Beauties of this Kind in the Works of *Homer*, which he, never ſo much as dream't of in compoſing 'em. In many Caſes this may be true; and in many the Lines may be juſtly commended, and really ſignificant, tho' that particularBeauty might not be deſign'd in compoſing them: But thoſe, who can perſwade themſelves, that *Homer* never deſign'd any ſuch thing in his Writings, I ſhould think, might ſoon bring themſelves to believe (what has been ſo frequently produc'd as an inſtance of Abſurdity) that his Poems might be made by chance.

The Notes of Muſick in a good Compoſition are fitted to the Subject: And a good Copy of Verſes wrote for Muſick will be fitted for Notes. I cannot once doubt, that the firſt Stanza in Mr. *Pope*'s Ode for St. *Cæcilia*'s Day has a *deſign'd* Harmony all thorough it. 'Tis juſt the ſame Caſe with *Homer*'s Poems:

They

They were all made for Muſick; and have been all ſang to the Lyre.

As for my part, ſays *Philypſus*, I find Muſick enough in them, even now, without the Lyriſt. Neither have I any quarrel with the Criticks for giving me pleaſure, and pointing out Beauties of this kind, whether deſign'd by *Homer* or not. But I wonder at one thing: while they ſpeak of the Defect in this point perpetually, I never yet heard them ſpeak of any Exceſs in it: 'Tis certain, that the greater Number of Poets err in neglecting the ſignificant Turn of their Verſes: but is there no erring too by an Affectation of it?

I thank you, (anſwer'd *Antiphaus*) for putting me in mind of this particular. Undoubtedly there may be faults on both ſides: Even in the Poem before us I imagine, this is ſometimes carried too far, and ſometimes us'd improperly: The Infirmneſs of a Couplet, mention'd on another Occaſion, agrees with the thing deſcrib'd, and may perhaps be blameable on that very Account.

(*a*) His looſe head tottering as with wine oppreſt'
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breaſt.

(*a*) *Od.* 18, 282—239.

Terrible

Terrible Images have ſomething engaging; and the Mind takes a ſecret Pleaſure even in *Melancholly*: *Diſagreeable* (a) objects alone are the worſe for being well deſcrib'd: A Poet is to reject, as well as to chuſe; 'Tis want of Art to ſet every thing in a ſtrong Light: and there are many Objects, which if they muſt have a place at all, require at leaſt to be flung into Shades.

If this be true, there are ſome few Images of this ſort, which I think are drawn too ſtrongly, or too laviſhly:

(b) Down dropt he groaning ——
(c) He ſaid: chill horrors ſhook my ſhiv'ring Soul.
(d) They curſe their cumbrous pride's unweildy [weight.
(e) There wallowing warm &c.

To me the Screaming of the Ghoſts, as deſcrib'd at the end of the *Eleventh Odyſſey*, is rather *diſagreeable* than *dreadful*:

Swarms of Spectres roſe from deepeſt Hell,
With bloodleſs viſage and with hideous Yell,
They ſcream, they ſhriek; ſad groans and diſmal [ſounds
(f) Stun my ſcar'd Ears, and pierce hells utmoſt [bounds.

(a) *Longinus* condemns a Paſſage in *Heſiod* on this very Account: de *Sabl.* Cap. 9. (b) *Od.* 14, 473---425. (c) *Od.* 4, 725---538. (d) *Od.* 1, 214---165. (e) *Od.* 4, 547---405. (f) *Od.* 11, 782---632.

I leave this to your judgment; for it is very difficult, in theſe Caſes, to diſcern the *True* from the *Faulty*: A *harſhneſs* of Sounds is often proper and ſignificant; but when and how far, is a knot that I will not pretend to untye.

I beg leave to repeat a Paſſage from the *Iliad*, in which ſome of the Lines may be ſtrain'd too much, under this notion of rendering them ſignificant:

Firſt march the heavy Mules, ſecurely ſlow,
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go:
Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs, of the rough ground,
Rattle the clatt'ring cars, and the ſhockt axles bound.
But when arriv'd at *Ida*'s ſpreading woods
(Fair *Ida*, water'd with deſcending floods)
Loud ſounds the Axe, redoubling ſtrokes on ſtrokes;
On all ſides round the Foreſt hurls her Oakes
Headlong. Deep-echoing groan the thickets brown;
(*a*) Then ruſtling, crackling, cruſhing, thunder [down.

This laſt Verſe in particular may be an Inſtance of employing deſcriptive Sounds too thick upon one another; but this, if it be a fault, is ſuch an one as in the preſent ſtate of Poetry, requires an unuſual Eminence in the Writer, to be capable of committing it.

'Tis much more frequent among our Poets to neglect the Sentiments in their Verſification; to give up the ſignificant

(*a*) *Il.* 23, 147---120.

Structure

Structure of Words, for mere harmony and ſoftneſs of Verſe; and even to make uſe of Numbers contrary to the Image or Paſſion they are deſcribing; tho' to deſcribe Actions of Rapidity, for inſtance, in ſlow ſolemn Meaſures, is as abſurd, as for an Actor to ſcold, or rant, with the tone and ſteadineſs of a Philoſopher.

We have not time, *Philypſus*, otherwiſe I ſhould have ventur'd on ſome farther Faults of our Verſification: but I muſt not now run out into Complaints on the frequent *Conſonants* and frequent *Eliſions*, multiplied ſo much in our Verſes, tho' both ought to be particularly guarded againſt, in a Language naturally overladen with them: ——On the neglect of *Meaſure*, and taking all Syllables whether long or ſhort to be of Equal Time: and the Lameneſs and Inequality from hence in Verſes of the ſame kind: ——The diſcord of the *Emphaſis* or Accent, and of the *Pauſes*: ——the repeated *Cadence*, and continued *Likeneſs* of Sound. I need only mention ſome other Identities of Sound, as all middle and double Rhimes, and all that are alike for two Couplets together. And methinks, *Philypſus*, as all theſe likeneſſes of Sound would be given up at the firſt word, unleſs there be ſome particular Reaſon for

for retaining that fashionable jingle at the close of our Verses, we may even reckon that as bad as the rest. I should have said something on this: but 'tis no great matter; since it stands condemn'd over and over by the greatest Criticks among the Modern. For my part, I'le talk no more of it, that we may go in Humour to our Claret. —— I begin to wish my self in your Parlour. The Evening shuts in apace. Come, good *Philypsus*, let us be going, I beseech You.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

FINIS